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HIBERNIA

OR

IRELAND THE WORLD OVER

Showing how Pat
rules America



"Barney Doodle, ha! ha! ha!
Swings his black-thorn handy;
B'gorra he's a better man
Than Yankee Doodle Dandy."

E. SEARS N.Y.

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HIBERNIA;

OR,

IRELAND THE WORLD OVER.

SHOWING HOW PAT RULES AMERICA.

Historical, Poetical, and Statistical.

A REPOSITORY OF

ORIGINAL SONGS, ODES AND POEMS, WITH LEGENDS, SUPERSTITIONS, AND FACTS, RELATING TO THE IRISH, AND ILLUSTRATIVE OF THEIR WONDERFUL CAPACITY TO GOVERN.

3 BY
GEORGE WATERTOWN.

"Barney Doodle, ha! ha! ha!
Swings his black-thorn handy;
B'gorra he's a better man
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MINDFUL OF THE
INTEGRITY, ECONOMY, AND STATESMANSHIP

WHICH HAVE
CHARACTERIZED THEIR MANAGEMENT OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, AND PROMPTED
BY A FEELING OF PROFOUND RESPECT, GRATITUDE, AND ADMIRATION,
THE AUTHOR OF THIS VOLUME

DEDICATES IT

TO THE
Past, Present, and Future Aldermen of New York.

SUCH OF THEM AS HAVE ALREADY LOCATED IN AMERICA,
CAN APPROPRIATE THE HONOR AT ONCE.

SUCH AS ARE STILL IN IRELAND,
MUST WAIT A LITTLE.

IN THE MEANTIME, LET US HUMBLY HOPE AND TRUST THAT, UNDER THE
GUIDANCE OF TAMMANY, IRISH WISDOM WILL CONTINUE TO
ILLUMINATE AND BLESS THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE.

THE TIME IS NOT FAR DISTANT WHEN ALL CAN CLAIM AN INTEREST
IN THIS
COMPLIMENT.

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HIBERNIA;

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CHAPTER I.

Sweet Erin an Island—Number of Counties—Population—The Potato-rot, Shillalah, and Politics—Emigration—The Irish in America received as Blessings in disguise—Harbors, Lakes, Rivers—Killarney—Kate Kearney—Legend of "The Blarney-stone"—The blind Harper and "Poor Dog Tray"—The Battle of the Boyne—The Bog—Its Effects on the Gait, Climate, Soil, etc.—Temper of the Natives displayed at Fairs and Wakes—Domestic Habits and Notions—Pets—Unjust Writers—Convivial Habits—Love of Travel, and Power of Assimilation—The Tender Passions—The Effect of Love—Taste in Dress—Love of Music—The Irish Jig.

THAT Ireland is an island, is laid down in the geographies, but we are not aware that any one has made affidavit to the fact, and therefore we give place to the assertion, with that qualified endorsement which should always characterize the true historian.

The island is divided into thirty-two counties, and had in 1851 a population of six and one-half millions, which was a falling-off from the population of 1841, of one million and a-half; a decrease due, probably, to a disease which destroyed the potato crop, a reckless use of the shillalah, and the fact that politics had attracted many of the Irish people to the happy regions of the Western World. It was in this way that the

United States secured as citizens the cream of the Irish nation.

With few exceptions, those who have left Ireland trace their pedigree to aristocratic, and even royal families; as is conclusively proved by the fact that they are often heard telling the wondering natives of America of the deeds of their Irish ancestors, and the castles they once inhabited and defended. In this subject, as well as in all others relating to the Irish people, the Americans take a deep interest; nor is this at all singular, for, on their part, the Irish take a deeper interest in all American matters. No sooner had a respectable number of that nation landed in the United States, than they offered, and even insisted upon taking charge of the local governments and revenues of the different cities and towns of their adopted country; generously promising, at the same time, to relieve the natives of all labor and responsibility in national affairs as soon as they had learned something of the ways of the country. Such acts of self-denial, and disinterested kindness, won the hearts of the Americans, who at once reciprocated by putting into the hands of the new-comers the reins of government, and by imposing upon themselves such taxes as became ne-

cessary to support the new state of affairs.

The Americans could well afford to make these concessions, for few nations are so favored as to be able to import statesmen, legislators, lawyers, and generals ready-made, and willing to submit to and endure at once all the toils, dangers, and anxieties of public life.

So generous have the Irish people been in this respect in New York (an American city, next to Boston in character and importance), that hardly a native-born citizen is required to trammel or burden himself with public affairs, while the rapid introduction of Irish measures, sentiment, games, and recreations, is a subject which fills the American heart with pride and satisfaction.

Ireland has harbors, which are noted principally as the starting-points for emigrants; lakes, the beauty of which has charmed mankind for centuries; and rivers, second to the lakes only in beauty. Near the Lake of Killarney lived one of those rare beauties, such as Paris eloped with, and Greece went to war about. She possessed great power, for according to the bards of her time, even the glance of her eye was death to an ordinary Irishman; which seems all the more strange, as the Irish are calculated to endure much hardship without injuring their health.

We know of no way to give the reader a better idea of Irish beauty, than by quoting a few lines from an ancient poem, which runs as follows:

If ever you visit Killarney,
Be sure that you see Kittie Kearney;
She's as gay as a lark,
And has eyes that are dark,
And a wonderful use of the blarney.

She lives all alone with her aunty,
In a neat little bit of a shanty,

And has pigs and a sow,
And an Alderney cow,
And her chickens are Shanghae and banty

In the jig she is light as a fairy;
She is rich, for she owns a nice dairy;
And when angry she 'll pont
With her lips sticking out,
For indeed she is very contrary.

She is up when the daylight is dawning,
And can sing like a bird in the morning;
Ah! and should you call down
Her hope-crushing frown,
Beware! 't is a terrible warning!

But there are other things of interest in the vicinity of the lake, and not the least mysterious and important is the Blarney-stone, which no Irishman, sooner or later, fails to kiss, and the effect of which upon the fortunes of the Celtic race has been marked. In an old manuscript, heretofore overlooked, we find an account of this wonderful stone, which is here given for the first time to the public.

When Noah entered the ark, he took with him not only such things as he thought would add to his own comfort and that of his family, but made ample provision for the beasts of the field and the birds of the air. He took from the side of a mountain, and placed on board the ark, a singular-looking stone, which the birds were expected to sharpen their bills on, and which was used for that purpose. One of Noah's children, who had no bill to sharpen, but had an impediment in his speech, noticed that the voices of the birds, and the melody of their notes, were much improved by a free use of the stone, and taking the hint, and being, as we have stated, without a bill, he applied his tongue to the stone, with marvelous results, for the impediment in his speech was removed, and he became the most fluent and persuasive member of Noah's family. Some Irishmen, who had contracted to dig a

drain, to lead off some of the surplus waters which remained after the flood, and who happened to be present when Noah and his family were leaving the ark, noticed the Blarney-stone, and were informed of its miraculous qualities. Prompted by the desire, which Irishmen so often exhibit, to secure every thing good for the use of Ireland, they threw up their contract, took the stone in the night, removed it to Ireland, and planted it on the banks of Lake Kilarney, where it remained for many centuries. It is about the size of the celebrated Philosopher's Stone, and may be easily recognized, as it has upon it the private mark of the son of Noah. To see a group of Irish around it, in the act of applying their tongues, is said by travellers to be a most instructive and interesting spectacle.

The Shannon is one of the most noted rivers in Ireland. Upon its green banks lived that unfortunate blind boy who played upon a harp which was not the "harp of a thousand strings." The poor lad took hold of one end of a string (his dog was at the other), and in this manner left the home of his youth; but the dog perished, for the bard tells us that

"He got the distemper and suddenly died,
And Pat played a Lament as he stood by
his side!"

The river Boyne is one of some historical importance. A battle was commenced on its banks on the first day of July, 1690, which has been in progress ever since. A truce occasionally occurs; but a yellow or green ribbon, imprudently displayed, is quite enough to rouse the combatants to great activity and renewed slaughter. If any of our readers are anxious to learn the strength of the existing animosity, let them attempt to sing

"Croppies lie down,"

to a company of Ribbon-men, who have just indulged in a drop of the "crathur," as they playfully call whiskey, and his curiosity will be gratified. No serious efforts have been made by our scientists to account for this peculiar effect of color upon the Celtic cerebral structure; but modern chemists have satisfactorily proved that yellow walls have a tendency to affect the health of workmen in a factory, and it is not unlikely that both yellow and green may respectively exercise an unfavorable influence on the natives of different countries.

The central part of Ireland contains 1,500,000 acres of bog. Most of the Irish travel more or less in this part of the island, where they acquire a peculiar gait, which has caused them to be called by some persons "Bogtrotters;" a term which is supposed to refer to a way they have of raising up and putting down their feet when in the act of walking.

The climate of Ireland is mild, its soil fertile, and the verdure of its pasture rich. Poets and historians have been pleased to call it the "Green Isle of the Ocean," and claim for it every comfort man can desire, and for its people every virtue which can dignify or adorn his character. We must believe it to be the land of statesmen, warriors and poets, or reject history heretofore received as authentic.

The natives are naturally impulsive, and quick to resent insults, real or fancied, which is owing to the fact, that in almost every instance, an Irishman is the descendant of a king, or the chief of a clan, and has the name and fame of his family to maintain and defend. Disputes and feuds are common in Ireland, generally growing out of some question of precedence or ceremony, and they not unfrequently culminate at a fair or wake in a general engagement. Even at a

wake, the parties have been known to become so reckless, as to put out the candles, damage the coffin, and greatly disfigure the corpse.

The Irish are domestic in their habits, and at home the Irishman is much inclined to dispense with formality; indeed he may be said to show a sort of contempt for the rules and regulations usually enforced by other people in domestic life. His door is open to the wayfarer, and even to his pigs and goats, and not unfrequently the latter, with his cow, find shelter under the same roof with his family.

Nor is it uncommon for an attachment to spring up between these faithful animals and his little ones, only equalled in strength and romantic beauty by that which the Arab's family is said to feel for the favorite horse. Owing to these notions and habits, it is impossible to perceive in their homes an air of perfect neatness; a circumstance which the prejudiced and fastidious have attempted to use in disparagement of the race; but those who look fairly on the subject, will see in such conduct a kindness of heart and tenderness toward those dependent upon them, in striking contrast with the conduct of those unfeeling people who leave their dumb brutes to shiver and suffer in lonely stables and rickety out-houses.

The Irish have inherited the convivial habits of their ancestors, and it is around the festive board that their natural prudence and reserve is most likely to forsake them. It is their habit to drink deep, and when they have done so, the company are almost certain to put themselves on a war-footing, and assume the offensive at once. We do not recall a more instructive sight than the banqueting-room on the morning after an Irish feast. Pieces of nose and ear, thumb-nails, teeth, and patches of

scalp, scattered about the floor, serve to show how fierce was the carousal, and how intemperate the mirth of the revelers.

These social amusements they enjoy together; and should a stranger intrude among them, upon such an occasion, he is sure to carry away with him when he leaves, a lasting impression of their festivities and hospitality.

The Irish are noted travelers, and settle down, apparently contented, on any part of the globe. They hold office with impartial liberality under all the governments of the earth. They enlist in every army. In England, they are Fenians, and their business there is to liberate Ireland. In America, they are legislators, judges, and aldermen, and their business there is to correct the imperfections of the United States government, and make the American people happy. In France, they are generals, and lead armies—sometimes to victory! In all parts of the earth they build railroads and canals. Wherever they go, they engage in every business and practice every profession, and so cosmopolitan are they, that the earth, in its diurnal revolution, presents no portion of its surface to the sun where an Irishman's face is not ready to be illumined by its glorious rays. Within six months from the date of their arrival in the United States, tens of thousands have been known to become completely naturalized, and in a condition to assume all the responsibilities and perform all the duties of citizenship—except, perhaps, the payment of taxes, which should not be insisted upon, so long as they continue to vote for us, and furnish us that wisdom and integrity, which under a wise government always control and regulate public affairs.

It is time to notice some of the gentler traits which adorn the character of

the Irishman. To the passion of love he is of all men the most susceptible; and it is in the character of lover that he displays all that poetry, pathos, and chivalry so peculiarly Irish. It has been said that—

There is no love like that
Of an Irishman gay;
He's as blithe as the robins
That warble in May.
With his sprig of shillalah!

He fights when he's angry,
And drinks when he's sad,
And beauty, alas!
Sets an Irishman mad.
With his sprig of shillalah!

If offended—look out!
He is something to dread;
If his friend, you are sure
Of a whack on the head.
With his sprig of shillalah!

But in love, just like butter,
He'll soften and melt,
Getting pale in the face,
And quite small in the belt.
With his sprig of shillalah!

Love has a tendency to develop those convivial tastes and inclinations which lurk in the breast of every Irishman; so that when he loves hard he drinks hard, and it is not uncommon for the idol of his heart to wear the marks of a battle, which originated in love the most devoted, and suffer from wounds inflicted by the very man who is ready to die for her, so striking is his affection.

In the matter of dress, the Irishman displays great taste. The costume of Ireland is a coat of frieze, a green waist-coat, corduroys buttoned at the knee, "sinkers," or stockings without the feet, and shoes the soles of which are filled with hob-nails. The shoes, or "brogues," as they are called, are often made so wide at the top as to require a stuffing of hay about the wearer's ankle; but in

the district of Mullingar, the configuration of the calf is usually such as to enable the peasants to dispense with this wisp of hay, or *soogawn*. This peculiarity of limb originated the phrase—

"Beef to the heels; 'like the Mullingar heifers."

The Irish American has yielded so far to the prevailing taste in his adopted country, as to discard the dress of his native land, and adopt that of his American constituents; a compliment which they fully appreciate. No one understands better than the Irishman, the fact that a man's success in life and his station in society, are influenced much by his personal appearance; and knowing this, he is elaborate and careful in preparing himself for the public gaze.

The following song, sung to the members of the Board of Aldermen during a recess, by the President of that body, will serve to give the reader a fair idea of the costume of the Americano-Irishman. The distinguished office-holder, in introducing this music, stated that the song was original, that he knew it to be so, for his grandmother learned it from one of the bards of Ireland, and taught it to him two years before he was born. Then, without further prelude, he launched out to the air of "A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sail," the following:

A velvet coat, a diamond pin,
A necktie blazing red;
A hat of latest style, upon
My aldermanic head.
A pair of patent-leather boots,
And yellow kids, to wear;
Then add to these, cigar and cane,
And won't the gossoons stare!
CHORUS—A velvet coat, etc.

In years gone by, I daily toiled,
With shovel and with spade;
But now I hold an office,
And can smoke and promenade.

I've thrown away my heavy brogues,
 My vest, and corduroys;
 The Pet of Fashion am I now,
 The wonder of the boys.
 A velvet coat, etc.

God bless the Yankees, clever souls,
 Who stay in private life,
 Avoiding all the cares of state,
 Anxiety and strife;
 They let the Irish in the land,
 Rule with an iron rod,
 And thus escape the tiresome spade,
 The shovel, and the hod.
 A velvet coat, etc.

The song being finished, the aldermen resumed business, and, at that very session, the previous question was demanded, with surprising unanimity, and a resolution passed, allowing the vocal President the sum of five thousand dollars for extra services, the nature of which was not stated in the minutes of the Board.

The love of music amounts to a passion with the Irishman. He is not attracted, it is true, by the frivolous airs of France, nor the zig-zag, hop-skip-and-jump music of Germany, nor the round-and-round-until-you-are-giddy strains of the Spanish. The national air and the national dance, is the solid, straightforward, business-like, calf-developing jig. The Irish jig, including the music and the dance, is the joy of the Irish heart. Under its gentle influences the young men become more gallant and chivalrous, and the timid maidens of Erin less cruel, while care and sorrow, and even the wrongs of Ireland, are for the moment overlooked or forgotten. An Irish social party without the jig, is a funeral in solemnity and silent gloom. It is the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out. It is a Quaker-meeting when the spirit refuses to move any of the members. Stiff, cold, formal, uninteresting, stale, and unprofitable.

CHAPTER II.

The duty of the Historian—The Greek Maiden and her followers. Fifty Maidens and only three Men—Ancient Women—Fate of the first Colony—Supposed battle field—Relics—The Exile of Erin—A repulsive Corpse—Death of Parthalon—Nemidh and his followers—The Formorins—Pugillists—Ancestors of Dublin—Tricks and others—Firbalgo.—Tuatha De Dannann—The Silver Hand—Discontent and War—King Breas, the usurper—He insults a Poet—The Smiths, Druids, and Doctors—An Irish Female Physician—Superhuman labors of the Author—Ancient battle song, from our special correspondent.

It seems eminently proper, that an American should compose an account of Ireland. As fidelity to the truth is imperative in history, no man should attempt to enact the part of historian for his own country. With the single exception of the citizens of the United States, there is not a people on earth, who are not inclined to magnify or exaggerate, in a greater or less degree, the merits of their native land, and the virtues of their countrymen. In undertaking this sketch of Ireland, the author of this volume, while his judgment is not warped or likely to be led astray by foolish affection, or unreasonable partiality for the Irish people, he, on the other hand, cannot forget the blessings bestowed upon his countrymen by Irish legislation, and his desire is to elucidate the subject to the extent of his abilities, in the hope that abler pens may hereafter do ampler justice to the interesting theme. In short, he feels himself lifted above the prejudices and partialities that seem to have led all former historians astray.

Having thus, in the most complete and satisfactory manner, removed from the mind of the reader any doubt or suspicion of unfairness on our part, and furnished him everything necessary to a proper understanding of matters, except intelligence, which we take it for granted

he possesses already, we proceed with our subject.

In the year of the world, 1599, the daughter of a Greek, whose name, owing to the neglect of historians, has been lost or forgotten, landed in Ireland. She was the leader of a party, composed of fifty maidens and three men, which fact is alone sufficient to prove that the agitation for a restoration of Women's Rights, in modern times, is not only in itself proper and reasonable, but also has the warrant of historical precedent.

The chieftain's daughter, as we have above remarked, landed in Hibernia with her fifty maidens and three men. This much is known, but what became of her afterwards has not been heretofore made clear, simply because historians have been too indolent to prosecute the inquiry. It seems that a dispute arose between the maidens concerning the proprietorship of the three men, which culminated in a battle destructive to the fair combatants. In support of this fact we find it recorded that on the field where the battle raged there have been uncovered, at different times, chignons, hair-pins, artificial teeth, fragments of hoop-skirts, antique boxes marked "Lily White," and "Bloom of Youth," and a number of singular-looking pads, containing horse-hair, the precise use of which is not understood at this day.

We have other strong evidence to sustain the theory that Ireland was settled by the Greeks, in the fact that the physical peculiarities of the Irish people, are so decidedly Grecian as to forcibly remind one of the form, dimensions and features of those celebrated statues, the Apollo Belvidere and the Venus of Milo, which are believed to present the purest type of Grecian masculine and feminine beauty extant.

The following song, translated from the original Celtic, has survived the

destruction of the Hellenic Colony, and throws considerable light on the sanguinary fight of the Amazons of the Liffey. It has been found in a collection of original odes and ballads sung by Brian Boroihme, whose harp is shown to the curious, in a glass case, in the museum of Trinity College, Dublin.

AIR—"Three fishers went sailing," &c.

Three jolly fellows sailed over from Greece,
Over from Greece, to the Emerald Isle.

And they rowed up the Liffey, one very fine
morn,

And they landed, to settle and tarry awhile.

Fifty women, three nice young men :

We never shall see such a party again.

As up the Liffey

They paddled :

As up the Liffey

They paddled.

As they rowed to the shore, the sun came
up,

Up in the East, looking round and red ;

And the men were Larry, and Terry, and
Mike.

And Larry to one of the maidens said :

"There are fifty of you and of us but three
And we greatly fear you will disagree."

And the maidens all

Looked puzzled ;

Yes, the maidens all

Looked puzzled.

Then a maiden, named Judy, became quite
sweet

On Terry ; who shied like a yearling colt.

But she followed him up, and he backed and
balked,

And acted as though he would surely bolt ;

For Judy was old, and thin, and tall,

And she wore such a frizzly "waterfall !"

That Terry seemed very

Much bothered.

Yes, Terry seemed very

Much bothered.

And Larry was cornered by one of the
crowd,

Which her name was Kate (she had yellow
hair),

But Mag shook her fist at the blooming
"blonde,"

And said she : "Just meddle with him, if you
dare."

Then they both caught hold of the blushing
lad,

And they pulled him about ; they were very
mad.

And Larry begged hard
For quarter.

Yes Larry begged hard
For quarter.

Then twenty fair maidens, and all from
Greece,

Laid hold of Mike ; and they pulled and
hauled,

And tugged and tussled, and chattered and
fought,

Till Mike, poor fellow, was terribly mauled—
To carry him off each maid did mean.

But Mike was held fast by the other nineteen.

And they kept up a
Terrible gabble.

Yes, they kept up a
Terrible gabble.

Then the others joined in, and they fought
all day,

Till the shades of night upon them fell ;

And not one maid of them all was left

The fate of the three young men to tell ;

Some hair-pins, teeth, and a water-fall,

Some paint, and powder, and that was all

That survived the
Ancient struggle.

That survived the
Ancient struggle.

The only authentic record we have
of the fate of the three men who were
the innocent cause of this "women's
battle," is contained in the following
stanzas, which are supposed to describe
the adventures of Mike, who is apostro-
phized by the poet under the figure
"Erin-Go-Bragh." He appears to have
been a man of no little consequence,
and to have accumulated property and
attained a position of influence in the
foreign land to whose hospitable shores
he fled.

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

There came to New York a bold exile from
Erin,

With his hat slightly tipped, and shillalah in
hand,

And the sight on Broadway to his bosom was
cheerin',

For he saw that his countrymen governed the
land.

The Court House attracted his eye, and,
elated,

He boldly walked up to the Boss, and he
stated :

"To-day have I landed, two hours have I
waited ;

Then give me an office," said Erin-Go-Bragh.

"Don't talk of delay," said the queer look-
ing stranger,

"I am needing the money to buy a new coat ;
Deny, if you dare ; in my frown there is
danger ;

Then give what I ask, or you can't have my
vote."

And he twirled a nice bit of a stick in the
air,

While the Boss cheered his heart with his
promises fair,

And he said, "Never fear you shall have your
full share"—

And light was the soul of bold Erin-Go-
Bragh.

"I am done," said the exile, "with pick-axe
and digging,

Farewell to the cart, to the shovel and spade."

Then he dressed himself up in most fanciful
rigging,

And the "Broth of a boy," what a figure he
made.

The natives stood back, but they looked on
admiring,

To comfort and please him they labored un-
tiring,

But never to office or station aspiring,

While they handed their taxes to Erin-Go-
Bragh.

Oh ! blest is the race who have Irish to rule
them ;

Yes, happy are they who are subject to Pat ;
And blest are our children while Irishmen
school them—

They will learn to submit ; let us thank them
for that.

Then yield to them now, and, without hesita-
tion,

Bend your necks to the yoke and hand over
the nations.

To Erin, sweet Erin we look for salvation ;
Oh take us and govern us, Erin-Go-Bragh.

Parthalon landed in Ireland when the world was 2520 years old. He brought with him his sons and several wives, which latter circumstance goes to prove, that Mormons existed even in his day, although, strangely enough, it is not mentioned in Joe Smith's "Book of Mormon", or by Brigham Young. He had a thousand followers, and landed at Inverscenc, now the Kenmare river. A governor, leader, or ruler of a people should be quiet and amiable, instead of going about stirring up wars and plotting mischief. He should sometimes let well enough alone and go off to the sea-shore, and there smoke his pipe and listen to the music of the waves; and his motto should ever be, "Let us have Peace." Such rulers have lived and governed, but Parthalon was not one of that disposition, but restless and ambitious. The colony he led only existed a few hundred years, when it was swept away by pestilence.

Parthalon died in the year 2552, if he ever lived, which is the subject of grave doubt. Next came Nemidh, whose followers were afflicted with a plague, and were kept busy burying the dead and fighting the Formorins, a noted race of pugilists who descended from Cham, the son of Noah, and from them Dublin Tricks, Yankee Sullivan, Crow, the fighter, and Mike McCoole, are supposed to have descended.

The next party of carpet-baggers came under the lead of Firbalgo, whose poetical name has survived nearly every thing else relating to him.

The fifth immigration came under Tuatha De Danann. In the year of the world 3330 he brought the Firbalgian dynasty to a close by killing "Eochaidh," who was buried in a cave which the tide had regularly covered for ages, but, whether or not on account of some repulsive peculiarity in the corpse

we cannot say, the phenomenon never occurred after the funeral.

We have heard a great deal said about the propriety or impropriety of admitting women to the practice of medicine, and other professions monopolized in modern times by man, and a few energetic and talented persons of what we commonly designate as the weaker sex, who have dared to aspire to Hippocratic honors, have been denounced as immodest, strong-minded, and masculine in their tastes. The lady "Ochtriui" was a Doctor of Medicine, and assisted the Chief Physician to heal the soldiers of Tuatha De Danann, greatly to the comfort of the men, and the gratification of her king.

The Tuatha de Danann king "Nuada" lost his hand in battle, and was afterwards known as "Nuada of the Silver Hand," for he wore a hand of silver, made by the artificer Credue Cort, which answered a very good purpose. The people believed it to have been produced by some supernatural agency. We believe that Credue Cort made it for the king, and shall insist upon that view of the matter, though we may spoil an interesting Irish story by so doing. It is said, but not upon the best authority, that a number of Nuada's followers, out of compliment to their chief, mutilated themselves for the sake of wearing similar metallic hands. Be that as it may, it is an indisputable fact that very many Irishmen of the present day have an itching palm for silver, and some get their hands well lined with it.

We now reach the time when the leaders became dissatisfied, and angry generally, but particularly with each other; and when one Breas, a sort of temporary king, or usurper, sent a poet to bed in a dark room, without fire, giving him only three small cakes for

supper, his friends took up his quarrel, and Breas had to resign. From such circumstances, we infer that the poet in those days was a man of influence and popularity, which proves how far superior to the moderns the ancients were in their taste for belles-lettres.

Breas prepared for fight, and during the struggle which ensued we hear for the first time in Irish history of the Smith family. They made and mended swords and armor. The bards and druids praised or blamed the people, according to circumstances, or their humor—while doctors guessed, as in our own days, at the distempers and ailments which afflicted mankind, and then, precisely like our modern doctors, guessed at the remedy, trusting to luck for a proper result.

It was only by the exercise of super-human industry that we were enabled to cull the above facts from the vast stores of legends, traditions, and tales of superstition, preserved in the archives of the ancient Irish dynasties with religious care, and we look for our reward to the gratitude of an intelligent public.

A gentleman of antiquarian taste and profound scholarship has translated from the original tongue the stanzas which follow, said to have been written by the poet whose hard treatment by Breas led to the unpleasantness above noted, on the occasion of an anniversary celebration. It has the true patriotic ring in it. The "Yankees" alluded to were, perhaps, an obscure tribe, which, being forced to leave those parts, crossed the ocean and became the progenitors of our modern Americans. It would be, indeed, a remarkable coincidence, if in these latter days the descendants of the weaker race should be expelled by the progeny of the warriors of Breas. History would then repeat itself.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE TRIBE.

Come, shoulder your green shillalahs, boys,
And off to the wars with me,
Said the King; "The Yankee my peace de-
stroy,

And I'll drive him over the sea."
Then they started off, in an Irish jog,
And they made their way over hill and bog.

And the soldiers called
For a lively air,
And the harpers played them
Donnybrook Fair.

They marched along in a merry mood,
Till they came where the Yankees dwelt;
And they pummelled away at the Yanks all
day.

Until weary and sore they felt.
And the king looked on, with a joyful grin,
And he said, to the boys, "Go in! go in!"

And he took a piggin
Of poteen, raw;
And the toast that he drank
Was "Erin-Go-Bragh."

All hail! to the king of the warriors bold,
Who fight with the black-thorn sticks,
Let the Yankees hide, or just step one side,
And make way for the noble "Bricks."
They shall draw our water, our wood shall
hew,
While we gather their taxes, and spend
them, too.

"Bad cess" to the man
Who would wrong the king.
We will drink our fill,
And his praises sing.

CHAPTER III.

The Phœnician Controversy—The Irish and King Solomon closely related—Plutarch on Ireland—Orpheus—Injustice of British Writers—The Ancient Irish not Cannibals—Emigration from Ireland begins and continues—Suggestions and Advice—Bridget's Little Lamb—The Sons of Milidh—Battle—Death of Scota, wife of Milidh—Death of Fas, wife of Un—End of the Tuatha De Danann dynasty—Curious Stories—Success of the Milesians and division of Ireland—Eber and Eremon—War—Eber killed by Eremon—Death of Eremon—The story of Echo.

THE Phœnicians, who may have settled Ireland, and may not, were noted for the care with which they preserved their

annals, and we have pored over volumes written when Jeroboam was a boy, only to arrive at the result we have stated. We are prepared to say that they visited Ireland so long ago, that the subject is an unimportant one to the reader. They have no political influence at this time, and Orangemen, and Ribbonmen, and even the Fenians, look upon the inquiry with indifference. Authors have mixed up the people of ancient times, such as the Scythians, the Canaanites, and the Egyptians, with the Irish, so as greatly to perplex one who seeks the simple truth without regard to the wishes of those who are ambitious enough to desire to connect themselves with the aristocratic families of the past.

That the early settlers of Ireland were related to King Solomon, cannot be positively denied, though it is claimed that the connection, if any existed, was only one by marriage, which seems likely, for Solomon's wives' relations are known to have been numerous. It appears by no means improbable that some of the ships of that famous ruler, when out seeking materials for the temple, touched at Ireland, and how natural would it have been for those in charge, knowing the lonely condition of the king, and his desire to enter upon the marriage state, to secure for him from among the beautiful damsels of Hibernia, a score or two of wives; and who knows but what the wisdom with which they rule mankind in all parts of the world, was inherited from that illustrious ruler.

As we have intimated, the early writers on the subject of Irish history do not agree. Whether Calypso meant Ireland in the writings of Plutarch we cannot say. It was described as an island five days' sail from Britain, which puzzles us greatly, unless we assume that they had no steam vessels in those days, which, in view of the advanced state

of civilization, we are not prepared to do. Even in those days they abounded in poets and warriors, were ingenious and thrifty enough to invent the present mode of making whiskey, and what right have we to assume that they had no steamboats? The question is with the reader. And so are the following lines, which may help to elucidate the matter and go far to prove the loyalty of the Irishman and his love of country:

My country, t'is of thee,
Land of O'Rafferty,
Of thee I sing.
There the sun brightly shines
Gilding potato vines,
Nobody mopes or pines
If in the "ring."

Shanties are plenty there—
Built to let in the air,
Chickens, and cow.
Donkeys that sweetly bray,
Little to do by day,
Drinking the night away,
Many a row.

Hearts full of joy, and light,
Ready for dance or fight,
Spurning all care.
Many a head to break,
Many a jolly wake,
But not a single snake
Ever comes there.

Soon to New York we go,
Irish it is, you know—
Irishmen rule.
Yankees for us shall toil,
For us shall till the soil,
Shall our potatoes boil—
Pat is no fool.

Orpheus names Ireland in the imaginary route, which he lays down for Jason and the Argonauts—not Orpheus of lute notoriety, we infer. But if it is the same who distinguished himself as a musician, did he write before or after his noted journey to the regions of Pluto? In order to know just what weight to attach to the statements of a historian, the reader should know some-

thing of his circumstances and especially the state of his mind. Now Orpheus (if it was the musician), was much distressed about Eurydice before he journeyed in search of her, and when he came back was too much overcome by his failure to write history. We speak of those things as we understand them from actual experience. If it was Orpheus the musician, we reject his statements, for he was in love, and a man in love is not reliable.

It was found that Ireland was more ancient than Albion or Britain. The natives of the latter island became envious, they invaded Ireland, destroyed the records of her ancient splendor and greatness, and now the people of an island, which was only known in ancient times as a tin-shop and coal-yard, for the Irish claim precedence and affect to ridicule the descendants of kings and princes and the cousins of King Solomon. In this controversy originated the "unpleasantness" which long existed between the natives of the two islands. The important question of antiquity has not yet been disposed of. The successful party, upon a settlement of the matter, could at once proceed to develop their resources, and secure to themselves unlimited prosperity. Notwithstanding all this, the controversy still proceeds. The Britons claim, that the sacred isle "the Ogygia" of the Greeks is in its infancy compared with their island, while the Irish laugh at the pretensions of their neighbors, and prove to their own satisfaction, at least, that Albion was unknown when "Erinn" was a great and flourishing kingdom.

The feeling growing out of the quarrels between the Irish and the Britons has prevented writers of the latter nation from being at all times just to the former. This appears in their references to the social condition of the Irish; in

some instances they have held up the most quiet, amiable, and unobtrusive people on the globe, except perhaps the Chinese, as rude, barbarous and uncouth.

They have even accused them of cannibalism. We have examined this charge carefully and acquit them of any such practice. From the time of the Greek maidens down to the present, the Irish have been addicted to the habit of pounding each other with a club called a "Shillalah," and have been guilty, when roused to anger, of carving each other in a most painful manner; but no matter how tender a fellow-man may have become from pounding, or how skillfully he may have been carved, we have not found a single instance where a human being has been actually devoured. The simple biting off of an ear or a lip, or the mastication of a nose, are one thing, and the act of cooking and eating a man another.

The last colonization took place when the world was 3500 years old. Soon after that time the stream of emigration commenced to flow from, instead of towards Ireland, a change in the tide, which has affected the most remote countries of the earth; every nation has felt its influence, and the flow has been so powerful in the direction of some countries, as to crowd out the natives, and make it necessary for them to seek homes elsewhere. But what of that? The world belongs to the noble, the energetic and the brave. Indolence, imbecility, and mental inferiority must yield to tact, enterprise and statesmanship. This is an inflexible law. Those short-sighted people in America who complain of the effect of Irish influence, and are impatient under Irish rule, should remember that they are struggling against laws fixed and immutable, and that wisdom dictates a quiet and

complete submission to the rule and the wishes of the dominant race. We are taught by the following touching incident, that society was organized in ancient times much as it is now, and that after all there is nothing new under the sun.

Bridget had a little lamb,
Its fleece was very black,
And grew around its little ears
And curled upon its back.

Its eyes were bright as little stars,
Its wool was soft as silk,
It used to follow Bridget 'round,
When she went out to milk.

When Bridget milked, she sat upon
A pretty little chair—
No matter what the weather was,
The lamb was always there.

One night the air was very hot,
And cruel were the flies,
And Bridget's cow did kick, and hit
The lamb between the eyes.

Old "Brindle" was a wicked brute,
And slowly chewed her cud,
Nor seemed to care, though Bridget's lamb
Lay kicking in the mud.

Then Bridget ran and quickly brought
A piggin of poteen,
And vainly tried to make it drink—
That lamb was "very green."

She took the old black bottle down—
It stood upon a shelf—
And filled the piggin to the brim,
Then drank it off herself.

And then she stood the lambkin up ;
'Twas dead, nor could it walk.
And so, she packed her clothes that night
And started for New York.

The fleet of the sons of Milidh reached Ireland in the year above stated, and they proceeded at once to dispossess the Tuatha de Dananns. They must have landed prepared for fight, for a decisive battle was fought three days after, in which fell Scota, wife of Milidh. Her

grave may be seen between Sliabb and the sea. How she happened to get within range, and thus receive her death wound, does not appear. We conclude that women enjoyed in those days the rights they demand now, and were, consequently, subjected to risks and dangers which the women of modern times escape.

The women must have suffered severely in the battle, for we are told that Fas, the wife of Un, fell there ; a melancholy circumstance, which, however, confirms the view we have taken of the rights enjoyed by the women of Ireland in ancient times.

The Tuatha de Dananu dynasty passed away. The names of the three last of the line were Ether, Cethur, and Fethur. The first was called Mac Cuill, because he worshipped the hazel tree. The second, Mac Ceacht, because he worshipped the plough ; and the third, Mac Griene, because he worshipped the sun. From this, we infer that there was a difference of opinion on religious subjects, and that the greatest liberty in matters of conscience prevailed.

Curious stories are told of the Tuatha de Dananns, such as that they lived long after their extinction by the Milesians, as spirits and fairies, flitting about the country. That they brought the famous stone "Lia fail," or stone of "Destiny," to Ireland, which is claimed by some to be the same now known as the pillar-stone over the Croppies grave in one of the raths of Tara ; and, further, that a De Danann invented the occult form of writing, called the ogham creave, concerning which the antiquarians have disputed so much—these traditions are left to such a disposition as the reader may choose to make of them.

Fair play was insisted upon in the days of the Milidh. A curious story is told of their first landing in Ireland.

They went ashore at Slaney, in the county of Wexford, and took the Tuatha de Danauns by surprise, who proposed that the Milesians should re-embark and go nine waves from the shore, agreeing to surrender to them if they could force a landing.

The Milesians assented, but when the original inhabitants found that they were fairly out at sea, they proceeded by magical incantations to raise a tempest, which scattered the fleet of their enemies. Fortunately, the Milesians had Druids also, and they at once set about counteracting the spells put upon them by the De Danann. They found, on sending a man aloft, that the wind only blew near the water, and did not reach as high as the topmast; so the Druids commenced with counter arts and incantations, and soon brought about a favorable change of weather, but not till five of the eight brothers had perished in the waves, four of whom were drowned off Kerry. The survivors landed and fought the battle we have mentioned, and having conquered, divided the country between Eber, Finn and Eremon, but neither was satisfied. They fought each other. Eber was killed, and Eremon assumed sole control of the island, ruling alone. He reigned fifteen years and died, we presume greatly beloved by his people, though this latter statement is only based upon the custom so common with all nations of loving their rulers enthusiastically after they are dead.

His sorrowing subjects commenced a monument, and the work went forward with great rapidity for several months, but they became in time able to dry their tears, and about the same time work on the monument ceased, so that it stands in an unfinished state to this day.

Spiritualism seems to have prevailed at the time of which we write. Stories

of witches and fairies were common, and the following account of Echo, preserved since the days of the De Danauns, corroborates the view of those who ascribe to the Irish nation a Greek origin:

Beautiful nymph of the woods and hills,
Lingering oft by the glassy rills,
Hiding herself in the mountain caves
Down on the shore by the breaking waves—
Or lost in the spray of the waterfall,
Vainly I seek her and vainly call.
"Oh, why do you fly me?" I sadly cry,
"Oh, why do you fly me!" the quick reply
Comes trembling back on the balmy air,
But I never shall see her form so fair.
The king of the gods, majestic, dread,
Dallied awhile with the nymphs, 'tis said,
When Juno sought him with kindling ire.
While in her breast, like a flame of fire,
Jealousy burned. Through a shady grove
She strayed in search of the truant Jove.
Echo saw her—her angry eye
Like lightning flashing from earth to sky,
While her curling lip and her scornful tread
Told of wrath for even a god to dread.
"Stay," said the nymph, in no patient mood.
The angry goddess listening stood,
And Echo prattled; the queen stood by,
'Till Jove had left for his home on high.
Alas, for poor Echo, a cruel fate
Is hers, for the avengeful Juno's hate
Dooms her to misery day and night,
She lives in the air a formless spright.
Sorrowful victim of Juno's wrath,
Haunting the travelers lonely path,
Hither and hither and far and near,
Her answering words are the last we hear.

There are those who claim that the Greeks are not entitled to the credit usually given them for their proficiency in the arts and sciences, and assert that all their knowledge of poetry, painting, and architecture, was borrowed from Ireland, and that they forgot to return the borrowed articles. It is also claimed in New York that the missing public property and large sums of money from the treasury have been borrowed, and will be returned when the arts and sciences are sent back by the Greeks to the Irish.

CHAPTER IV.

Bede's account of Ireland—Reptiles unknown—Antidotes—This History a remedy for Snake-bites, &c.—Irish modesty—The story of Maen and Moriath—The Serenade—King Scoriath—Craftine, the Harper—The Lovers impose upon the King—Craftine aids them—The King pardons them—Maen sings of the King's Cats—Eochaidh, the sighing King—His daughter Mab, or Meav, strong-minded—Spensor's Fairie Queen—She marries Conor—Divorced—Queen of Connacht—Marries again—Disputed Property—Dare, the Cattle-breeder—His Bull—The Quarrel—The Bull-fight—Death of "White horn"—Death of the other Bull—Unsettled condition of the Country—Tuathal and his Daughters—Perfidy of the King of Leinster—Tuathal's Revenge—His murder—The murder of the Murderer—Cormac—Mac Cumhaill or Mac Coole—Mac Coole marries Cormac's Daughter—Curious Courtship—The Fenians, ancient and modern—Grainne and Dairmaid—The beds of Dairmaid and Grainne.

THE historian Bede has left a description of Ireland, interesting, though not admitted to be entirely reliable. He was an Englishman, who gained some reputation as a writer, and we feel inclined to examine his statements, though we may conclude to reject many of them. He says: "Ireland, in breadth and for serenity of climate, far surpasses Britain. Snow scarcely ever lies there over three days." How important it is to make hay while the sun shines we all understand; but we are told by the historian, that the Irish people neglected this duty. "No man makes hay in summer, for winter's provision, or builds stables for beasts of burden." So says Bede.

Bede goes on to say, that no reptiles were found in Ireland, and that though some were taken there on ships from Britain, they died as soon as exposed to the air. He claims that almost everything found in Ireland is an antidote for poison, and tells of persons who had been bitten by serpents and were cured by the scrapings from the leaves of some Irish books, which were put in water and given them to drink. There can be

no doubt of the truth of this statement, and we feel confident that the time will come when this book will be accepted as a certain cure for snake-bites, hydrophobia, and delirium tremens. Old books are very scarce in Ireland, having been used medicinally until there are few left.

The modesty of the Irish people is conspicuous in the fact, that they do not claim descent from the sun nor moon, nor have they any preposterous stories about ancestral gods and goddesses, but are content to tell the simple truth, free from vain boasting and ostentation.

Love affairs have been recorded with some care in Ireland, but like an account of love affairs now, we find the truth mixed with a great deal of fiction. We have selected one story, however, which the reader may rely upon. Maen was deaf and dumb, and of course had no way of communicating with others but by a dexterous use of his fingers or by writing on a slate; but he became involved in a quarrel with another youth, and suddenly recovered his speech. He was a good-looking young man, of noble bearing, extremely polite, and popular with all but his uncle, who expelled him from the kingdom, when he took refuge with King Scoriath, who had a daughter very beautiful, as the daughters of kings always are. Maen fell in love with her. It would have been pusillanimous for him to have failed to do so; for, according to the sentiment of his time, it was the duty of a knight to fall in love with every lady he met, if beautiful—and all ladies were in those days.

Moriath, for that was the lady's name, being the king's daughter, never had lived out, though she could have obtained a good character and understood general house-work, but she had passed her time flirting with young men, many of whom moped about her father's court,

singing and sighing in a most doleful manner.

Her father had resolved that she should not marry, but Maen had decided otherwise. He felt much encouraged by what he regarded as tender looks given him by the lady, and resolved to propose at the earliest moment; but the old king was watchful, and the princess was timid, and Maen was impatient and perplexed. At last he consulted Craftine, an old harper, who passed much of his time playing dominoes with the king, and who understood his whims and habits. He advised Maen to go to the rear of the palace at midnight (for the princess slept in a back room), and, under the pretense of serenading the young lady, to indicate his affection for her, and his desire to tell her his love. Maen acted at once upon the hint, and late at night took a position on the roof of a shed which sheltered the royal swine. He attracted her attention by singing the words:

I have something sweet to tell you,
But I cannot tell it yet—
So meet me by the hawthorne, love,
Be sure and not forget.
When the dew is on the blossom
And the cuckoo on the bough—
For I've something sweet to tell you,
But I cannot tell it now.

The swine became restless; but in spite of the interruptions, Maen continued:

You must wait 'till I can see you
All alone; but do not grieve,
For my heart's o'erflowed with joy
At what you told me yester-eve.
And altho' you did not answer
To my whispered prayer and vow,
I have something sweet to tell you,
But I cannot tell it now.

In spite of the swine, Maen went on to sing:

I have something sweet to tell you
And my soul is full of bliss,
For last night you said you loved me,
And you sealed it with a kiss.

And I fain would wait 'till evening,
But ah! I don't know how,
I have something sweet to tell you,
And my heart says tell it now.

Moriath heard and recognized the voice, and quietly opened the window; but she was much frightened, and, while she intended to accept the love of Maen, was disposed to wait for a more favorable opportunity, and as she could not converse with the young man without danger of detection, she adopted Maen's plan, and expressed her thoughts and wishes in the following words:

Wait 'till the winter is over,
Spring will bring blossoms and flowers,
Bees seeking sweets in the clover,
Birds making love in the bowers.
Nights, when the soft summer breezes
Come whispering over the sea—
Ah! then will I linger at evening,
And wander by moonlight with thee.

Maen was in raptures. True, he did not relish the idea of delay, but it was something to have the affair reduced to a mere question of time. The swine, with *no* taste for music or the beautiful, continued restless and seemed for a time inclined to break up the serenade, but at last becoming quiet, Moriath continued to sing:

Wait 'till the roses are blooming
And blush in the rich ruddy light,
The breath of the morning perfuming,
Adorned by the dew-drops of night.
Like the rose I may blush as I greet thee,
But down on the shell-covered shore,
I will fly, love, at twilight to meet thee,
To leave thee again never more.

Just then the king appeared at another window—and when kings are mentioned they should be particularly described: He wore a night-shirt made of that noted American fabric known as "Fruit of the Loom," and his night-cap was knit and of Berlin wool. His balbriggan stockings were secured below the knee by a

pair of richly-embroidered garters of American manufacture. In one hand he held a common clay pipe, the stem broken short and the bowl much blackened by use, and in the other a piece of black-looking tobacco, genuine "Navy plug." He had been restless for hours, and had risen to take a comfortable smoke, under the impression that it would quiet his nerves.

The appearance of the king put a stop to the singing. Moriath closed her window carefully, and Maen, slipping down from the shed, satisfied with the result of the night's adventure, sought his bed; but the final result is what the reader is by this time impatient to hear.

On another occasion the lovers employed Craftine to entertain the king, and he handled his harp with so much skill that the king and his attendants forgot the lovers, a circumstance which Maen took advantage of, and proposed to Moriath. Soon after the state of affairs was made known to her father, the king relented, received and blessed the disobedient children, and thus originated the custom, which parents observe, even in our day, of yielding to the wishes of the young people in matters of matrimony when they find that there is no other course left. With no direct information on the subject, we state that Craftine, the harper, was present at the nuptial feast, and was well treated by the young couple, who felt grateful for the aid he had given them in their efforts to impose upon the old king. The country became unsettled soon after, and Maen was compelled to fly, when he entrusted his wife to the harper, who took good care of her until Maen returned to take possession of the kingdom some time after. He reigned over the men of "Erinn" eighteen years. The word craft, or crafty, originated at this time, and is supposed to refer to the cunning harper.

Maen in after years often told of the serenade, and was fond of singing the following song in honor of the part taken in the affair by the king's cats :

When stars are beaming brightly,
Then over the house-tops nightly,
Or tripping the fences lightly.

I seek my Tabby fair.

And she knows my cat-a-wauling,
And will answer to my calling,
In a voice like music falling

On the dewey midnight air.

With her mew, mew, mew,

Say, where are you?

Up on the fence, love,

Mew, mew, mew.

We stroll through garden bowers,
And we pass the cool night hours,
'Mongst creeping vines and flowers,

My purring mate and me.

And I sing a Tom-cat's ditty,

And I say "My darling Kitty,

You're the pride of all the city,

But what is that I see?"

With a mew, mew, mew,

He claims her too,

My own fair Tabby,

Mew, mew, mew.

Down on my rival springing,
And fiercely to him clinging,
While cries of rage are ringing,
That echo far and wide.

His jealous wrath defying,

I set the fur to flying

With my love, the struggle eyeing,

But she does not seem to chide.

With her mew, mew, mew.

Your love is true,

I'm yours forever,

Mew, mew, mew.

In spite of oaths appalling,
And coal and boot-jacks falling,
I hear my Tabby calling,

In sad, and plaintive voice.

A monster thought to pelt her,

She wildly flew for shelter,

I followed—"Helter, skelter,"

Together we rejoice,

With a mew, mew, mew,

Sweet Tab for you,

I'll dare all danger,

Mew, mew, mew.

Eochaidh Feidhlech, another prince, was famous for sighing. It is a historical fact that he could out sigh any man in Ireland. Mab was his daughter. She was a strong-minded woman, whose conduct created a sensation in her time, and though belligerent in her inclinations, she was transformed by the poet Spensor, into the "Fairie Queen." She was married to Conor, the King of Ulster, but the marriage was dissolved on the ground of "incompatibility of temper," which has continued to be a popular cause for divorce down to the present day. Mab, or Meav, as she was sometimes called, became Queen of Connacht, and married another chief, who died before a divorce became necessary. Then she selected a young man, made him her husband, and they lived pleasantly as king and queen for many years. But trouble came, a dispute arose about their property, and an inventory was taken. Her husband had, upon a fair estimate, a fine young bull the advantage. Meav wanted a match for it, and sent out a courier to secure one, who arranged with Dare, a prominent cattle breeder; but some of the company got drunk, and made remarks about the bull, which offended Dare. Then occurred one of those combats so common in Ireland, ending in broken skulls, bloody noses, black eyes and bodies bruised and battered. Nor did it end here; the bulls fought, "White horn" was killed, and the other bull, enraged and intent upon something desperate, dashed out his own brains. Meav lived to be one hundred years old, and died, according to one author, in the A. D. 70. About this time, the Irish were not the quiet, amiable people they are now. Insurrections occurred from time to time—that of the Attacotti was most bloody. At a feast, when the guests were elated by drink, and after they had been lulled into repose by the music of the harp, the conspirators perpetrated a cruel massacre. All but three ladies were killed, and they fled to Britain. Soon after each gave birth to a son. The usurpers tried government for some years, but failed. Disaster followed disaster, till Moraun, the son of Cairbre, declined to take possession of the throue, arguing that it would not pay. The rightful heir was recalled, and then the corn grew, fish were plenty in the rivers, the cows gave new milk, and Irishmen were well fed and happy.

Tuathal was a king, and had two beautiful daughters. The King of Leinster married the youngest first, but afterwards by stratagem got possession of the eldest, and married her. The first wife was living, but was kept out of sight by her husband; the fraud was discovered, the last wife died first, then the first wife died, and then the father invaded Leinster, burned and ravaged the country, and compelled the people to pay tribute. These family quarrels were almost as common in ancient times as at present, and nearly, if not quite as destructive.

Tuathal reigned thirty years and fought one hundred and thirty-three battles, but Nial killed Tuathal, and Tuathal's son killed Nial—in short, Ireland had for some time been an unhealthy country for kings, and seemed likely to continue so.

In time Cormac ascended the throne. He is described as a king, whose hair curled slightly, who danced well and who was fond of literary pursuits. At 39 he lost his sight, having had a spear thrust into his eyes; on that account he vacated the throne, and was at last choked to death with a salmon bone, an accident which the druids were said to have brought about. Cormac had a famous son-in-law, Mac Cumhaill, which

means Mac Coole. He was a poet and a warrior. All poets in those days were warriors, but it does not appear that all warriors were poets.

There is a story of the courtship of Mac Coole with Cormac's daughter. She was a very wise woman, possessing ability, skill and knowledge, but was neither ridiculed nor condemned by the men of her time on that account. In this we see what an advance society has made since the days of Cormac. The courtship was carried on in the form of conversations, during which, subjects of weight and importance were discussed. No other courtship was ever conducted in this manner; for some reason the plan did not become popular, and by a vote almost unanimous, all subjects savoring of learning, ability, or good sense, have been prohibited during courtship, and a species of conversation substituted, known as "small talk," which is found to be no tax on the mental powers, while the most limited intellects can comprehend and take part in it—hence its popularity.

They had Fenians in the days of Finn Mac Cumhaill, or Mac Coole, and Finn himself, with his sons, are thought to be the authors of the Fenian poems. These Fenians were, as near as we can ascertain, warlike poets, who fought and wrote. It was their habit to march from one part of Ireland to invade another. The plans and tactics of the modern Fenians were not known to Mac Coole. The brilliant strategy adopted in our day, looking to a conquest of Ireland, by invading a country 3000 miles distant, is of modern origin. The idea of applying the principle of counter-irritation to war seems never to have occurred to the ancients. It is but lately that the world has been taught that the most effective way to conquer one nation is, to invade, stir up, and irritate another.

Some of the Fenian poems may be found in the Book of Leinster, with accounts of their ancient exploits and battles; accounts of their modern exploits may be found in the files of English and American papers, particularly those of Canada. Mac Cumhaill, or Mac Coole, was a "Head Centre."

Grainne, a healthy young Irish girl, refused to marry Finn in his old age, but eloped with Diarmaid, while Finn and his friends were sleeping off the effects of a drug, which the young lady had jestingly put in their drink. They woke up in due time and followed the elopers all over Ireland, and the people still show their resting places, which they call the beds of Diarmaid and Grainne.

Diarmaid was present with the drinkers, but would not partake, knowing that the wine was drugged. His refusal is commemorated in the following lines, written by himself while a wanderer with Grainne:

Oh, urge me not this evening, friends,
Nor fill the cup for me—
I'm sad even while I listen to
Your songs of joy and glee.
Then take the rosy wine away,
Remove it from my sight,
It sends a tremor through my heart—
I cannot drink to-night.

You tell me it will soothe my cares,
But still I droop and pine,
I cannot join the festive throng,
Nor quaff the flashing wine.
For though it wears a rosy hue,
And sparkles in my sight,
It holds no lurking joy for me—
I cannot drink to-night.

But pass the brimming goblet round,
Nor you its charms decline,
Nor let the cares that cloud my soul,
Throw shadows over thine.
Drink deep and give the fleeting hours
To pleasure and delight,
But offer not the cup to me—
I cannot drink to-night.

CHAPTER V.

St. Patrick's Journey to Ireland—His Miracles—Unbelief of Modern times—St. Palladius—His Mission and Martyrdom—Religious zeal of the Irish—Their desire to convert all Nations to one Faith—Effective Arguments—Religious Fervor resulting in War—Battle in an American City—American Version of Irish Revivals—St. Patrick's Birthplace—His Name—His Efforts to convert the Irish—Result of his Efforts—Ireland Tamed—St. Patrick's Day—Gentleness of the Irish—Harmless Processions—St. Patrick born A.D. 387—Goes to Ireland a Captive—Sold as a Slave—A Keeper of Sheep and Swine—Hardships and Sorrows—A Voice by Night—He leaves his Master and Ireland—His Prayers prevent Starvation—Again a Prisoner—Term, Sixty Days—Victorious appears in a Dream—St. Patrick is invited to Ireland—He goes to Italy—He Returns to Ireland—His Arrival—Books and Precious Relics—Visits Antrim—His former Master, his Rage, and fearful Death—St. Patrick's Canons—Expulsion of Snakes from Ireland.

To ascertain in what manner St. Patrick journeyed to Ireland, the land of his adoption, has been a matter of earnest inquiry and investigation for many centuries. Just what there is in this inquiry to make it important, we are unable to discover. That he lived, that he expelled the snakes from Ireland, and performed other great and wonderful miracles, is believed by some and doubted by others; for the most absurd propositions will be believed, while such as are the most reasonable and best authenticated, are doubted and discarded as fiction. Even while we write, we do not feel certain that this volume will escape the sneers of the ignorant and the prejudiced, or the criticisms of the vain and the fastidious. We believe in the story of St. Patrick, and proceed to lay it before our readers, warning them at the same time to beware of that unbelief and skepticism which prompts so many to reject and discard, as mere fable, everything which savors of the saintly or miraculous.

The first missionary who visited Ireland, of whom we have reliable informa-

tion, was St. Palladius. He attempted to locate at Wicklow; but the people there already had a religion, which they had for a long time practiced and relied upon, and, resenting any attempt to introduce a new one, they drove the saint away. He sailed northward, and was overtaken by a storm; in short, his mission was a failure, and it is said that he died in the land of the Britons; while by some it is claimed that the Scots, who, it seems, were as much averse to innovations upon their religion as the Wicklow people, subjected him to martyrdom. The Irish people are peculiar in regard to their religious belief. Having adopted a creed and mode of worship, they at once become extremely anxious about the souls of others who practice a different form of worship. Nothing so exasperates an Irishman as to see one of a different sect hesitating and lingering on the verge of destruction, and he at once sets about accomplishing one of two things: either his conversion, or an end to all doubt and suspense in the matter, by sending him to perdition at once. All feel the same deep interest in the spiritual welfare of their fellow-men, and are ready to cure their unbelief and put them beyond the reach of what they regard as superstition and a soul-destroying idolatry, by treating them, when other remedies fail, in such a manner as to end their unbelief and life at the same instant. Attempts at conversion of this kind have been made from time to time for centuries past, and many thousands who have refused to be saved, except according to certain forms, have been piously killed. Revivals of religion among the Irish are not confined to Ireland, but have occurred in other countries. The anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne, and similar occasions, stir up a religious feeling in both Orangemen and Ribbonmen, so strong as to make it difficult for them to

restrain themselves from actual slaughter; in fact the religious fervor of the Irishmen of one sect is extremely dangerous to the members of another. Not long since a party of Orangemen arranged to celebrate in an American city—and a party of Irish engineers at work on the highway with pick and shovel, saw them pass in procession, and at once undertook to enlighten their minds, and convert them to the true religion. The Orangemen were obstinate and refused to be saved, but their resistance only served to increase the zeal of the Ribbonmen. The result was a religious war in the streets of the city, in which a number of each side perished. Protestant funerals and Irish wakes followed, leaving each side more than ever determined upon the conversion of the other. The Americans look upon this earnest desire to promote Christianity and enlighten the heathen with great satisfaction, and regard it as a guarantee that purity and fair dealing is to prevail in the administration of the affairs of that country, which they have resigned to the management of the Irish people.

The wonderful works of St. Patrick have been more than once overlooked in the controversy over his birth-place; men are so apt to drop questions of interest in the discussion of a subject, to follow off some unimportant and insignificant inquiry, forgetting important principles in the pursuit of uninteresting figures or circumstances. St. Patrick was not an Irishman—this seems to be settled, as well as the fact that he was taken to Ireland a captive.

St. Patrick's name was not Patrick, but Celestine. He was baptized by the name of Succat, which means "brave in battle." He converted Ireland; and the Irish, from a wild, warlike, and savage race; became, under his teachings, the mild, serene, and amiable people of

to-day. How completely he subdued their proud spirits and subjected them to the discipline of peace and good order we have daily proof; but particularly are we impressed with the fact, when we see, on the anniversary of his birth, the famed St. Patrick's day, a procession of his followers meekly marching to the strains of music and sweetly smiling on the admiring spectators. Processions of this character have been known to march over a route of three and even five miles, with a very limited amount of bloodshed and loss of life, so completely have they their passions in subjection, and so careful are they of the rights and happiness of others.

The admiring moderns love to dwell on this subject, and look forward with hope to the time when St. Patrick's day will be a national holiday. In the meantime they sing :

'Tis St. Patrick's day, my boys,
And I hear a rushing noise,
And a sound like the tramp of many feet,
And the Mick's, and O's, are out,
While their marshals trot about,
And the gallowglasses move along the street.
Run, run, run, the Micks are marching,
Their banners are waving far and wide.
And these gentlemen from Cork
Now monopolize New York,
So the Yankees to-day must stand aside.
Oh, the bands are playing loud,
As I gaze upon the crowd
So I linger and I listen from afar,
But I never get too near,
For I have a wholesome fear
Lest a black-thorn my Yankee features mar.
Run, run, run, etc.

But bring the cannon out,
Let us drink, and fight, and shout,
Let Erin, sweet Erin have her way.
For St. Patrick's day, hurra!
We will make it then by law,
Yes, we'll make it the nation's holiday.
Run, run, run, etc.

Some writers have been bold enough to name the year of St. Patrick's birth,

and have fixed it in 387. It is believed, that he was taken to Ireland a prisoner, when he was about sixteen years of age, and was sold as a slave to four men in the county of Antrim, one of whom bought out what interest the other three had in him, and set him to keeping sheep and swine. Exposed to severe weather by day and night, lonely, disconsolate and sorrow-stricken, the story of that part of his life is one of grief and misery. Tell it to an Irishman, and his lip will quiver and the tears of sorrow and sympathy trickle down his cheeks. After six years a voice addressed him in the stillness of the night, and it said: "Go to the shore, and you will find a ship waiting to take you to your own country." And he obeyed the voice, and went to the shore and found a ship, but the captain was an obstinate, unaccommodating son of the sea, who possessed no knowledge of the doctrines which St. Patrick was in time to preach with so much success, nor did he know St. Patrick from any other man, just retired from the business of tending sheep and swine. He refused the saint a passage; but storms arose, and the sea became so rough, that the captain changed his mind. We fully believe that St. Patrick heard the voice as represented. Invitations of the same kind have been given in modern times to suffering bondsmen. In America, before the abolition of slavery, such voices were more than once heard by the slave, and sometimes he obeyed the call and sought freedom successfully; but oftener he was hunted down, caught, and returned to bondage, and the man who owned the voice which called him—for it always belonged to somebody—woe to him, if detected. If the owner of the slave failed to get his neighbors together and punish him in such a manner as to silence the objectionable voice forever, the law in its

majesty took charge of him, and he went to prison for a moderate term, say twenty years. It has always been considered a shameful crime to tamper with slaves, and the most dangerous kind of tampering was to intimate to one that liberty was desirable, and aid him to obtain it.

Why St. Patrick's master neglected to follow him, and failed to look up the man whose voice enticed his servant to leave him, we are at a loss to determine. Perhaps St. Patrick had other subjects on his mind, and thought but little of the sheep and swine; and perhaps the sheep got lost, and the swine broke into his master's garden and made havoc among the cabbages which have always been a favorite crop with the Irish people—and for such reasons the master may have thought that the slave was not worth following.

The men with whom the saint left Ireland landed with him. They were compelled to travel through a desert, where their supply of food gave out, and they would certainly have perished but for the prayers of St. Patrick, which brought them all they needed. It is said that St. Patrick was a captive the second time, but he was only held for the short term of sixty days.

St. Patrick received a formal invitation to locate in Ireland, and cannot be accused of intruding himself upon the Irish people after the manner of the modern "Carpet-bagger."

A man by the name of Victorius, appeared to him in a dream or vision, and it was him, that invited the saint—though we know not by what authority. Instead of going to Ireland he went to Italy, where he stayed many years; but finally, and in the year A. D. 432, St. Patrick landed in Ireland, fully prepared for his mission, having a store of knowledge acquired in Italy, necessary books

and papers, but above all, most precious relics, among which was an image of Mary, which, for a long time, continued to heal the deaf and dumb ; a miraculous staff, which performed many wonderful miracles, and other most useful relics—since they cured the sick, restored the lame, the halt, and the blind, and, in short, furnished a sure remedy for all the ills that flesh is heir to ; but the savage Saxons captured and destroyed them all, burning crosses, images, and sacred bones, till we wonder that a people so wicked were allowed to escape with such slight reprimands as the great fire of London and the Plague.

St. Patrick, as we have already intimated, was not well received by the people where he first attempted to land, so he sought another landing place, and was made welcome by Dicho, the lord of the soil, whom he soon converted ; but his stay with Dicho was brief, for a strong desire to visit old scenes led him back to the county of Antrim, where he had formerly lived as a slave. Milcho, his old master, heard of his approach ; but, instead of taking steps to recover his property, he allowed the chattel to go about uninterrupted. He was extremely indignant, however ; so much so that he shut himself up in his own house and set it on fire, perishing in the flames. From his conduct we infer that he was a good deal irritated.

A great deal has been said about St. Patrick's canons, but we feel sure, after a careful examination of the authorities, that he went to Ireland unarmed, and that his conquest was of the most peaceful character. We have referred to the effect of his teachings upon the natives, and have seen how ferocious wolves were changed into the quietest of lambs, yet there is nothing in the facts which amount to a tax on our credulity. It must be remembered that he took with him to

Ireland a large stock of knowledge, many useful books, and those powerful relics.

There was a time when snakes abounded in Ireland ; whether the Greeks were annoyed by them, or whether they appeared among the troubles which made Parthalon unhappy, we cannot say. We only know that they met St. Patrick on his arrival in Ireland in such numbers as to attract his attention, and enlist his pity for the suffering natives ; he resorted to his relics, and made the snakes so uncomfortable and so much ashamed of themselves, that they left the island. An Irishman, who witnessed their emigration, has left a short account of the conduct of the snakes. They came in from all parts of the island—rattle-snakes, vipers and adders, whip-snakes and cow-suckers, black snakes, calico-snakes, garter-snakes, land and water-snakes, with anacondas, boa constrictors, and copper-heads. They formed a procession and moved (without instrumental music), towards the shore, near Kerry. St. Patrick and his followers watched their progress from an eminence, near which they passed. Embittered by their banishment, they hissed fiercely at the saint as they passed him, but he remained calm, and responded by singing a hymn, in which his followers joined. They passed into the sea, and were last seen rolling, splashing and writhing in the angry waves, still moving in a westerly direction towards America, while St. Patrick and his newly-converted followers continued to chant :

Depart, ye serpents vile,
And if my curse
You do not heed,
Look out for something worse.
In this bless'd Isle
You shall no longer stay—
Adders and rattle-snakes,
And copperheads away.

Resistance is in vain ;
 By my control
 Ye shall go marching on,
 Like John Brown's soul,
 In vain you writhe and hiss,
 In vain you rave—
 Not Satan's arts combined
 With Tammany can save.

CHAPTER VI.

The Festival of Beltinne—Fire prohibited—A Smoker in Trouble—Boldness of St. Patrick—King Laeghaire—Public Discussion—Crom Cruach—Destroyed by a Miracle—Coming of St. Brendan Foretold—The Chieftain Daire gives Land for a Cathedral—His Example followed in America—Public Property generously given away—The Donors not Impoverished by such Gifts—St. Patrick Dies—His Death Foretold by the Pagan Prophets—The Ball of Brains—Vanity of Conor—His Skull Fractured—Driven mad by a Prophecy—His Strange Death—Superstition condemned by the Church—Another Pagan King—St. Bridgid, or Bridget, of Bridgids-town—She takes the Veil with Eight Maidens—Lines to Bridget—Her Death—The Grave of the Saint—How revealed—St. Patrick's Shrine—His Right Hand—An Ancient Burial Place desecrated—The Bones of Relatives hard to recognize.

It was a custom with the pagan Irish, during the reign of King Laeghaire, to celebrate at Tara the festival of the Beltinne, or the fire of Bal, or Baal ; and upon such occasions it was forbidden to light any fire until a flame was visible from the top of Tara Hill. This regulation was enforced with great rigor, and on one occasion a thoughtless Irishman was severely punished for lighting his pipe, contrary to the rule. He had purchased of a loquacious street pedlar, an endless match, and thought himself able to avoid detection, and take a quiet smoke, in spite of the watchful officers of King Laeghaire, but an awful stench, suggestive of things infernal, betrayed him. The law was properly vindicated, and the smoker punished.

St. Patrick, intent upon bearding the lion in his den, or, to be more definite, determined to meet and contend with Satan on his own ground, started for the festival of Beltinne. He paid no attention to the rule concerning the use of fire, and King Laeghaire was very indignant when informed that St. Patrick treated his religion and its ceremonies with contempt. Determined to look into the matter himself, he started out, followed by his numerous bards and a large number of needy kinfolks, who were paying the Ring a visit of a few years. He ordered the saint brought before him, and, to come to the point at once, it was agreed that religious matters should be publicly discussed on the very next day, St. Patrick to advocate the claims of the Christian religion, while the Bards were to take the Beltinne side of the question. The debate took place as arranged, but the king remained as stubborn and as determined in his intention to have his way, and as deaf to the preachings of the saint, as an Orangeman to the arguments of a Ribbonman, or vice-versa. St. Patrick, however, was allowed to proceed, though his life was repeatedly threatened.

The Irish nation at that time had an idol called Crom Cruach, which we have had occasion to refer to, and St. Patrick despised it. "He saw it first from the water, and elevated his voice" In other words, the saint was angry at the folly and the wickedness of the Pagans. He approached the idol, holding in his hand the miraculous staff, which he had brought with him from Rome, and which had relieved so many of the blind and the afflicted, and when he attempted to lay it on the idol, it bent over to escape being touched, but all in vain. St. Patrick laid on the staff, and to this day the mark on its left side remains visible, for we believe that a part of it is still in

existence. The staff remained all the time in the saint's hand, and as he was in the act of laying it on to Crom Cruach, twelve other idols, which seemed to be doing a sort of guard duty around the main monster, sank into the ground up to their heads, where they remain, the main idol being still bent over.

St. Patrick prophesied the coming of St. Brendan, and St. Brendan came about that time. The saint narrowly escaped death by the hand of an assassin; his charioteer generously took the blow intended for him and died. A wealthy chief, named Daire, gave the Church land for a cathedral, an example which has been nobly followed by the generous authorities of New York, whose donations of land alone amount to many millions, and in money to many millions more.

Sinners, Satan's friends and followers, have denounced these gifts on the ground that the land and the money belonged to the people; that it was public property; that to give it to any religious sect, or use it in any manner except for the good of the public generally, was a misappropriation of it. Such shallow arguments have not and will not be regarded. In the first place, the men who use them are wicked and perverse Americans or unbelieving Germans. For what if the donation is not authorized by law, the proceeds are used for the most pious purposes, which of itself should silence all cavil and complaint, and no doubt will satisfy all but a few bigoted, fault-finding heretics.

The parties who thus appropriate the proceeds of taxation, display not only pure and earnest piety, but a thrift and business tact most commendable; it is noticed, that they do not give away anything which is their own, so that no matter how liberally they may bestow land and money on others, their own

fortunes remain unimpaired. It is a part of the tax which America pays to the Irish people in return for their able statesmen, and generals, and the honest legislators furnished by them for the use of their beloved country.

St. Patrick died, and though there are many who deny that he ever lived, and claim that he is a myth, the creation of some lively imagination, we assert that he died like a mortal, and was buried. We have used none but fair means to arrive at our conclusion, when we found that the very existence of St. Patrick was disputed. We at once investigated and discovered that the authorities were so evenly balanced as to make it difficult to decide. In fact, so far as the proof is concerned, neither side has any advantage over the other; so we deliberately threw up a piece of money, assigning tails for St. Patrick, heads for the myth—and we preferred tails, and won. We regard this as almost a miracle, and therefore call upon the reader to receive as truth all the miracles and wonderful doings we have related, together with the further statement, that St. Patrick died on the 14th day of March, in the year of our Lord 492.

It is claimed, that the prophets of the pagan Irish foretold the coming of the Saint, and this has been admitted by his followers. It is with great reluctance, that we admit a fact, which tends to make the idolatrous Druids look even respectable, but we are compelled to allow that they knew St. Patrick was coming, and said so.

The ancient Irish were not in the habit of scalping their enemies, but had a practice of opening the head and taking out the brains, which were mixed with lime, and made into a ball, which was preserved as a trophy of the warrior's valor. One of the balls, highly prized,

passed into the hands of a famous Connaught champion, who used it most treacherously. Conor, proud of his personal appearance and fine clothes, was in the act of displaying himself to the best advantage to the ladies of an opposing army, who had attended their lords to the scene of action, when the Connaught man threw the ball, so as to lodge it in the brain of Conor. He was taken home senseless; he soon after recovered to some extent, but was advised by a homœopathic physician to avoid all excitement and violence, which Conor undertook to do, but a clairvoyant, lying in a trance, and in the act of telling him about his ailment, and the best mode of treating it, discovered that the crucifixion was at that moment in progress. Conor had never heard of Jerusalem, and had no knowledge of the great event, except what the clairvoyant gave him, and he was so much affected, and so completely overcome by the terrible revelation, that he rushed madly into a neighboring forest, where he remained raving, and hewing down trees until death quieted him—and in this way died the good King Conor MacNessa.

The above account is taken from one given by a sound and reliable Catholic writer, and we accept it as truth—all the more readily for the reason that the same writer tells us, and even protests, that he cannot and will not tolerate any thing of a fabulous character, and he goes on to inform us with what pious indignation the Church authorities regard all superstitions, and how terrible will be the punishment of such as allow themselves to be misled or influenced by such heathenish inventions.

Oilliall Molt followed King Laeghaire, but the preachings of St. Patrick failed to reach him; he lived and died a miserable pagan. It does not appear that he made war, or that he was cruel

or unjust to his followers. He appears to have been a peaceable, quiet, and well-disposed ruler. Muirheartach, who became king in the year of Our Lord 504, was the first Christian King of Ireland. He was engaged in continual war. He was much annoyed at the fact that he was compelled to pay tribute to Leinster, and he kept on fighting till death put a stop to his ambitious schemes. He was of the northern race of Hy Nials; but when he died his crown went to the Southern Hy Nials, a fact which the reader should not fail to remember.

And now St. Bridgid appears, whose name has been perpetuated and kept alive, while those of generals and conquerors have been forgotten by ungrateful men, or swallowed up in the vortex of revolution. It is cherished chiefly by Irishmen and Americans; it is a gleam of sunshine, which lights up the domestic circle; it is the consolation of suffering housekeepers, the comfort of fond mothers; it is a healing balm for all the afflictions which meet us in the family circle—the tender nurse, the faithful cook, the skillful laundress, the blooming chambermaid, all answer to that name, while it brings to mind everything tending to beautify home or add to its comfort.

St. Bridgid knew all about one of Muirheartach's battles before he fought it. This we must believe, for a pious historian has told us so. We are placed in an awkward situation about it. To doubt is to be skeptical, and to be skeptical is sinful; to believe is to be superstitious, and superstition implies ignorance. Our course is plain; call us ignorant, but do not say that we are wicked—and just here we desire to say that in preparing this volume we shall avoid sin so far as the nature of the subject will allow us to do so

St. Bridgid's family descended from Eochod, a brother of Conn of the hundred battles. So it appears that her family were much inclined to peace, for her brother only fought one hundred battles, when he might have fought double that number. She was born about the year 453, and at Kildare she began her labors. At sixteen she took the veil, with eight other young maidens, and went to reside at Bridgids-town. Some idea of her purity of life and conduct may be inferred from the following

LINES TO BRIDGET.

Composed by one of the Eight Maidens.

Who always comes with winning smile,
Our cares, our sorrows to beguile,
And dresses in the latest style?

Bridget.

Who o'er our little babes doth keep
A watch untiring, while they sleep,
Or gently chides them, when they weep?

Bridget.

Who never has a beau at night,
And in her home takes great delight,
And always makes the coffee right?

Bridget.

Who lets her mistress take her ease,
And tries her very best to please,
And never with her disagrees?

Bridget.

And who on Sunday shuns the street,
And never has a friend to meet,
And always looks so trim and neat?

Bridget.

Who never wears a crimp or curl,
Nor calls her master "Such a churl,"
And never cuffs your little girl?

Bridget.

Who does her work with greatest care,
Is apt and ready everywhere,
And never breaks your china ware?

Bridget.

Who has your interest at heart,
And does not from your dwelling start,
And when your wife is sick, depart?

Bridget.

Who never wastes your bread nor meat,
Nor gives it to her friends to eat,
When you are wrapt in slumbers sweet?

Bridget.

Who never does go out to call,
Nor wears the madam's waterfall,
But cleans the paint and scrubs the hall?

Bridget.

Who knows just how to cook a steak,
And how to make the nicest cake,
And can a charming pudding make?

Bridget.

Who when your friends a visit pay,
Is bright and joyous all the day,
And sorry when they go away?

Bridget.

St. Bridgid died A.D. 528. Two hundred years after her death, the attending circumstances had been forgotten and lost, and even her burial-place became a matter of uncertainty, and St. Columba's prophecy—

"My prosperity is in guiltless Hy,
And my soul in Derry,
And my body under the flag
Beneath which are Patrick and Bridgid's,"

does not entirely satisfy us on the subject. It may be true, but we deny that it is in rhyme.

Some idea of the difficulties met with in preserving relics in ancient times may be inferred from the fact, that the Danes pillaged Downpatrick and the cathedral seven times between the years 940 and 1111. If the bodies of the three saints were found at all, they were found in the following manner: The prelate in charge of the church was extremely anxious to discover the bodies of the saints, and one day, as he prayed, the exact spot was revealed to him. He caused the earth to be removed, and the body of St. Patrick was found, with that of St. Columba on one side and St. Bridgid's on the other.

Arrangements were at once made to remove the relics, and the Pope, being notified, sent Cardinal Vivian all the

way from Rome to preside over the ceremony, which took place on the 9th of June, 1186. (We are able to give the particulars, for it only took place 700 years ago).

The right hand of St. Patrick was enshrined on the high altar; but the jealousy of the Britons still pursued the devout Irish, and the hand was taken away by a military commander. In 1538, Lord Grey destroyed the statues of the saints and burned the cathedral, but did not exult long—he lost his head three years afterwards. This desecration was insignificant compared with what took place subsequently. The burying-ground was invaded by the spirit of the age,—the ground was wanted for some purpose, and the bones of the thousands who had laid down there to sleep with the saints were hustled out of their resting-places, and, after being carted from place to place, were dumped about in piles, like manure on Long Island. In some cases friends came forward, and taking charge of the bones of their ancestors, had them carefully buried; but enough occurred during the desecration to prove, that after a man has been dead a thousand years, or even five hundred, his relatives think very little of him or his bones.

This indifference, no doubt, results in many instances from the difficulty of distinguishing, after the expiration of a few centuries, the features of our ancestors from those of the ancestors of some one else. St. Bridgid and St. Patrick retain their hold on the Irish heart. Indeed, the whole world feels thankful to them; for whenever mankind considers what the Irish people are to-day, and what they might have been but for the teachings of these saints, what heart does not overflow with gratitude and love.

CHAPTER VII.

The Irish attracted by Wealth and Power—Liberal offers of the Americans—An Irish Population secured—The Song of the Alderman—Irish Sayings and Salutations—St. John's Eve—Cure for the Murrain—Jack-Stones—Origin of the Wake—Curious Customs—The Keen—A Panama Funeral—The Keen in Africa—The Irish and Africans descended from a Common Ancestor—The Brehon Law—Compensation for Murder—Letters, etc.—Arms and Jewelry—The Curse of Tara—Flachtga Fire Tax—The First of May celebrated—The First Mill—King Brian Dubh—His Stratagem and Victory—St. Brendan discovered America in 543—He Visits the Ohio River—Meets an Old Man—Speculations on the subject—Names the Country after St. Columba—A Song and Parody—St. Adamann—The Law against killing Women to be enacted in New York.

THE uninformed, no doubt, wonder that so many of the people of Ireland leave their native island to seek homes among strangers. We are compelled to admit that the Irish are not insensible to the attractions of wealth and power, and the nations of the earth, in their anxiety to secure an Irish population, have freely offered both. No nation so much needed the aid of a people old in the science of government and skilled in all the arts which lead to national prosperity, as the people of the United States.

With their usual discernment they discovered that their own inexperience and want of statesmanship made it improper for them to undertake the management of a great government, and they wisely selected those who were to assume this important responsibility and perform labors so arduous, from among the descendants of Mac Coole and the followers of St. Patrick. Come to our shores, ye gentle children of the Greek maidens, descendants of Parthalon, and beloved relations of King Solomon, and you shall have wealth and power, you shall sit in the high places, you shall be our governors, and we will strive to do you honor. Such was the invitation, and.

strange to say, they accepted it and emigrated to a considerable extent. True, they might have been more enthusiastic and moved in larger numbers, but let us be thankful that they have responded as well as they have. We have a government which depends for its support and continuance upon the intelligence of the people, and we have the intelligent people necessary to maintain and perpetuate such a government, thanks to Ireland. The Irish are not ignorant of the benefits heaped by them upon the American people; they feel that their presence in this country has secured to it a rich harvest of prosperity, and, influenced by this feeling, they tax the natives without reluctance, and reward themselves out of the proceeds. Who will complain? Not those certainly who have been so well protected and so honestly governed. A happy Irishman gives us his experience in America, and, giving his own, gives that of thousands of others. We present his own words, which are far more expressive than any we can furnish:

When I landed in New York,
Shure I had a dacent trade,
Which I put aside at once,
With my shovel and my spade.
For election day came on,
And for office then I ran;
By my troth, I was in luck,
For they made me alderman.

I was hardly in my seat
When a chap gave me the wink,
And he whispered come with me,
For a social little drink.
Then he told me of his case,
And he bargained for my vote,
And next day I found the cash,
In the pocket of my coat.

Sure I wear the best of clothes,
And have money in my fob,
And I know just what is meant
When they say "a little job."
With a diamond in my shirt,
And a glossy nobby hat,
'Tis "your excellency" now,
Not "how are you, ragged Pat."

In the famous City Hall.
I'm the servant of the nation,
And I'm paid a handsome sum
For my honest legislation.
I am rich, and nevermore
Shall my wife and children need—
Thanks to Yankees who submit
While their pocket-books I bleed.

When election comes again,
Sure for sheriff I will run,
For I understand the game,
And will show the people fun.
My repeaters are on hand,
And my fighters are about,
And my opponent can't win,
For I'll have him counted out.

The sayings of the Irish people, their proverbs, and salutations, have been of great use to us, but we are not prepared to give them an Oriental origin, simply because they resembled expressions made use of in the East. The Irish "God save you" and "God bless all here," and the Eastern "God bless thee, my son," are somewhat similar, but this does not prove that St. Patrick was kin to Zoroaster, or King Darius to Mac Coole. It is customary at this day to celebrate St. John's eve by watch-fires, and this originated in Pagan times—among those it is supposed who worshipped the sun; but the gentle practice of passing cattle through the fire has been dispensed with. However, within one hundred years a calf was sacrificed on one of these fires to stop the murder—and the wren is still hunted on St. Stephen's day, a bird once held sacred by the Druids and persecuted by the Christians on that account. The game of jack-stones, (played everywhere by the boys,) had its origin when the world was young, and the Irish people great and prosperous—it is supposed to be a legacy left to Ireland and the world, by the Greeks. "Pricking the loop" is another Irish game, borrowed from their ancestors, the Greeks, who called it

"Pricking the garter," or words to that effect. The "Irish Wake" had a most noble origin; it resembles too closely the funeral feasts of the Greeks and the Romans to leave any doubt on the subject. It is a curious fact that many Pagan customs were retained by the Christians, some of which are still practiced. To salute a person in the act of sneezing is a Pagan custom which the Irish still observe. Addressing the sneezer with a "God bless you," designating certain places as sacred, fasting, and bodily macerations, are all Pagan, but still practiced by Christians. This we know, but we are not able to give a reason why idolatry should be abolished and its superstitions and ceremonies retained. The Keen or (Caoine) has no reference to Keno, nor any other game. It is a most doleful custom—an awful wailing for the dead by mourners hired for that purpose, who are generally old women, who by years of practice are able to weep and howl at a funeral till death and the corpse are forgotten in their strange performances, more fearful and awe-inspiring than either. They rehearse a long list of virtues which are ascribed to the dead person, and no matter who or what he was, his good traits, actions, and qualities are howled forth with an accompaniment of gnashing of teeth and tearing of hair. We once witnessed, (years ago), a funeral in Cruces, on the Isthmus of Panama. The procession was led by a band of fiddlers, and as it moved from the hut, a group of mourners set up that wail, so common in Ireland—in short, it was the Irish Keen. We do not urge this as proof that the white-skinned sons of "Erinn," are related to the black-skinned sons of Central America. The circumstance taken by itself does not amount to conclusive evidence; but we are informed by learned historians and travellers that the

Irish Keen may still be heard in some parts of Africa, as Herodotus heard it in his day, chanted by African women. This leads us to believe that the customs of Africa and Ireland had the same origin, and the other conclusion follows, naturally, that the people of the two countries came from the same common ancestor; and it is now thought by some of the wisest and most learned that either the Africans of to-day are Irishmen scorched and blackened by exposure to the winds of the desert, and a burning sun, or that the Irish are Africans who have been bleached to something like whiteness by the cool breezes of the ocean in more northern latitudes. Africa has for many centuries supplied the world with slaves, and we think—in the theory that the ancestors of the Irish once lived in that country—we have found a clue to the birth-place of St. Patrick, for if he was not an African and black, why and by what right was he sold into slavery? and why was he compelled to keep sheep and swine? The mists which obscured the subject are fast clearing away; and we find in the facts a solution of the question, why was the statue of St. Peter, at Rome, made to represent him with an Ethiopian complexion? The difference between those who inhabit Africa, and those who live in Ireland is very slight. In America, some time since, a locust stung a colored Celt, which had the effect to make his skin peel off, so that he came out an interesting blonde, a circumstance which, after all, shows the difference to be only about the thickness of the skin. Some writers have contended that the hatred, that bitter antipathy which the two branches of the Irish nation feel for each other, contradicts our view of the matter. We, on the contrary, look upon it as proof in our favor. The most sanguinary feuds are such as exist, and are

carried on by members of the same family, and we can see nothing in the quarrel in progress but a family trouble, which we may sincerely regret, but in which we cannot interfere with any prospect of advantage to ourselves or a favorable result to those involved.

The Brehon law has existed from time immemorial. It has governed both Pagan and Christian Ireland. One of its peculiar provisions is the compensation for murder called *Erie*—just what it was we are not told. Prominent citizens of New York recommend its adoption in that city, where the trade of murder, though carried on extensively, seems never to have been organized or reduced to a system. Every person there, no matter what his standing, is liable to become a victim—at the same time the law is so administered that no man knows when he commits a murder, whether he is to be hanged or not, though the chances are he will not suffer for the act. In some rare cases the murderer has been executed, an event which is sure to excite universal sympathy, and secure for the victim of the law, great distinction and a magnificent funeral. So much uncertainty is objected to, and it is urged that murder, like other recognized professions, should be put upon a business basis, and reduced to a matter of dollars and cents.

Flachtga was the royal seat, where the fire of *Flachtga* was ordered to be kindled on the night of "All Saints." The Druids assembled at this place to offer sacrifices. It was provided, that all fire should be extinguished, and no fire be kindled on that night, throughout the kingdom; and a violation of this provision was punished with great severity. The fire which was used afterwards was procured from that at *Flachtga*; and, to obtain it, the people were obliged to pay about three pence yearly to the King of Munster.

The 1st of May was celebrated at the royal palace of the King of Connaught. His followers assembled there, bringing horses and alms, which the king accepted as an alderman accepts a gold watch, a purse, or a set of diamonds, in our day. Two fires were built, and cattle were passed between them to keep off charms and the murrain. This celebration is kept up in some parts of Ireland. In New York, it is carefully observed, and processions of furniture wagons, loaded with household furniture, soaked by the rain, which always falls on that day, parade the streets, followed by dejected-looking men, and nervous, excited-looking women. The fires go out on that day, but they do not go to *Flachtga* to kindle it, but use the parlor matches, which are distributed among the citizens by pale-faced, interesting-looking youths.

The first miller in Ireland was brought from over the sea by Cormac, the grandson of Con. He built a water-mill, which was worked by a small stream which ran from it. The miller gave satisfaction, was reasonable in exacting toll—and

"The miller's big dog lay on the mill floor
And Bango was his name."

The spot where the banqueting hall once stood, has been identified. Its magnificence, and the splendor of the feasts once held there, is a theme upon which the poet and the historian still dwell with pleasure. The vessels used were of the purest gold, and three times fifty cooks were employed, while a thousand soldiers added weight and grandeur to the occasion. No wonder they refer with pride to their ancestors. The Irish people have always been devoted to the potato, which they affectionately call the "*pratee*," and have lost no opportunity to celebrate its virtues. The following song was often

sung at the feasts of the olden time. The air, which is purely Irish, has been shamelessly appropriated by the English, who call it

"THE BRAVE OLD OAK."

I sing of the vine, the "pratee" vine,
That creepeth along the ground;
And that hath for a root, the rarest fruit
That mortal man hath found.
It waveth about, when the stars come out,
It laughs in the morning light,
Nor wits through the day, in the sun's bright
ray,

But drinketh the dews of night.

Then sing of the vine,

The "pratee" vine—

Success to the fruit it bears;

In the ashes, hot,

And the steaming pot,

We will bury all our cares.

Away with the corn; man was not born
Such husky stuff to eat,
And why should he sigh for the waving rye
Or the loudly-boasted wheat.
Then, the "pratees" bring, and we'll laugh
and sing,
Nor care for the storm without,
Nor our daily toils; but the pot that boils
We'll greet with a joyful shout.
Then sing of the vine, etc.

Dairmaid was an unfortunate king. Tara was cursed during his reign, which was not his only misfortune. He hated St. Columba, and the saint made him uncomfortable in many ways. A woman who had devoted herself to a religious life was deprived of her cow, her only means of support, by one Guaire, at that time King of Connaught. Dairmaid resented the outrage, pronounced it cowardly, and declared war; and the war cost more than the price of twenty cows.

Hugh Ainmire was killed while engaged in collecting a tribute called the Boromean. The place where his death occurred was called the "Fort of the Bags."

Brian Dubb, King of Leinster, resorted to a stratagem—from which the name

was derived. Finding the enemy too powerful for him, he entered the camp as a leper, and reported that the Leinster men were about to surrender. At nightfall many bullocks were seen approaching the camp with leathern bags. The drivers told the sentinels that they contained provisions, and they were permitted to lay them aside. In the night, an armed man sprang from each bag, and the king, who was no longer a leper, headed them and made short work of Hugh and his army.

One of the best authenticated stories in Irish history is that of the discovery of America by St. Brendan. The Irish people, having all embraced Christianity, and there being no more souls in Ireland needing his saintly care, he longed to visit other countries, where he might find Pagans to christianize, and sinners to convert. He consulted St. Enda, the first Abbot of Arran, and, returning to Kerry, he prepared for a voyage. This was in the year 543, and 949 years before Columbus set sail for the western world. At first he encountered rough seas and hazardous navigation, but in time the seas became smooth, and he glided along pleasantly, without the use of the oar or sails. Nothing is said of the temperature of the water, but we conclude that he drifted into the Gulf stream. At last, he landed on the coast of Virginia, and penetrated into the interior. A distinguished Irish historian tells us that he travelled to the banks of the Ohio, where he met an old man who told him to halt, and advised him to return. Who could that old man have been? We are told that he conversed with St. Brendan, so he could not have been an Indian. We do not hesitate to say that the Aborigines were ignorant of the Irish language, thirteen hundred years ago. It has been surmised, and we are disposed to adopt the theory.

that the old man was no other than a distinguished ex-Secretary of the Navy, whose appearance is that of an "ancient mariner," and whose age has long been a mystery and the subject of careful inquiry—he was probably searching for ship timber and spars. It is probable that St. Brendan saw fit to name the newly-discovered continent after St. Columba, one of the most popular saints in Ireland, and this explains much that we hear from the lips of American orators, and also gives us the origin of the song "Hail Columbia," which is only a poor imitation of the following old Irish song, sung centuries ago, by such bards as Barney McQuirk and Patsy O'Rourke:

HAIL HIBERNIA.

Hail Hibernia, happy land !
 Hail Erin's sons ! the modest band
 Have made America their own,
 Have made America their own.
 And there on milk and honey feed,
 And still the simple natives bleed.
 Obey, ye Yankees, all obey,
 For Irish governors make way ;
 Surrender Bible, common school—
 Remember they were born to rule.
 And still united, they shall be
 Guardians of the treasury ;
 Firmly with the Ring combined,
 Power and plenty they shall find.

Immortal patriots rise no more,
 Look not upon your native shore,
 Now ruled, and by a stranger band,
 Now ruled, and by a stranger band.
 The bigot with the knave conspires,
 Against the sons of noble sires ;
 Who, for their country, dare not speak,
 Submissive seem, and tamely meek ;
 Though crime and lawlessness prevail,
 And all the plans of good men fail.

And still united, etc.

Be silent now ; the trump of fame
 And Washington's forgotten name
 Revive it not, but sing the praise,
 Revive it not, but sing the praise,
 With sounds of triumph, din and noise,
 Of Irishmen in corduroys.
 Of nearly every right bereft,
 Give up the few that still are left ;

Yield Yankee spirit, smother pride ;
 Rough-shod, now over you they ride.
 Toil, Yankees, and your taxes pay,
 For Erin's sons must have full sway.
 And still united, etc.

Some traitor *to the party* has composed the following parody :

Americans awake, once more
 Unfurl your flag to every shore ;
 In triumph, bear it once again,
 In triumph, bear it once again.
 To warm the heart and cheer the eye,
 Wherever men in bondage sigh.
 Again that banner bright unfold,
 And 'round it, like your sires of old,
 Stand firm, and let your ranks reveal .
 A wall of loyal hearts and steel.
 Up! for Columbia make one stand,
 It is your own, your native land.
 And when united, you shall be
 Rallying for your liberty,
 The plans of demagogues shall fail,
 And foes shall falter, too, and quail.

To St. Adamnan, Ireland was indebted for the celebrated canon of Adamnan, or "Law not to kill women." It was enacted in 697, at a council held at Tara. It has been argued that when the law of compensation for murder, heretofore alluded to, is introduced into New York, that some of the provisions of the canon should be incorporated—so much of it at least as would regulate the killing of women, if it did not entirely abolish the practice. At present, women are disposed of in a most confused and disorderly manner, and the law, or some law is much needed.

St. Brendan returned from his western voyage after an absence of seven years.

The great desire upon the part of the Irish people to emigrate to America, is attributed to the account which the saint gave on his return of that country, its soil, and political institutions. It is supposed that the Irish have ever since that time made American politics a study, and the fact that they commenced to

do so twelve hundred years before the Americans themselves turned their attention to the subject, explains why they are so much better qualified to-day to hold office, enforce the laws, and manage the government, than the natives of the country.

CHAPTER VIII.

Spread of Irish fame—Charlemagne an admirer—Ireland invaded by King Egfrid—His cruelty—The Inhabitants made Slaves—St. Adamnan intercedes for them, with success—The Shower of Silver—Of Honey—Of Blood—Blood Puddings invented—Single Combat—Slaughter of the Leinstermen—St. Samhthann—Rumrann, the Poet—More showers—Silver, Wheat, and Honey—Destructive Storms—Clubs, Societies and Rings—The Irish Ring of America—Danish Raids—Turgesius—Irish Dissensions—Cruelty of the Danes—Turgesius drowned—The Rock of Cashel—Muirheartach swings around the circle—Sitric, Son of Turgesius—He entraps Callaghan—Battle and Rescue of Callaghan—Rage of the Danes—Not restrained by Religion—Mahoun and Brian—Limerick Captured—Spoils—Boys, Girls, Gold and Women—Prisoners disposed of—Trouble—Material for transformation scenes.

THE fame of the Irish people spread rapidly among the natives, so that they even won the good opinion of Charlemagne, who admired them for their learning, their gentleness and their devoted piety—traits which to this day remain prominent in the Irish character.

In the year A. D. 684, Egfrid, the Saxon King of Northumberland, invaded Ireland and waged war against the inhabitants, burning churches and monasteries, and destroying precious relics, which had for centuries cured the ailments and relieved the afflictions of the people.

The practice of medicine seems to have declined. Doctors were not numerous, and the few who relied upon medicine as a means of subsistence found

themselves unable to compete with the sacred relics, so common in Ireland before their destruction by the invaders. The destruction of these relics was a real affliction; for this barbarity on the part of their enemies left the Irish at the mercy of plague, pestilence, and disease of every character.

St. Adamnan was sent to Northumbria, after the death of the King, to intercede for the enslaved Irish, which he did in such a manner as to melt the strong hearts even of the Northumbrians. They released their captives, and allowed them to return to Ireland.

Congal died in the year A. D. 708.

About this time continual war raged in different parts of Ireland. The tribute question kept the people in a state of irritation, while fierce battles followed every demand and refusal. Among the most wonderful events of the times, were three remarkable showers—a shower of silver, a shower of honey, and a shower of blood. A shower of silver, provided it fell in moderate sized pieces, would not be objectionable at this time.

In an age when money can be used by the charitable to such an advantage in mitigating the sufferings of mankind and relieving their wants, a shower of money of some kind is greatly to be desired. The Irish people of the United States, who have such an interest in the government, that they can dispose of the public revenues as they may think proper, of course, do not need it; but an occasional shower would be a relief and comfort to the tax-payers.

At first it may appear to the reader that a shower of honey could only prove a blessing to a people; but there is such a thing as too much sweetness,—and too much of sweet Erin even. We are not told how long the shower lasted, but have reasons to believe that a large quantity fell, and that it lay for

several days, spread over the surface of the earth like molasses on a schoolboy's bread and butter.

The shower fell on the 4th of July, when the people in their best clothes were out in the groves, woods and beer gardens, listening to the reading of the Declaration of Independence, and Fourth-of-July orations, while the children amused themselves with small fireworks. Of course they became sticky, and their clothing suffered; jockey-hats and artificial flowers suffered more than any other class of goods; and white vests and pantaloons were not improved in their appearance. The country was thoroughly sweetened, and "Och, my honey," and "Pat, my honey," and "Honey, darling," are expressions which owe their origin to this remarkable shower of sweetness.

Next came the shower of blood. The people saw in this the forerunner of disaster and trouble; however, they did not give way to mourning and vain sorrow, but with the usual thrift of the Irish people they labored to turn the circumstance to some account. They collected the surplus blood, and made it into puddings and ate them until the children rebelled, and the grown people longed for a change of diet.

Though they do not object to a moderate amount of blood to this day, blood-puddings are unpopular with the people of Ireland.

Rumrann was an Irish poet. He composed a poem for "The foreigners of Dublin." They were probably Saxons who refused to pay his demand. To secure the amount agreed upon, he resorted to a stratagem. He told them he would be content with two pennies from every good man, and one from every bad one. It was pleasant to note what a good opinion each man had of himself. He was wise, poetical, skilled in chro-

nology, and composed many excellent poems, but the following is the only one which has come down to us unimpaired:

AIR—"Widow Macree."

JUDY.—

Oh I'm tired of Cork, and I want to get out,

Och, hone! Barney McCue.

For a new situation I'm looking about,

Och, hone! Barney McCue.

Don't lave me to wait,

'Tis a terrible fate.

If you send me the cash,

I will come over straight—

How can you be happy away from your mate?

Och hone! Barney McCue.

BARNEY.—

Oh darlint stay home, I'm not wanting you here,

Och, hone! Judy McCue.

I'm a judge of a coort, which is something to fear,

Och, hone! Judy McCue.

It may look queer to you,

But be jabers 'tis true.

They call me yer Honor,

Squire Barney McCue.

And I've cash by the bushel, and nothing to do,

Och, hone! Judy McCue.

I am free from the spade, and from feeding the cow,

Och, hone! Judy McCue.

And from carrying swill to the pigs and the sow,

Och, hone! Judy McCue.

Your cheek is so rough,

And your hands are so tough,

For the wife of a judge

You're not polished enough.

And they say that your neck, once so white as a buff,

Och, hone! Judy McCue.

JUDY.—

Go long wid you, Barney, I know you don't mane,

Och, hone! Barney McCue,

That ye'll never come back to your Judy again,

Och, hone! Barney McCue.

Get the cash from the Boss,

Sure he'll not fale the loss,

By some ship that is lavin'

Jist sind it across.

Sind out for me Barney, and don't be so cross,

Och, hone! Barney McCue.

The reign of Nial Frassagh, was distinguished by some of those most remarkable showers. Silver fell in such amounts as to leave the banks no excuse for suspending specie payment. A shower of wheat fell, to the relief of a people who were suffering from a famine, many of whom had died from actual starvation. Honey also fell greatly to the relief of the hungry, and the practice of eating bread and honey became common in those days.

The king was on his knees with seven bishops praying for relief, and was greatly rejoiced when food in large quantities fell from the clouds. Not such victuals as are required to tickle the palates of the rich and pampered Irish rulers of America, but still such as satisfied the people of the time, and prevented actual starvation. About this time strange omens and prognostications indicated that some direful calamity was approaching, and in the year A. D. 767, a fearful storm of thunder and lightning burst upon Ireland with a fury destructive and terrible.

The "Fair of Clapping of Hands" was in progress, and the people were seized with horror. They resorted to prayer and fasting to avert a calamity, which all the signs seemed to point to, as liable at any moment to fall upon them.

In the year of 799 a terrible storm occurred on the eve of St. Patrick's day, when one thousand and ten persons were killed on the coast of Clare. In the same year that enterprising people the Danes, made their first raid on Ireland. They were not expected; in fact, they appeared so suddenly that even the king's officers mistook them for merchants. They not only corrected the mistake, but made it impossible for them to commit another, for they deprived them of their heads without loss of time. The pirates burn-

ed and plundered shrines, destroyed the sacred relics, and committed the usual barbarities. The Irish about this time began to see the propriety of forming themselves into societies and organizations of different kinds, a practice which they still adhere to. The most important organization of this kind is in America, and is known as the "Ring," a name which is said to indicate that there is no end or limit to their ambition, their hopes, or their desires.

The ostensible object of the Irish-American Ring, which has its headquarters in the city of New York, is to secure a rigid enforcement of the laws, an honest administration of public affairs, and protect the citizens from heavy taxation, and imposition in every form. Thoroughly organized and intent upon doing good, they have won the confidence and earnest support of such of their friends and relatives as they have been able to place in lucrative positions. Orators have praised them, ministers of the gospel have prayed for them, and even the poets seek to do them honor.

AIR—" *The Rhine, The Rhine,*" &c.

The Ring, the Ring, the Irish Ring,
Their virtue who can doubt,
So let them still each office fill,
And kick the Yankees out.
Send every ship across the deep,
And let come like flocking sheep,
A song of praise to thee we sing,
The Ring, the Ring, the Irish Ring.

The Ring, the Ring, the Irish Ring,
See! how they live and thrive,
While natives lax to pay the tax,
Still struggle toil and strive;
Behold! their wives in satins fine,
Adorned with gems that flash and shine,
Our hope, our pride, was everything
The Ring, the Ring, the Irish Ring.

The Ring, the Ring, the Irish Ring,
Bless'd be the Isle that bore
These noble men, and sent them there
To bless Columbia's shore.

An Irish judge, and alderman,
To rule the proud American,
Through all the land their praises sing,
The Ring, the Ring, Irish Ring,

The Ring, the Ring, the Irish Ring,
Let Germans drink their beer—
With Irish rulers well they know
No danger need they fear;
What though they chance to break the law,
They're sure to find in it a flaw;
They never go to dread Sing sing,
The Ring, the Ring, the Irish Ring.

It is thus that the Irish people are immortalized, and their self-denial, their disinterested patriotism, and all their noble traits of character, handed down from generation to generation. The inroads of the Danes afflicted the Irish sorely. In the year A.D. 795, they began their work of plunder and destruction. In 798 they ravaged Innispatrick, and from 806 to the year 830 their attacks were frequent and disastrous, for they murdered both clergy and laity, and plundered the shrines and churches without mercy.

Even at that early day the churches possessed great wealth which they had collected from the pious people of Ireland, who, when not engaged in war, gave much of their time to spiritual affairs. A tempting booty of precious stones, gold, and silver was offered by the churches to the savage invaders.

We sometimes feel inclined to ask the question, why do the churches accumulate these baubles, these shining temptations, which, while they may attract and dazzle the crowd, in no way tend to purify the heart or elevate the soul of man, but on the contrary, serve to excite cupidity, draw his mind away from purer subjects, and at the same time, engross to some extent the attention of the clergy, a class whom we are taught to believe should devote themselves solely and exclusively to the salvation of souls, and

who should never allow their minds to wander amongst the vain and transitory things of this world. Stately churches, with rich carpetings, velvet cushions, and displays of gold and silver, may be necessary. If they are, what a mistake the Saviour made when he went about healing the sick and relieving the afflicted, followed by a few fishermen and poor mechanics. Such followers are seldom sought after now. It is the man who wants his soul saved and can afford to pay for it, who can roll to church in a splendid carriage, and who leaves, while he is mumbling his prayers in church, his coachman outside to take care of his horses and save his soul at the same time, if he can, that makes the most desirable follower.

Turgesius established himself in Ireland as king of the Vikings, in A.D. 830, residing in Armagh. Had the Irish chieftains combined their forces, they could easily have driven them out, but they could not act together, even against a Norwegian invader, and they were subjected to wrongs and indignities more distressing than those endured by St. Patrick when he was a keeper of swine in Antrim. The villages were placed under a Danish captain, and each family was compelled to support a Danish soldier, who often ruled the household most cruelly, wasting the food in a shameful manner, when the children were starving, never heeding their moans and cries, which went like daggers to the hearts of their agonized parents. All education was prohibited. Books, manuscripts, and works of arts were destroyed. The historians, bards, and poets, were imprisoned, driven to the monasteries, or killed. Martial sports were interdicted under heavy penalties, including all ranks, from the highest to the lowest, and the nobles and princes were not allowed to wear any clothing but such as was cast off by

the Danes, who treated the inhabitants as slaves.

The Irish chieftains continued to wrangle, but the clergy did not cease to pray.

In the year A.D. 831, Nial Caille met and defeated the enemy, but while engaged in the effort to expel them, Felim, king of Cashel, marched into Leinster and plundered all except the Danes, against whom his arms should have been directed.

In the year A. D. 684, Meloughlin met their forces in Skreen and defeated them, as well as at Kildare. At last the Danes divided and waged war upon each other—the Dubh Galls and the Finn Galls, or the White Gentiles and the Black Gentiles; the former conquered, having placed themselves under the tutelage of St. Patrick, who appears to have still exercised an influence over Irish affairs, though he had been long dead and buried.

The contest between Flann and Cormac was one of some interest. Cormac felt that his end was approaching, and made arrangements accordingly. He was not mistaken. In the battle which ensued, his horse slipped in the blood of six thousand Munster men who had been slain, and falling upon Cormac, broke his back and neck; and being old, and his constitution much shattered by exposure and hardship, he did not survive the injuries. The Rock of Cashel and the ruins of a chapel, still serve to perpetuate the memory of Cormac.

At last there came a lull in the carnage, and the men of Erin had a short season of repose; but in the year A. D. 913, new fleets arrived, and new struggles commenced, which generally terminated in favor of the Irish, who seemed to have wakened up to a sense of the duty which they owed to their country and to themselves.

Muircheartach appeared during these struggles, and soon placed himself at the head of the Irish forces. He originated the idea of “Swinging around the circle,” and with a thousand heroes made the circuit of Ireland, picking up Danish Kings by the way. He secured four, at least; and taking them home with him feasted them five months. He was not a cannibal, nor were the Irish people in the habit of eating their enemies, otherwise we should conclude that the feeding and feasting of those who had done them so many wrongs was simply a fattening process, resorted to to put them in good order for butchering; as it is, we cannot explain the conduct of Muircheartach. He was a great hero, but like all the other heroes, he died.

The writer of history is apt to become impressed with the transient and fleeting character of all earthly things. Men, the greatest of them, pass away, and the grandest of their work moulder into dust. The historian fully realizes this solemn truth; hence his thoughtful brow, his pallid cheek, and the air of gloom and sorrow which attends him.

Murder, massacre, robbery, and banishment, all figure conspicuously in the early history of Ireland, with prodigies, portents, and fearful storms.

The interminable Dane still kept the country in commotion. They held the sea coast, apparently anxious to keep in communication with their vessels. They were ruled by Sitric, son of that Turgesius of whom we have spoken. He was a desperate and cruel king, but had a charming sister, with whom Callaghan was desperately in love. The Callaghans and O’Callaghans were, and still are to this day, susceptible to the tender passion. Sitric consented that his sister should marry the Irishman, but he never intended to carry out his promise. He invited the Irish King to visit him, and

he being in love was of course easily imposed upon. Sitric had married an Irishwoman, and she undertook to save Callaghan. She sent him word of the intended treachery of Sitric; but Callaghan was too far on the road, and the wily Dane had placed armed men so as to cut off his retreat. It seems to be the fate of Irishmen to be continually getting into places from which there is no escape except to fight out. If he goes to a wake or fair, he seldom gets away without a struggle—and it generally happens when he enters a drinking-saloon that the enemy form in his rear so as to cut off his retreat, thus compelling him to knock down the bartender, break the glasses, kick over the chairs, tables, and bottles, and bruise anybody who happens to be present at the time.

Callaghan was taken by the Danes, and his people, enraged at the treachery of Sitric, at once took steps to punish him, and rescue their king. The Irish mustered all their forces, and even organized a fleet at Armagh. They found that the prisoner had been removed to the ships, but the Irish fleet arriving most opportunely, and attacking the Danish ship, a desperate struggle took place. One Fingal disposed of Sitric by throwing his arms around his neck, and jumping into the sea. A number of Irish leaders followed his example, and several of the Danish captains were drowned, each in the embrace of an Irishman. The Irish gained a complete victory.

In the year A.D. 948 the Danes were converted to Christianity, but continued to burn churches, plunder shrines, and at Slane they burned a belfry filled with pious people who had sought safety there. The Irish had long been Christians; but, nevertheless, domestic wars

continued, blood was shed freely, and outrage upon outrage was committed, in spite of their piety and the teachings of St. Patrick.

The war waged by Mahoun and Brian was bloody and vindictive. Brian fought until his army was reduced to fifteen veterans. These were organized into regiments, brigades, and army corps, who were commanded by officers selected from the "State National Guard," much to the disgust of the veterans of the latter organization.

Mahoun sent for Brian, matters were fully discussed, and the tribes consulted, who voted for war. The Danes were roused, and fought desperately. They attacked Dal Cais, and were assisted by a number of Irish princes with their followers. They were defeated and massacred without mercy. Limerick fell into hands of the victors, with gold, silk-clad women, saddles, girls, household furniture, and boys. The boys were soon disposed of. They were divided into two classes, such as were fit for war and such as were fit for slaves. The former were butchered without mercy, and the latter reduced to most abject slavery by the men who had been sometime before, happily and thoroughly converted to Christianity. The reader is left to divine the fate of the women and the girls mentioned among the spoils in the hands of this pious people, and left.

Battles and single combats, victories and defeats, robbery and ravishment, Irishmen and Danes, Kings and Vikings. Such are the materials fit to be worked up in a grand transformation scene. The defeat of Brian's army followed. Sitric's wife was the sister of Brian; she sympathized with the Irish, and her husband struck her and knocked out one of her teeth.

CHAPTER IX.

Irish Clans—Irish Government—The Science of Financiering—The Irish Laborer—His Tranquillity—Ode to the Irish Laborer—The Dark Ages—The Light of Irish Learning—Its effect on Englishmen—Domestic Wars—Donough—The Meloughlins—O'Brian—Roderic O'Connor—O'Brian Frightened by a Mouse—His Sickness—The Hy-Nials and Murtough—Frequent Murders—Coroners not mentioned—An American Inquest—A Blessing to the Citizen—Death deprived of its Terrors—Turlough O'Conner—Dermot Mac Murrough—Ancient Habitations—Diet—Ornaments—Distribution of Food—Drinking Cup—Whiskey (Potteen)—Butter—Cheese—Music—Dress—Animals—The Irish Elephant.

THE people of Ireland at an early day were divided into numerous tribes or clans, as the reader has already learned from the preceding pages. Whether this arrangement was made under the impression that the Irish could be better controlled and more easily governed in small bodies, or to accommodate a large number always found among the people of that nation, intent upon holding positions of power and influence, does not appear, though the latter seems to be the most reasonable theory, for even at this day we find them everywhere ambitious to rule, and claiming that they of all men are the ones who should be selected to govern mankind and control their destiny, a claim which has never been fully allowed and acted upon in any country but the United States.

The Americans looking upon Republican government as a problem not yet solved, felt that in solving it they needed the aid of a wise, discreet and experienced people, and therefore that appeal to the Irish nation, which has brought so many noble sons of Erin to their shores.

It has been objected that the Irish have not been successful in governing themselves, and that even now they are ruled by foreigners. But what of that? Are most excellent systems to be ignored and laid aside, simply because difficulties

occur when an attempt is made to put them into practice? Not at all. Under such a rule even "universology" would fail to unite mankind into one common brotherhood with one language, one diet, one style of dress, and with but one great object to strive for, and that, universal purity and happiness.

We have in our mind at present brilliant financiers, with their elbows exposed, their clothing threadbare, and in shocking bad hats, who never accumulated a dollar in their lives, and who, nevertheless, possess the most splendid theories on the subject of finance; men who can tell you of a plan for accumulating vast wealth in an incredible short space of time, or give you a banking system, which, in a few months, would make a common article of paper worth more than the purest gold, or tell you just how the national debt might be paid without taxation, but by an arrangement in which each man who invested would draw an opera-house, and live surrounded by plenty for the rest of his days.

These born financiers fail to get rich. As a general rule, they get but little money, and that they spend for lottery tickets; but should this prompt us to discard schemes, theories, and plans which make man happy, even whilst he is listening to them? for he feels all the time that if he does not get very rich and have a city home, and a country seat, and a steam yacht, fast trotters, thoroughbred dogs, champagne in his cellars, and Partagas cigars in the closet, he might have them, if he wished being master of a plan, which he is only to put into practice to secure these comforts. In short, he must only be able to sell that which he does not own, and buy that which he cannot pay for (a feat every day accomplished), and wealth is sure to follow.

The Irish, or that portion of them who are not engaged in politics, have become so skillful as financiers as to be able to realize large amounts on the smallest of investments. Tens of thousands draw subsistence for themselves and their families from the public treasury, upon the simple idea that they are laboring for the public. It is not the intention of the authorities of New York to exact anything like toil from the class of people referred to; but to give the city a busy, thrifty air, and for the purpose of ornament, select companies of Irishmen are stationed in different parts of the city, on the Boulevards along the streets, and particularly in the parks, who, with great skill, go through the evolutions and manœuvres of ordinary laborers. When night sets in, they go to political meetings, where the orators talk of the horny hand, the sweated brow, and the honest heart of the poor laborer. Their hearts are honest, we know, but who ever heard of city laborers working themselves into a sweat. The city authorities would not permit it. They have a dreamy, meditative way of working which throws an air of delicious drowsiness all around, pleasant to the tax-payers, and profitable to the public. Anything which soothes and lulls the people into a state of comfortable repose, the public can afford to pay for; and surely nothing tends more to produce this effect, than the slumbering groups of Irishmen daily seen in the neighborhood of the public works—and, but for the noisy vehicles, that go rattling through the park, one could almost fancy it the dwelling place of Somnus. No murderous outbreaks, riots, or revolutions can occur so long as this drowsy state of affairs continues. So we see that these men are paid to preserve tranquillity and peace in the community, rather than for any actual labor they

perform. An Englishman (and it is well known that Britons never let an opportunity pass to laud the Irish), thus expresses his admiration:

How doth the busy Irishman
Improve each shining hour,
While all around are traces of
His industry and power.

See how he leans upon his spade,
Absorbed in earnest thought,
For he to husband well his strength,
In early youth was taught.

Why should he tax his manly frame—
Even the overseer
Remembers well he has a vote,
And owns a wholesome fear.

Offend him, and he might at last
Their schemes and projects foil.
Year after year he draws his pay,
And slumbers o'er his toil.

He slowly moves his rake, and swings
His pick with easy sweep,
Seeming to be not wide awake,
And yet not sound asleep.

His pipe that gift of Providence
To solace want and care,
A never-failing comfort is
At labor, wake, or fair.

We gazed upon the dreamy scene,
And of its beauties wrote,
And could not help but realize
The power of a vote.

The blessings secured to mankind by Irish wisdom, purity, and statesmanship, are not confined to the present day, nor to the fortunate people of the United States. A black and almost impenetrable cloud of ignorance and barbarism had settled down upon Europe, a period of gloom, which we are accustomed to call the "Dark Ages," occurred when it seemed as though the light of religion was to be extinguished forever, and the last vestige of civilization swept away. That part of the community which we now call the people, were the dependants, and the abject slaves of a few

savage chieftains, who seemed to delight in increasing the weight of their burdens, and in reducing them to a condition of beastly servitude. It was a long and dreary night, but morning came at last. The light which had been carefully treasured and preserved in Ireland, began to attract attention, and a suffering world turned towards it with a feeling of intense relief and gratitude. A company of monks settled in Glasterbury early in the tenth century, where they taught school. St. Dunstan became popular with the youth, for he was a skillful musician, and even in his day music and the dance had their fascinations for the young; but St. Dunstan was even more than a musician—he was a scholar, and by reclaiming the savage inhabitants and teaching Englishmen once more to seek knowledge, and cultivate learning and the fine arts, he paved the way for them to become, in time, a people of considerable prominence.

That the English are able at this time to exert some influence over the affairs of their immediate neighbors, cannot be denied; and it is equally certain, that for their ability to do so they are indebted to Ireland. This fact forms but one small item in a long account which Englishmen owe to Ireland, a debt which they will never be able to pay, but which ought to secure for Ireland their everlasting gratitude.

War and bloodshed continued even while Irish missionaries were blessing foreign nations. Donough succeeded his father, and after many struggles was defeated. When he went to Rome he had murdered his brother, but “died under the Victory of Penance, in the monastery of Stephen the Martyr.” About this time the McLoughlins, of Aileach, figured conspicuously in Irish affairs. O’Brien also worked himself into notice by invading and plundering the kingdom

of Roderic O’Connor, king of Connaught, driving him out.

The account of O’Brien’s death is curious. The head of Connor O’Melaghlin, King of Meath, was taken from the church of Clonmacnois, and brought to Thomond by his order. When O’Brien took the head in his hand, a mouse ran out, causing the king a terrible shock. So great was his fear, that he fell sick of a sore disease. This happened on the night of Good Friday, and on Easter Sunday the head was restored with two rings of gold, but it was too late. The king lingered in bad health until the year 1086, when he died. He was called modest, but why he was called so, we are unable to state. To acquire such a title among a people whose modesty has been for ages the admiration of mankind, was certainly a triumph.

In 1095, a fearful pestilence swept over Europe, carrying off one-fourth of the men of Ireland. This fearful calamity was preceded by severe winters; but the plague is supposed to have had a different cause.

In the year 1096, the festival of St. John the Baptist fell on Friday—an event which filled the hearts of all with consternation, and brought death to thousands. A general abstinence from Wednesday to Sunday was enjoined, and by an active and persevering penance, the people of Ireland were saved from total destruction.

The year 1103 was a bloody one. Murder followed murder, just as they do in our day, particularly in American cities, and the murderers escaped conviction in almost every instance, just as they do now. It is curious, that in all these accounts of murder and of occurrences, which must have made dead bodies plenty, we hear nothing of “coroners.” That the office existed at an ancient date, we have no doubt. The

Hibernian coroners of New York display a skill, an energy, and a thrift, which a few years of experience could never have given them. Their conduct in the office in question, crowned, as it is, by a most triumphant success, is proof that they are able to avail themselves of knowledge and learning relating to the duties of their position, which it must have taken ages to accumulate. A system which enables a coroner to draw from the public treasury hundreds of dollars to pay the expenses of an inquest held over the body of a dead infant, found in an ash-barrel, could never have reached perfection in one generation. Under the system, if it were at all necessary, one corpse in cool weather, properly taken care of, could be made to answer for twenty or thirty inquests; but the coroner of our day, fortunately, is driven to no such expedients; a daily supply of fresh bodies occupies his time, gladdens his heart, and steadily improves his fortune.

It is a most consoling thought, and one which deprives death of many of its objectionable features, that the bodies of such of us as die in America, are likely to be made the subject of learned discussion and earnest investigation. A smiling coroner, twelve amiable Irishmen, a group of intelligent witnesses, the air carefully tempered with tobacco smoke, a skillful surgeon knife in hand, accommodating by-standers, one's heart and lungs in a wash-bowl, and his stomach and intestines carefully laid away for a chemical analysis—with the gloom of death thus illuminated by the light of science, the tears of weeping friends must cease to flow, and sorrow will give way to a feeling of gratitude for the government which secures to its humblest citizen such inestimable blessings.

Among the abuses of the time, the habit which the Irish had of abandon-

ing their lawful wives, and of marrying within the degrees of consanguinity, are mentioned. It is also claimed that wives were exchanged by them, but this was a common custom in Scotland and England, and the Irish, in this respect, were simply conforming to the ideas and manners of the times; furthermore, these things took place long before they had learned that it was more profitable to retain a wife, relying upon their ability to correct, by the infliction of proper chastisement, any weakness or defect, which might mar or disfigure her character, than to attempt to get a better one by exchange.

In the year 1129, the Church of Clenmacnois was robbed, among other things, of a model of King Solomon's temple, presented by the King of Meath. The clergy prayed continually for information in regard to the robber, who was at last discovered. He proved to be a Dane, who had made repeated attempts to leave the island, but the vessels could get no wind while he was on board, though they sailed without difficulty after the robber was hung.

Turlough O'Connor was an active, energetic king. He put out the eyes of one of his sons and imprisoned another, though the clergy protested. The crimes and outrages of the age culminated in one deed of horror. The Breinemen stript O'Daly, the poet, of his clothes; and all Ireland, awe-stricken and aghast, gazed upon the dismantled favorite of the gods with dismay.

Dermod MacMurrrough, King of Leinster, carried off the Abbess of Kildare, killing one hundred and seventy of the people and two nobles, putting out the eyes of another, and blinding seventeen subordinate captains. He made himself infamous by helping to fix the English yoke upon the Irish people. The story of his reign is one of blood, rapine, and

treachery. The closing exploit of his life was the murder of neighboring chieftains in violation of the most solemn pledges.

The habitations of the ancient Irish have mostly passed away. A log-house was found in the county of Donegal, eleven feet under ground, in 1833. It was much after the style of the houses now used in the western part of the United States; in fact, the resemblance is so close, as to bring at least some of the learned to the conclusion that the style of architecture used in Western America, was originally imported from Ireland. But when and how? We are able, after many years of patient investigation, to solve the mystery. St. Brendan imparted it to the old man met by him on the banks of the Ohio, and from this circumstance have sprung some of the greatest men that ever lived in any country—such as David Crockett, Samuel Houston, Daniel Boone, and others not mentioned, because they are alive—all owe their greatness, in some measure, to the log cabin style of architecture.

Animal remains are found, which clearly indicate that the ancient Irishman was in the habit of eating the ox and deer, together with goats and sheep—and implements of cookery remain, with the knife, and stones, that still wear the marks of fire, showing that they have once been used as fire-places.

The Irish in America display, in locating their dwellings, a taste inherited from their ancestors. Rocks and waste ground are their favorite abiding places, from which they emerge from time to time, in vast armies, either to cast their votes, join in a procession, engage in a riot, or attend the funeral of a deceased countryman.

We have referred to the food of the ancient Irish, heretofore; each member

of a family received his portion according to rules, which were rigidly enforced. The Saoi of literature and the king shared alike, and their portion was a prime steak. Cooks and trumpeters were liberally supplied with cheering mead, their occupations requiring (as it was supposed), that they should be stimulated and encouraged. The historian received a crooked bone, the hunter a pig's shoulder, and in fact each person had his special portion assigned to him, according to his rank and office.

The animals butchered for food were taken to the smith, who knocked them down with a hammer. The smith was an important person in olden times; in the "Odyssey" he was known as the "armorers," and ranked with the bard and physician.

Benches were used as seats, and the food was passed around to the guests on the spit upon which it was cooked, a circumstance which verifies the old adage that "Fingers were made before forks." In regard to the use of fish, the Fenians were especially favored, for we read that no man dared take a salmon, dead or alive, unless he was in the Fenian ranks, a custom not quietly assented to by others, for it brought about many battles.

Specimens of drinking vessels still exist, many of which are drinking horns with handsome handles. The expression "taking a horn," is of Irish origin, the practice of "taking a horn," is still popular among the Irish, who are devoted to the traditions and customs of their ancestors. There was a time when nearly all the cups in Ireland were made of silver—nearly a thousand years later such cups were used. They are not now in general use, among the Irish, owing to the fact probably that the Danes carried away most of them.

The origin of whiskey is rapt in uncertainty. We learn that chieftains sent

it to one another as an acceptable present, and on one occasion, at least, the recipient was informed, that if he would drink it, it would help "to digest all raw humours, expell wynde, and keep his inward parte warm all the day after."

Butter was in common use in Ireland. A lump was found twelve feet deep in the county of Antrim, rolled in a coarse cloth. The marks of the fingers and thumb of the ancient dame, who pressed it into shape, are still visible; who knows but this very woman was the wife of Milcho, the master and owner of St. Patrick.

Cheesc was made and used by the ancient Irish, and wax candles were used by the members of the royal family, at a time when the only candles used in Britain were made by plastering fat around a stick, which was stuck upright—hence the name candlestick.

Chess was a favorite game with the Irish long before their conversion to Christianity. The figures must have been made on a large scale, for we read of a chieftain, who, enraged at a messenger for telling a lie, knocked out his brains with a chessman.

We have heretofore referred to the fondness of the Irish for music, and their peculiar taste leading them to select the jig in preference to any other style.

The harp was the national instrument, and harpers formed a numerous and favorite class, from which the favored companions of kings and nobles were often selected. They have but little power or influence in Ireland at this time, though in America "the Harpers" have made themselves prominent, and won fame and renown.

From time to time specimens of the dress of ancient times have been found, generally made of deer skin or leather; also boots and shoes. It does not appear that India Rubber overshoes were worn

at the time referred to, and the gaiters worn by the women of the present time differ somewhat from those worn one thousand years ago in Ireland.

The ancient Irish were fond of gay colors, saffron being the favorite hue, and wore a much more striking costume than the Irish of to-day.

Ireland once abounded in extensive forests, which disappeared before the relentless spirit of the invader, who found it dangerous to allow the natives such retreats and hiding-places as the woods afforded. Among the animals existing in Ireland at the different ages of the world, are the brown bear, the wolf, the elk, the red deer, the horse, and the elephant. England still maintains one, but the largest Irish elephant in the world is now in America, and kept to amuse and instruct the people of the United States.

There are but few natives who have not seen this wonder of the animal creation. It will be kept and supported by the people, though the expense be enormous; for it has become a great pet with the politicians, whom the people favor on all occasions.

The following lines, which seem in some way to refer to the origin of man, have been carefully studied by the learned, but without success. The name of the author, his object in composing them, and their meanings, remain a profound mystery.

Oh, I'm a gay old baboon!
Though dressed up like a man
I remember when through wood and glen
In a suit of hair I ran.
No saddening thoughts were mine,
Of sickness and the grave;
Nor cared I for the world to come,
For I had no soul to save.

Oh, I'm a gay old baboon!
With many a funny quirk,
And many a nod and knowing wink,
And many a smile and smirk.

Men tell me a funny tale,
How into a man I grew;
But I am a rollicking old baboon,
And they are all monkeys too.

Oh, I'm a gay old baboon!
And a look of dread they steal
When they hear my words; for they greatly
fear

That the truth I will reveal.
But I long for my monkey days,
And the shady forests, where
I could twine my tail 'round a waving bough
And swing in the balmy air.

Oh, I'm a gay old baboon!
And I never deal in stocks;
But I gambol among the valleys green,
And revel among the rocks.
Nor heed I the price of gold,
I have no financial cares.
I'm a jolly, well-bred old baboon,
And I shun the Bulls and Bears.

Oh, I'm a gay old baboon!
And my cocoa-nut I'll eat,
For I've sense enough to crack the shell,
And get at the luscious meat.
No questions need I ask,
For what does a monkey care,
When he cracks the nut and takes his meal,
About how the milk got there.

Oh, I'm a gay old baboon!
And I pity fallen man,
Once he was a monkey, just like me,
But out of the woods he ran;
And he learned to read and write,
And he travels upon a rail;
But he lost his coat of glossy hair,
And alas! he lost his tail.

Oh, I'm a gay old baboon!
No bridges build for me,
For monkeys, you know, by joining tails,
Can swing from tree to tree,
And so do we cross a stream,
Each clinging to the other,
Like men, in such affairs, we give
Aid to a needy brother.

Oh, I'm a gay old baboon!
And men, proud and elated,
Are nothing but monkeys, every one,
Who have degenerated.
So off to the woods I'll go,
On ease and pleasure bent,
Before I am made an editor,
Or a railroad president.

CHAPTER X.

The Antiquity of Ireland—The worthlessness of American Inventions without Irish Industry—Parthalon and his Ark—The Song of Parthalon—Learning—Busy Americans—No time to be domestic or social—No time to eat—The Schools of America—Farewell to the Bible—The Song of the School-Bell—American Oratory—The Song of the Eagle—The familiar Face disfigured—A Nose bitten off—The Practice still followed—Strongbow—Blood and Massacre—Marriage of Strongbow to Eva—A Fashionable Wedding—A Trip to Dublin—Death of Dermot.

Who can doubt the antiquity of Ireland? Not the reader of the preceding pages. As we proceed with our task we gain confidence. The Garden of Eden was located in Central Africa, and the first Irishman lived somewhere in the neighborhood, and no doubt learned the art of landscape gardening from Adam. Hence the propriety of employing them to beautify parks and public grounds. A Yankee may be able to manufacture a good article of nutmegs, but he cannot cultivate them. He may be able to make a locomotive, but he cannot, or will not, grade the road, or lay the track—and of what use is the locomotive without the road? At every step we find proof of the Irishman's usefulness, and the sagacity of the Americans in intrusting to his skill and management, their public and private affairs.

Parthalon was Noah, and had an ark of his own. He was very fortunate in the navigation of his vessel; for we do not find that he ever got aground or struck a snag—and this settles one question in regard to his pilot. We are sure he did not come from the Mississippi River.

We feel confirmed in the opinion that Parthalon and Noah are indetical, by the fact that the following song was sung by the great navigator, to the air of "A Life on the Ocean Wave," and was popular with the generation that lived

just after the flood. It was known in those days as

THE SONG OF PARTHALON.

The rain in torrents fell,
And the clouds were low and dark ;
So I took the beasts and the birds,
And I went on board the ark ;
And I took my sons along ;
They were Barney, Tim, and Pat—
“Och, murther !” what a storm ;
But we did not care for that.
I sing of the gay old ark ;
She rode the shower through,
With the monkeys and the birds,
The bear and the kangaroo.
Garoo, garoo ;
The bear and the kangaroo.
Garoo, garoo ;
The bear and the kangaroo.

We crossed the Irish sea
And we neared the British shore ;
But the lion being drowned,
When he saw us did not roar ;
And we picked a Briton up,
Looking wretched and forlorn.
He had floated a month or more,
With a life-preserver on.

I sing, etc.

We drifted over France
And to Germany we went,
With the flood a thousand fathoms
Deep above the continent.
We anchored there to fish,
And we angled at our ease ;
And caught a keg of lager beer,
A pipe and a sweitzer cheese,

I sing, etc.

We had a fearful hurricane,
And Barney lost his hat ;
But we did not waste our time
On it, or stop at Arrarat.
To Asia then we rode,
Before the gale we flew.
And saw a half-drowned Chinaman,
And saved him by the queue.

I sing, etc.

Day after day we kept our course—
The breeze blew fresh and fair—
And soon we reached America,
And quickly anchored there.
And there we caught the queerest fish
We ever yet had seen ;

In bell-crowned hat and swallow-tail,
Long, lantern-jawed, and lean.
I sing, etc.

The clouds blew off, the sun came out,
The waters did subside—
Our vessel to the steeple of
A meeting-house we tied ;
Nor did we sigh for Erin green,
For Dublin, or for Cork,
But settled down and built a town,
And christened it New York.

I sing of the gay old ark,
She rode the shower through,
With the monkeys and the birds,
The bear and the kangaroo.
Garoo, garoo ;
The bear and the kangaroo.
Garoo, garoo ;
The bear and the kangaroo.

We like to talk about Partholon's
ark. Settled and established facts call
for neither investigation nor discussion.
It is only matters that are doubtful,
obscure, and ancient, that are worthy
of the attention of the lovers of history.

The learned men of Ireland dispelled
the gloom of the dark ages, and intro-
duced letters and refinement into the
countries of Europe. The Irish have
long furnished teachers for the rest of
mankind. The Americans are busy, and,
excepting the people of the State of
Connecticut, have no time to teach school.
They are too much engaged all day to
notice their own children. At night they
are, of course, weary and anxious, and
cannot be disturbed by their little ones.
In the morning they must hurry to busi-
ness. The father finds it impossible to
devote a moment to his little girl or boy,
who watch him with tearful eyes as he
rushes out of the house, hat in hand,
and wonder why he never gives them a
smile, a few kind words, or a few mo-
ments of his society. Unhappy orphans ?
they cannot realize that life is an earnest
struggle and that he has no time. His
wife is equally busy ; society makes ex-
haustive demands upon her.

How fortunate that the little ones, thus deprived of the care and protection of their natural guardians, have some one to look to. Ireland comes again to the rescue. The rising generation in the United States are in charge of that generous race, which seems not only to have adopted the country, but the children of the country. The same people who broke in upon the dark ages with the light of learning, have broken in upon the Americans, and under such auspices are their children to be educated.

If we have in the preceding pages intimated that the Irish people have ever committed the crime of inconsistency, we wish here to retract, and declare our decided approbation of all they have done in Ireland or in America; and this is uttered with no desire or intention to secure the support of that people for office; for the writer of this volume is not a candidate, and, furthermore, he knows full well he could not be elected if he was, for he is a native of America, outside of the "Ring," nor has he won for himself to any great extent the esteem and friendship of that influential class known as "Repeaters." How then could he expect to be trusted or honored?

The public schools have been a matter of investigation, discussion, and anxiety in America for many years, during which time much truth has been elicited, and, we may add, a system discovered as near perfection as anything human can be.

Catholic teachers take charge of the Protestant children left in the schools, and manage and control the institutions which they despise. The cause of religion demands a division of the school fund, and liberal appropriations out of the public treasury, for sectarian purposes, and they ask more. The Bible is read to the little ones, and they say it must be relinquished, and the natives seem half inclined to put in a mild pro-

test; but the adopted fellow-citizens ask it, and duty calls upon all to submit—so not without sorrow, we say:

Farewell! with all my failings,
I have scanned thy pages o'er,
When repentance overtook me,
Or affliction pressed me sore.
In my youth my mother taught me,
I thy wisdom should revere,
E'en the strangers who despise thee,
Will forgive a passing tear.

Farewell! sad are the visions
Hovering in my sight to-day,
Spirits of the loved who vanished,
Faded from the light away.
And the form of her who bore me,
Seems to linger in my sight,
And the whispers of the Bible,
And the battle for the right.

Farewell! I cannot lean on thee
When I am growing old,
Or look to thee for comfort
When the world seems dark and cold.
I must yield thee, so they tell me,
For the good of all the land,
But my blood flows quick with anger
When I think what they demand.

This is the plan of American education fast coming into practice, and though the terms are thought by some to be severe, any prudent person will yield at once; for it would be dangerous to oppose or even question them. What if the remnant of the Irish people still left in Ireland should refuse to emigrate to America! What if those who are now in America should refuse to take further part in public affairs! What if they should gather their little ones around them, and taking their pigs, their goats, and household goods, depart from the land? Think! what a calamity this would be. Why, then, should we wrangle over trifles? They have the local governments, the revenues, and the ballot-box. In all these things the Americans have humbly and quietly submitted—why not throw in the schools?

As an American, writing a candid

and impartial history of the Irish nations, we say : " Let there be no dissension among us," but give them what they ask. We think we know the feeling of the people of the United States on this subject, and we think they intend not only to submit, but they are willing that our adopted fellow-citizens should hold the children of the land as hostages to secure a full and faithful performance of that which they so justly and generously require of them. Let it be a part of the history of Ireland, that the Americans, after handing over to the descendants of Partholon everything else, nobly added the public schools—but a voice intrudes itself upon me, and I listen, in spite of myself, to the

"SONG OF THE SCHOOL-BELL."

See them coming, a youthful throng,
Rallying fast when they hear my song ;
Still, I am swaying from side to side,
And still they come in a surging tide.
And even now in their youth I trace
A look of sorrow in many a face ;
Shadows thrown by the coming years,
For time will bring them their share of tears.

Gathering fast at my early call,
See, they are mustering one and all !
And still I sing as I swing about,
And still they come with a gladsome shout,
 Romping and rollicking,
 Tittering, chattering,
 Laughing and frolicking,
 Little feet pattering—

For they hear the notes of my morning
chime,
Calling, " Come ! come ; come, 'tis time, 'tis
time."

Hearts as light as the sunny beam,
That shines to gladden a fairy's dream ;
What to them are the cares of life,
Its joys, its sorrows, its eager strife—
The sky is bright, and the flowers in bloom,
And the air is full of their sweet perfume ;
And the coming years, to their childish view,
Wear the garb of joy and a golden hue.

Gathering fast at my early call,
See, they are mustering one and all !
And still I sing as I swing about,
And still they come with a gladsome shout,

Romping and rollicking,
Tittering, chattering,
Laughing and frolicking,
Little feet pattering—

For they hear the notes of my morning
chime,

Calling, " Come ! come ; come, 'tis time, 'tis
time."

All day long from the belfry high,
I gaze at the crowd as they bustle by ;
I can single out from the busy tribe,
The wretch who pockets the paltry bribe ;
And the quacks, the demagogues, the fools,
All gabbling loud of the public schools—
A shiftless crew, and I scorn them all,
And still to the loitering crowd I call.

Gathering fast at my early call,
See, they are mustering one and all !
And still I sing as I swing about,
And still they come with a gladsome shout,
 Romping and rollicking,
 Tittering, chattering,
 Laughing and frolicking,
 Little feet pattering—

For they hear the notes of my morning
chime,

Calling, " Come ! come ; come, 'tis time, 'tis
time."

Hands off, thou bigot, our cause the time
Forbids you ; scatter no poisonous slime
Over the hearts of our tender youth—
The air they breathe must be filled with
truth.

Away with your relics of ages past—
Your silly forms to the winds are cast.
Go back to your gloomy cells and stay,
Look to your own souls—watch and pray.

Gathering fast at my early call,
See, they are mustering one and all !
And still I sing as I swing about,
And still they come with a gladsome shout,
 Romping and rollicking,
 Tittering, chattering,
 Laughing and frolicking,
 Little feet pattering—

For they hear the notes of my morning
chime,

Calling, " Come ! come ; come, 'tis time, 'tis
time."

Year after year do they come and go,
As the restless ocean doth ebb and flow—
Coming still when they hear my chime—
Or drifting out on the waste of time,
Soon will their locks and their faces wear
The frosts of time, and the marks of care ;

Now their cheeks are tinged with a youthful
glow,
And I sing, as they swing me to and fro,
Gathering fast at my early call,
See, they are mustering one and all!
And still I sing as I swing about,
And still they come with a gladsome shout,
Romping and rollicking,
Tittering, chattering,
Laughing and frolicking,
Little feet pattering—
For they hear the notes of my morning
chime,
Calling, "Come! come; come, 'tis time, 'tis
time."

The most contentious men in the world, and those most addicted to controversy, are the scholars. They stirred up discord before Parthalon's time, and had that prudent and far-seeing man been so foolish as to admit a few of them into the ark, they would, without doubt, have made it uncomfortable, not only for his family, but for the beasts of the field and the birds of the air.

They were carefully excluded, and the people of America, in selecting men to manage the public schools, have closely followed the example set by him. Few men who entertain ideas are allowed to serve as school officers, for ideas are thought to lead to disagreements and discussion. This is so well understood, that, with few exceptions, a man who thinks, or plans, or theorizes, does not offer himself for a school officer, knowing that his rejection would be certain.

In what manner to build the school-houses, appoint the teachers, and conduct affairs so that the "Party" may be strengthened, are, perhaps, as important as any questions presented; and even these matters are disposed of by the men whose duty it is to arrange the plans for, and watch over the interests of, the party in power.

There is a certain American bird which the orators once talked much about, and which we have always admired for his

boldness and love of liberty, and the aid he has given American Fourth-of-July speakers—a race of patriots who would have had no existence to-day, had they not been furnished with that glorious theme, the American Eagle; but they are now independent of him, and in the subject of "Our Irish Fellow-Citizens," find something more inspiring and profitable. We know that they display thrift and sound business capacity, when they turn from the Eagle to the Irishman; but still we admire the bird, and his song has a ring to it which ought, in our opinion, stir up a little national pride and spirit even in the heart of an American, and stimulate him to share, at least with the noble Irish, the labor and responsibility of governing his native land. Listen to

"THE SONG OF THE EAGLE."

Far from the haunts of toil and care,
Up 'mongst the peaks where the thunder
dwells;
Where the crags are rough, and the rocks are
bare,
And the ceaseless roar of the torrent swells
Into an anthem grand—'tis there
I spread my wings in the mountain air,
And my song is "Liberty!"
Free I will ever be;
As free as the flood in its foamy flow,
From the rocks above to vale below.
I shrink not back at the lightning's flash—
Fear I leave to the whining slave;
He may bend and cringe when he feels the
lash—
I am as free as the bounding wave.
E'en the God of Day, with his blinding rays,
I meet and greet with a steadfast gaze—
And my song is "Liberty!"
Free as the waves are free;
As free as the winds that bear my song
From peak to peak, as they sweep along.
There is music sweet in the clash of steel,
When the blades are wielded by freemen
strong,
And joy when the rauks of the tyrant reel—
Such notes are part of the Eagle's song.
And I scream, when borne to my perch on high,
Comes the struggling bondsman's battle-cry.

And my song is "Liberty!"
 Free as the winds are free,
 And I'll boldly sing it, from shore to shore,
 Till slaves shall suffer and pine no more.

Mac Mnrrough became bold, and finding himself at the head of about three thousand men, he marched into Ossory, and made war on Donough Fitz Patrick, whom he finally subdued. We are told that he ruled with the greatest cruelty, and a story is told of him which illustrates his bloodthirsty disposition. He had ordered three hundred heads of the slain to be piled up before him, and while dancing around the pile, and in the act of performing antics most undignified for a king or the leader of an army, he discovered a familiar face, which proved to be one which had belonged to a bitter enemy. He caught it up in a transport of rage, and gratified his hate by biting off the nose and lips of the man he did not like when he was alive.

Dermot, by the introduction of the English nation into Ireland, inflicted much inconvenience upon the Irish people. That measure affected the Irish only. But by originating the custom of biting off the nose, lip, or ear of an enemy, he has interfered with the comfort and disfigured the faces of all nations—for the descendants of Mac Murrrough and his tribe keep up the hateful practice, and there is nothing a Mac Murrrough so much enjoys to this day, as the mastication of the nose, lip, or ear of the man he is displeased with.

It was in the year 1170 that Strongbow landed in Ireland. His uncle had preceded him and had entrenched himself in Wexford, when he was attacked by some of the citizens; but the intruders held their ground, and captured seventy of the assailants. Futile efforts were made to rescue or ransom them. They were brutally murdered by the English, their limbs broken, and then they were cast

from a precipice into the sea—a plan adopted (which has since been often repeated), "for striking terror into the hearts of the Irish."

Strongbow, when about to sail for Ireland, was met with a peremptory order from the King of England to remain at home, but he disregarded the mandate, and started. The day after his arrival, he laid siege to Waterford, and, in spite of a most heroic defense, his forces prevailed, and, having made a breach in the walls, entered the city.

A cold-blooded massacre commenced, and while it was in progress, Mac Murrrough arrived. He saved the lives of some prominent citizens, and interfered to stop further bloodshed, the only time in his life that he ever displayed the slightest objection to murder—but he had a motive. He wanted his daughter married to Strongbow, and it was inconvenient to carry on a wedding and a massacre at the same time. Eva was young and fair. Strongbow was an old widower, battered, scarred, and dilapidated; but ambition, family pride, wealth, and such like considerations, had their weight in those days, as in ours. They were married. The groom wore lavender pants, a white vest, white kid gloves, and a black dress coat, the skirts of which were lined with white satin. He wore an elegant white satin cravat, and on the bosom of his shirt flashed a magnificent solitaire diamond, which he had captured the night before from a citizen.

The beautiful bride wore a rich, white satin, with skirt *en train*, and magnificent point applique over-skirt, a veil to match, secured by a wreath of orange blossoms which half concealed, half disclosed, her clustering curls of rich, golden yellow. Her feet, the smallest, daintiest in the land, were encased in white satin boots; her gloves were white kid,—of course, Jouvin's make—

and her jewelry was formed of the choicest specimens of moss agate set in Irish gold.

As they entered the church, filled with a most gorgeously dressed and aristocratic company, the friends of the happy couple, the organ pealed forth Mendelsohn's Grand Wedding March, while the atmosphere was filled with the perfume of Nilson bouquet, and night-blooming cereus.

Strongbow having business which detained him in Ireland, the wedding trip was limited to Dublin, for which point they started, soon after the marriage ceremonies were performed. The wedding party were accompanied by the army, a circumstance which greatly alarmed the Irish people.

Some distance from Dublin, the bride's father was met by the Archbishop O'Toole, who sought to make terms for the frightened populace. While the negotiations were pending, some of the English entered Dublin and commenced an indiscriminate butchery. The slaughter was stayed by an order from Mac Murrough, who marched to Meath, leaving Miles de Cogan to govern Dublin. He had a settlement to make with Roderic, which he could not longer postpone; in short, he had carried off Roderic's wife, Dervorgil, and felt it to be his duty to follow up the man he had wronged with fire and sword.

Dermot died in the year 1171, of an unknown disease. He became putrid while living. From all accounts, he would not, for weeks before his death, have been an agreeable person to ride with in a closely-packed street car. Deliver us from the body of an Irish king in a state of putridity. It is too much even for an American stomach. An old MS. in Trinity College, Dublin, has it, that he died "after the victory of penance and unction."

CHAPTER XI.

Henry II.—The Duty of Americans—A Warning to Demagogues—"She Stoops to Conquer"—Family Discord—Cookery—Luxury—Death of Strongbow—The Church of Kilmainham—The old Quarrel—The Irish survive War, Pestilence, and Famine—They are invited to America—Hymn of Welcome—John—Literary Difficulties—Sacred Localities—St. John's Well—The good little Boys and the Irish Ghost—The Former made Deputy-Sheriffs—The Latter Doorkeeper to the Board of Assistant Aldermen—Spirit Names on the Pay-Roll—Fiann and the White Fawn—The Spell—It is broken.

HENRY II., King of England, landed in Ireland on the 18th of October, 1171. The Irish, pure and innocent themselves, were slow to suspect the English of any evil intentions. Worn out by continual strife, they were willing to place in the hands of any just and impartial ruler, the reins of government.

In this circumstance we find that which should be taken as a warning, or indication of what may happen in America, if captious and discontented natives continue to criticise and discuss the conduct of their Irish rulers. Those who now administer the Government of the United States, may, as their ancestors did in the year 1171, become so disgusted with public affairs, as to refuse to take any part in them. Resenting the attacks of the vicious and unjust, they may leave the simple-minded and inexperienced people of that now prosperous country a prey to demagogues, or at the mercy of any unprincipled man ambitious enough to desire to become a despot. With the greatest care the American people should guard against saying or doing anything likely to irritate, offend, or discourage their benefactors. It requires but little discernment to discover that the charges of ignorance, extravagance, and dishonesty made against those in authority are the inventions of corrupt natives, foolishly ambitious, and who are striving to prejudice their countrymen against

a people who have left the homes of their youth, the scenes of their childhood, the stately castles of their ancestors, wealth, station, and power, to govern a young, giddy, and thoughtless nation, who are but taking their first lessons in political economy.

The brazen-faced American who stands for office should be frowned down by an indignant community; no matter what feeling may rankle in his heart, the taxpayer should perform his duty with a smile on his face. The orator and the poet should unite to praise the noble sons of Erin, while the historian should labor to record some, at least, of his multitudinous virtues.

A different course of conduct would rob the great American metropolis of her aldermen, render her voting places lonely and deserted, make her courthouse, still unfinished, the abode of owls and bats, while men would roam her streets, more murderous and blood-thirsty, if possible, than those of to-day.

Our generous rulers cannot but find their labors great, and their time fully occupied, so that importunity is in bad taste and out of place. Columbia may sometimes solicit favors, but they should be such as can be spared by the solicited, without detriment to themselves or their near relatives; she should approach them with that humility which their greatness and her insignificance renders entirely proper. It is her disposition to do so. We are rejoiced to know that

“SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.”

“She stoops to conquer,” but in vain
The suppliant kneecap is bent;
He holds the prize with iron-grip,
Refusing to relent.

“She stoops to conquer;” lo! he frowns,
And spurns her earnest prayer;
His angry look, his stern reproof,
Will drive her to despair.

“She stoops to conquer,” in the dust
Columbia sorrowing lies;
How can he thus her prayer refuse—
Her grief, her tears despise.

“She stoops to conquer,” let her beg,
Submissive still, and meek;
Her rights let her solicit from
The influential “Greek.”

“She stoops to conquer,” pleading still—
Oh, will he then depart?
Will not her tears subdue his wrath,
Nor melt his Irish heart?

“She stoops to conquer,” still she strives
New arguments to bring;
My vote, he says, you cannot have,
I’ve sold it to the “Ring!”

King Henry mentioned as a custom in his family, “that the son hated the father, and each member of the family detested all the others.” His words were: “From the devil we came, and to the devil we shall go;” but he did not say what is to become of the people of the United States.

The use of cranes’ flesh was introduced into Ireland about this time, together with that of herrings, peacocks, and geese. To serve a peacock with its feathers, was, in those days, a grand exploit. It was first roasted, and after being allowed to cool a little, was served up in its skin, and was served on the table as if alive. The successful performance of this feat secured to the cook great praise. Cream of almonds was a favorite diet with the king, and there were not wanting men in those days to condemn these things as extravagant and unnecessary, just as the malcontents of modern times swear at the stately palaces, the costly equipages, the choice wines, the gold and precious stones, the princely raiments, palatial stables, and liveried lacqueys which have been bestowed upon the Irish statesmen of America, by a grateful constituency.

A description of the knights of the

day of which we write will also remind the reader of a modern Thanksgiving legion. A writer tells us that the knights of Henry's reign were "loaded with wine, instead of steel, and spits, instead of lances."

Strongbow died of an ulcer which had broken out in his foot, brought about through the miracles of a combination of saints whose churches he had destroyed. He was haunted by a spectre of St. Bridgid, who pursued him, as he thought, to kill him. The same spectre has appeared in America, haunting sinful housewives and their wicked husbands. Sinner, as he was, he founded the Church of Kilmainham, concerning which there is a legend. A young man had committed a theft, and, to clear himself of the crime, had taken a false oath. He afterwards went to England; but he felt so much oppressed with the weight of the cross, that he was compelled to return and confess his guilt. He should have settled in New York. Strongbow's effigy was broken in 1562, but was repaired in 1570. Up to the middle of the last century, his tomb was an appointed place for the payment of bonds, rents, and bills of exchange. He has been accused of cutting his son in two for cowardice, but later writers have refuted the vile slander, and have proven, beyond a doubt, that he only ran his sword through his son's belly.

The Irish continued in the midst of defeat and disaster to quarrel with each other, or rather to keep up the old quarrel, which had lasted without cessation since the days of the Greek and the fifty maidens. This seems to be the result of the climate of Ireland more than of a disposition upon the Irish to indulge in strife or contentions. In other countries, they are found to live in perfect harmony. The decision which the

first of that nation to visit America made, which was to take entire possession and absolute control of the country, has been acquiesced in by all the Irish people who have since made America their home. There may have been some doubts, disagreements, and discussions over the distributions of the rewards, which their disinterestedness has secured to them from the grateful people they have ruled; but, in the main, they have acted together, never disagreeing upon the great point—that Irishmen should rule America.

The man of thought will regard with wonder the fact that so many of the Irish people have survived the calamities which have from time to time befallen their beloved island: the plagues, the floods, and the famines; the showers of blood, and, more destructive than all, the wars waged by the Northern Hy Nials against the Southern Hy Nials, and the Southern Hy Nials against the Northern Hy Nials, and by Irishmen upon Irishmen, generally and continually and indefatigably. Fortunately for mankind, a few were spared, so that justice, liberty, learning, and virtue are not without advocates and supporters. America enjoys her full share of these blessings, and the Irish element in that country may be fairly called a salt which has not lost its savor, but which is powerful in its seasoning and preservative qualities, so that it will not let society spoil, though society may be inclined to do so. The following hymn is chanted daily by the grateful people of the Western World, to a stately Irish tune known as "Old Hundred." It is called the

HYMN OF WELCOME.

Welcome, our brothers, pure and meek,
Descendants of the valiant Greek,
Come one, come all, throughout our days,
We'll chant thy virtues, sing thy praise.

And we our duty will discharge,
And when you come in cargoes large,
We'll take you to our bosoms then,
And make you each a citizen.

Let envious bigots rant and rail
Against you ; they shall not prevail—
The land is yours where ere you go,
And shall with milk and honey flow.

'The offices, your lawful spoil,
We will support by daily toil,
And you shall sit in awful state,
Among the rulers and the great.

How can you then our prayers refuse—
Behold ! our tempting revenues,
And we shall not our cares relax,
But toil, and strive to pay the tax.

Come, generous men, a nation calls—
Fill, fill our legislative halls,
And we will praise thee day by day,
Though you may vote our cash away.

See where the simple native rules,
Or slumbers o'er the public schools ;
Oh ! make our little ones your care,
Or we must sink in dark despair.

Remove the Bible—kick it out ;
Your good intentions, who can doubt.
Resistless time still onward rolls—
Oh ! teach us how to save our souls.

Of all our interests dispose,
Get rich and wear the finest clothes,
And though we may deserve your frown,
With patient pity still look down.

Come, Mike and Bridget, Kate and Pat.
In corduroys and battered hat—
And Terry, Larry, Judy, Jim,
To you we dedicate this hymn.

Our kitchen wait, our children dear,
Will sigh in vain till you are here.
While still in darkest night we grope,
With nothing left, alas ! but hope.

Our puny courts must sink and pine,
Till Irish intellect shall shine,
And dazzle, like a gleaming star,
Our fast decaying Bench and Bar.

In costly coaches you shall sit—
And sparkling wine and rarest wit,
And beauty's face, all beaming bright,
Shall cheer the fleeting hours of night.

In one united voice we call,
And humbly at thy feet we fall ;
Then take us, goods and chattles, too,
For all we have belongs to you.

John ascended the English throne in 1199. Meanwhile the O'Connors were fighting in Kerry. Cathal Carragh was engaged in an effort to expel Cathal Crovderg. The O'Neills, the O'Brieus, the Mac Carthys, and O'Flahertys became involved, and matters culminated in a massacre of six hundred of the English, who had been billeted upon the Irish, and had incensed them beyond endurance.

It is a curious fact, that if the O'Neills and the O'Connors contend, the Mac Carthys and the O'Flahertys are sure to turn up on one side or the other, and if the struggle continues, the Murphys, the Brophys, O'Riellys, O'Tooles, MacGinnes's, Collopys, MacSheas, Gilloolys, Cro-neens, and Moonays all come into the melee, bringing with them, true to ancient Irish custom, their wives, who, while the battle rages between the men, form their separate line and go into the fight with a disregard of pain, bruises, and bloodshed truly admirable.

It is a matter of sincere regret that the legends and traditions of Ireland have not been given to the world in such a form as to put them within the reach of people of limited means, and, at the same time, attract the attention of the reading public.

The civil wars of Ireland, the invasions of the Britons, their cruelty and the hatred with which they seemed to regard every thing Irish, and particularly Irish literature, has, without doubt, deprived us of many scores of volumes equal to any yet produced by the brain of man.

The Irish still hold sacred many of the traditions and localities of Ireland. St. John's Well, near the town of Kilkenny, is still visited by scores of cripples, invalids, and blind, or "Dark People." It

is believed that when a cure is willed by Heaven, the sky opens above the well at midnight, and Christ, the Virgin Mary, and St. John descend with the rapidity of lightning into the well. None but such as are destined to be cured can see this wonderful spectacle ; but all present can hear the gentle fluttering of their wings, which sounds appear to the listeners like heavenly harmony.

There is a story of Donegal Castle, which we also insert : Two boys, leaving their companions, climbed over the broken walls, and entered the great hall of the castle, just as the moon was disappearing behind a cloud. To their astonishment and dismay, they found sitting before them, or rather crouching over a fire, a wrinkled and infirm old man, his locks white as snow, and his silvery beard descending upon his breast. He announced himself to be the father of the race of Cinel-Connaill, and engaged in watching the sacred fire, which, he told them, would otherwise go out. He talked of ancient wars, and glory long departed—weeping himself, and melting the hearts of the boys ; then, after charging them to love their country, and grow up noble men and patriots, he vanished. They took his advice, and moved to New York, and were made deputy sheriffs. They never allowed an opportunity to pass to praise and honor their native Ireland. They were thrifty, and saved, in five years, one hundred thousand dollars each, with salaries of only eighteen hundred per annum. They still believed in the spirits, but not such as haunted Donegal Castle. Their gratitude to the old man may be inferred from the circumstance that they brought him to America, and made him, ghost as he was, doorkeeper to the Board of Assistant Aldermen.

A large number of names appear on the rolls of employees kept by the New

York city authorities, which are not represented by flesh and blood ; and this fact is explained by the story just related. They are the names of persons who died, some of them, centuries ago ; but whose faithful spirits continue to fill important offices, render valuable services, and watch over, with a power denied to mortal vision, the interests and welfare of the American people.

Fiann became the victim of enchantment. A maiden of the magic race of the Tuatha de Dananns undertook to transform his youth and vigor into age and decrepitude. She assumed the form of a white doe of great beauty, and appearing to Fiann, inspired him with a desire to follow her. He called his hounds and started in pursuit. The chase lasted from sunrise until the shades of evening set in, when he found himself on the shore of a placid lake. The doe had disappeared, and upon a green bank sat a lady of great beauty, weeping, and exhibiting every indication of extreme distress. Fiann asked the cause of her sorrow, when she replied, that since the rising of the sun she had mourned for a rich jewel which she had accidentally dropped into the lake, and which she must recover or be forever unhappy. The valiant Fiann plunged into the clear waters, and, descending, found the jewel, and soon came with it to the surface ; but, alas ! old age had seized upon his limbs, and his locks were snowy white. He reached the shore with difficulty, and for days wandered about in the valley, bent and withered like a worn and famished warrior. At home he was missed by his chieftians, who, impatient at his long absence, started out to find him. They met him near the enchanted lake, but so changed as to be entirely unknown to them. They inquired for Fiann, a youthful king, who, with his hounds, was

hunting through the glens. Fiann knew them, and told his mournful story, when they sought the cave of the enchantress, bearing him upon their golden bucklers. They assailed the entrance, which resisted the attack for three days and nights; but at last they made their way into the presence of the Evil One, and demanded that she restore their king, when she gave him a golden cup, from which he drank a magic draught. The spell was broken; his youthful vigor and manly beauty returned to him, and with these great wisdom and knowledge. He moved to New York and became a leading public man.

CHAPTER XII.

Fate of Geoffrey—The Vestments of Lead—State of Ireland in 1210—O'Donnell More, and Murray O'Daly, the Poet—Dyes—Colors—Green a popular Color—Song, "When the Mayor wore the Green"—Nursery Rhymes—Whittington and his Cat—Hey-diddle-diddle—More Nursery Rhymes—The Mayor's Dream—Irish Literature in America—Cure for the Ague—The art of Stuffing—The Alphabet in Easy Lessons.

In the year 1205 John granted the Earldom of Ulster to Hugh De Lacy. He procured the election of a favorite to the See of Canterbury, a measure which displeased the Pope, who withheld his approbation. John swore an awful oath, "by God's teeth," that he would cut off the noses and tear out the eyes of any priest who should take sides with the Pope in the controversy. Five of the bishops were bold enough to promulgate the interdict, but lacking the courage to stay and take the consequences, they fled to France; but Geoffrey, Archdeacon of Norwich, was taken. His fate was a terrible one: enveloped in a sacerdotal vestment of lead, he was thrown into prison and allowed to die of starvation.

Some idea of the state of Ireland in the year 1210 may be formed from the

circumstance, that a company of Bristol people who had settled in Dublin, while out amusing themselves in Cullen's Wood, were set upon by the O'Byrnes and O'Tooles, who rushed down from the Wicklow Mountains, and killed three hundred. A nobleman of great wealth incurred the displeasure of John and fled to France. His wife, Matilda, and her son were taken and shut up in a room in Corfe Castle, in the Isle of Pembroke. A sheaf of wheat and a piece of raw bacon were the only provisions allowed them. Three days afterwards the doors of their prison were opened, and the prisoners were found to be dead.

In 1213, O'Donnell More sent his steward to Connaught to collect tribute, when he chanced to fall in with Murray O'Daly, who was a poet. The steward "wrangled" with the poet, and spoke (we infer) disparagingly of his rhymes. The poet felt hurt, "and killed his tormenter on the spot with a sharp axe." In those times an affair of this kind created a sensation. Society was less refined and cultivated than at present, and the poet was compelled to fly for his life. It is evident that he was not on good terms with the authorities, nor could he have been a politician; otherwise he would not have been compelled to leave his home.

Just where he went, we will not attempt to say, but suppose he moved to America. One account, however, informs us that he wrote several poems, and sent them to O'Donnell, who, quite overcome, pardoned the culprit on the condition that he was to inflict upon the chief no more verses.

In the matter of colors and dyes, the antiquity of Ireland appears, as well as the ingenuity and enterprise of the people. In no part of Ireland will the traveller light on anything more pregnant of interesting associations than in West Connaught. The Caddah cloak of every

description is very remarkable. The learned Doctor Nicholson, who stated in 1125 that there was no indigenous plant on the island to dye blue, was mistaken, for the blue dye has been known to the peasants of Mayo for generations. The color is also common in Partry. The peasant who appears in a pair of blue stockings is at once put down as a Partryman. In the parish of Turlough, a very fine blue fringe is made, which contains a small admixture of white. Purple is the color peculiar to the people of Tirawley. With the Irish people, generally, green is by far the most popular color—a strange taste, which has brought most of that nation to the United States, attracted by the green fields, hillsides, and inhabitants of that country. The term “green” signifies, in America, innocence and simplicity, qualities which were most liberally displayed by the Americans when they turned over their government, institutions, and revenues to the sages of the Emerald Isle. The Irish wanted America, and the Americans gave it to them, influenced by that innocent simplicity in that country, known as “greenness;” but a question arises, when the Americans want their country back, as they very likely will after it has been placed in fair running order, will the Irishman be so innocent and simple, or, in other words, “so green as to give it up.” We take it, that however fond he may be of the green, he will not display it then. The great city of New York not long since appeared in a green suit, by her representative, the Mayor. There is no way for a community to speak or act except through its proper representative; so that when the Mayor of New York puts on a green suit, it may be said that New York is arrayed in green. The statesmanship displayed by the official referred to has been celebrated in immortal song.

The carol will go down to future generations in form, as follows:

“WHEN THE MAYOR WORE THE GREEN.”

AIR—“*Wearing of the Green.*”

Oh! I hear the drummers beating,
And the trumpets' brazen blare,
While the “Roughs” and “Newsboys”
gather,

With a wild, excited stare.
And from “Cop.” to “Cop.” they hurry,
Asking what it all can mean;
“’Tis the Mayor,” so they answer,
“In a suit of Irish green.”

And the band so grandly plays,
And the “Biddies,” how they gaze,
While they whisper, “Sure he ought
To stay in office all his days.”

See him move along the line,
In his linen, white and fine;
And he chuckles as he mutters,
“Ah! the Irish vote is mine.”

’Tis the birthday of Saint Patrick,
And the boys are out for fun—
So they listen to the Mayor,
And expect to hear a pun.
And the desperate “repeater”
Now explores his neighbor’s fob,
While he longs for the election,
And another paying job.
Still he follows with the crowd,
And his cheers are long and loud—
For he gave the Mayor fifty votes,
And of his work is proud.

See him move along the line,
In his linen, white and fine;
And he chuckles as he mutters,
“Ah! the Irish vote is mine.”

It is in our free America
That the Irish have their way,
And can break a score of Yankee heads,
Upon St. Patrick’s day.
In ribbons gay, with flashing swords,
Their gallant horsemen ride;
And when they march along the streets,
Let natives stand aside.
With policemen front and rear,
If a Yankee ventures near,
He is sure to get a bruising,
For the marshals are severe.

See him move along the line,
In his linen, white and fine;
And he chuckles as he mutters,
“Ah! the Irish vote is mine.”

We gaze upon the charming sight,
 And watch their banners fine,
 But venture not too near to them,
 Nor penetrate the line.
 For reckless men, before our time,
 By Irish wrath have bled—
 And why should we ambitious be
 To gain a broken head?
 Oh! we have no such desire,
 So we quietly retire
 Before the fight commences,
 Or they put us "under fire."
 See him move along the line,
 In his linen, white and fine;
 And he chuckles as he mutters,
 "Ah! the Irish vote is mine."

We watch the smile that lingers just
 Below the Mayor's nose,
 And see the crowd all gathered 'round,
 To gaze upon his clothes.
 For they are made of brightest green—
 Both pantaloons and coat—
 A pious 'fraud, so people say,
 To gain the Irish vote.
 And the Mayor gives a wink,
 And the Boss a knowing blink—
 And they call the Irish asses,
 As they sit around their drink.
 See him move along the line,
 In his linen, white and fine;
 And he chuckles as he mutters,
 "Ah! the Irish vote is mine."

It has been claimed, by men of great research and profound learning, that many of the rhymes which are sung by the nurses to quiet the complaints of, or lull to sleep, the infants of the land, had their origin in some political or public affair—often an event of importance. This is particularly true in America; nearly all the nursery songs have been suggested by something of public interest. We give specimens of rhymes which are in the mouths of the gentle nurses and old-fashioned dames throughout the country, and which are more soothing to the babes than any elixir yet invented.

Four-and-twenty nice birds all in a "Ring"—
 Money, money, money, is the melody they sing.

Fat birds and lean birds, black birds and brown;
 Isn't it a dainty dish to set before the town?

And again:

Mickey was an alderman,
 And wore a velvet coat;
 Jimmy went to Mickey's house
 And dickered for his vote.
 Rings on his fingers,
 And "bonds" laid aside,
 Bring along a coach-and-six,
 For Mickey wants to ride.

We cannot inform the reader who is referred to in the following lines, but they seem to point at some one who has, in his life, made political changes, joined different parties, and succeeded in the main object by finally working his way into lucrative offices.

Over and under,
 And under and over;
 He wiggles and wriggles about,
 And keeps for himself
 A nice place in the clover.
 Why don't the good folks
 Kick him out?

It is a singular fact, that the class who use nursery rhymes, keep well-informed on the subject of public affairs, and events of interest are seized upon by them, and preserved in simple but enduring verses, which convey to future generations sometimes a word of encouragement, but oftener, a hint or a warning.

The story of Whittington and his cat is a tale of honorable ambition, properly rewarded, while the cow in the act of jumping over the moon, with a "Hey-diddle-diddle," is suggestive of an itinerant something or somebody assuming the airs of greatness and attempting to palm himself off for an honest man and a gentleman. "The little dog that laughed" no doubt refers to the craven creatures who are ready to rejoice, even with a rasal, provided his schemes succeed; or, perhaps, we are to understand that such

a character can only expect to be laughed at by curs, and that, after all, he is to go to the dogs. Some of these rhymes assume a tone of warning, and often rise almost to the grade of prophecy—such, for instance, as the following :

Oakity Hokity, our Lord Mayor,
Fell asleep in his easy-chair ;
And he dreamt a dream, and he woke with
fright.

Said he, I have seen a fearful sight ;
A thief was stuffing a ballot-box ;
*A murdered man with his gory locks,
Lay close by the grave just being dug,
By a wretch, who gibbered, " I am a Thug ;"
And it pained my heart when I heard the cry,
Of a babe thrown into the street to die.
Then I murmured something about the law,
And the devil laughed with a loud ha, ha.
" Go on, you are serving me well," said he,
" Waste none of your whimpering words on
me."

And this was the dream of our Lord Mayor,
Who fell asleep in his easy-chair.

The question may be asked, what have these things to do with a sketch of the Irish race? We answer that these significant little ditties, with nearly everything else of a political character used in America, are the contributions of Irishmen to the literature of the Western World.

The American buys and sells goods, deals in stocks, trades horses, peddles tin-ware, edits newspapers, and talks politics—and these things so completely occupy his time, that he has not a moment to spare for any other purpose. The welfare of his soul, even is a matter " which he farms out," as cold-blooded people do their babies, and as the latter are left to suffer and die in this world, so will the soul of the American pine and perish " in the world to come." Such, at least, is the opinion of people who feel a deep interest in the subject of American salvation, so deep, indeed, that they are willing, in addition to the governments, local and

national, to take full control of all charitable and literary institutions, public schools, hospitals, asylums, prisons, and consciences; and the peace-loving natives, appreciating their disinterestedness and generosity, and overjoyed by the proposition, will yield the control of all these things to their benefactors, and thus secure eternal happiness.

The Irish took with them to the United States a correct knowledge of the arts and sciences, a cultivated taste for music, and a thorough acquaintance with all things pertaining to government ; but, fully notified of the prevalence of fever and ague, they saw the need of a remedy, which they imported from their native land, and which has never yet been known to fail. For the benefit of such of our fellow-citizens as live in a fever and ague district, and which is always eight or ten miles further on, we will give a never-failing Irish remedy :

Take the patient, and either reduce his weight, or wait until the disease does it ; then, when he can be conveniently handled, obtain the services of an ass (there is not a neighborhood in America without one or more), and pass the sufferer carefully over his back and under his belly. Let this be done three times, repeating the following words, which have come down to us from Parthalon :

" Good doctor Donkey, I shake and shiver,
Cure my body and cleanse my liver,
I have swallowed powders, pukes, and pills,
Good Doctor Donkey, cure my ills."

If the donkey is well-disposed, he lops his ears back, shuts one eye, and the patient goes on his way rejoicing. Should he show his teeth, or a disposition to kick, it is best to look for another donkey—and one can always be found with little trouble.

We have referred to the great skill of the Irish cooks. To stuff a fowl, roast it and serve it, feathers and all, was

regarded a great feat, but the noble science has been of late neglected, and fallen into decay. Other matters have occupied the public mind, and the art of stuffing a ballot-box is now practiced to such an extent as to entirely destroy any influence which the voter may desire to exert over the election of persons to fill the different offices.

In this way a dangerous public have been deprived of all power, and these skillful "stuffers" of the ballot-box, in the hands of a few men of ability, control the destinies of a great country.

The fact that a few men only control and manage public affairs, leads us to doubt whether we can boast of a purely democratic form of government.

We meet another curious ditty, which we insert, as it seems to bear upon the manners of the times :

A was an alderman
Who wanted a job,
And sought for a way
To put "Cash" in his fob.

B was a bully
Who ran up and down,
And voted his ticket
All over the town.

C is controller
With slippery looks,
Who pockets the cash
And then locks up his books.

D was a demagogue
Ranting and loud,
On knavery bent,
Yet he humbugged the crowd.

E stands for elegant
Fop, whom you meet,
All curled and perfumed,
Promenading the street.

F stands for fighter—
No land ever knew
A bloodier set
Or more rascally crew.

And so we shall follow
The alphabet down
To Zany, the fool,
And the butt of the town.

CHAPTER XIII.

Glowing accounts from the Western World—
More Nursery Rhymes—Little Dickey Connor
—Emigration seriously checked—An Irish-
man escapes Citizenship—He does not Vote—
Clans or Target Companies—Henry III.—Sal-
aries—De Clare and O'Brien—Treachery of
De Clare—The name of New England to be
abolished—New Ireland—New Cork—The
Banshee—Strange Visions—Satan and his Imps
—He visits New York—Disturbs the peace—
The Blarney-stone again—Removed to Blar-
ney Castle—Removed at great expense to
New York—De Toleburne and his Horses—
Fitz Maurice of the Ape—Offices—Edward
Bruce and the Scotch—The Butler Family—
Crime, Predictions, and Omens—The Prosper-
ity of America threatened—Reforms needed—
Owls—The Man in the White Hat—The Grave-
yard Owl—The Jolly Owl—The Song of the
Owl—The Bats coming—Nursery Rhymes.

FROM time to time, men who have figured conspicuously in Irish history, seem to disappear or drop out, with no satisfactory account of when and how. We have investigated some instances of this kind, and find that they either die or move to New York. The latter class will, in almost every case, get back into history, for American affairs are sure to drive them into public life, when every act of theirs becomes food for the historian.

For reasons before mentioned, it was expected that many would go to America. The Irish, in Ireland, were in constant communication with those of America, and the accounts they received from that Western El Dorado were glowing, but not exaggerated. They spoke of the hearty welcome all Irishmen received and told how office, influence, and wealth awaited all such as would consent to enter public life; even the songs of the children seemed to bear some relation to the happy condition of the Irish in that country, and served far more than the mere casual observer may be willing to admit, to stimulate Irish emigration. An irresistible longing to see the new world seized the heart of the Irishman,

who happened to hear, from the lips of a juvenile, lines like the following :

Ring around a rosy—
Noses very red ;
Champagne cocktails
Before we go to bed.
Punch in the stable,
Every Sunday morn,
Walk up, ring-men,
And take another horn.

Little Dickey Connor—
'Tis true upon my honor—
Was eating a piece of pie ;
And he pulled out the plums,
And he shared with his chums,
And said, " Oh ! what a lucky dog am I."

Emigration was checked for several years, by a most unfortunate circumstance : An Irishman landed at Castle Garden, his heart full of hope and joy ; and even before he had fallen into the hands of the Committee on Naturalization, he met a negro, who, to his amazement, exhibited the brogue of Tipperary—in fact, he had been born and raised in an Irish settlement. The Irishman asked but few questions, and gathering from the answers that the black had been but one month in the country, concluded he was a genuine Irishman, and that his dusky skin was the result of the climate. He got on board the ship, without being made a citizen, and making his way to Ireland in the shortest possible time, reported that the effect of the climate of America was to turn people black, and to cause the hair to curl so tight to their heads as to make it impossible for them to close their eyes, even when they slept. As usual with a frightened man, he exaggerated the account, and told how he had seen scores of Irishmen coal-black, and fast asleep with their eyes wide open. It took some years to undeceive these pure and simple-minded people, and prominent officials have visited Ireland, quite lately, for no other purpose but to overcome the mis-

givings which some of the people still entertain on the subject of emigration. Political leaders blamed their subordinates who allowed an Irishman to escape them, and leave the country before he was made a voter, and had exercised, at least once, the glorious privilege of an American citizen.

The reader is aware by this time that in Ireland the people were divided into tribes or clans. In America, the custom is kept up, and they are still fond of organizing numbers of men into what they call " target companies." These half-military, half-convivial organizations are extremely popular with the politician, and well they may be, for they delight in doing him honor. It is a pleasant surprise to a public man when he leaves his bed in the morning to find a full hundred of stalwart fellows in line in front of his house, banners flying, and drums beating. Before breakfast is thought to be a bad time to ask or expect favors, but the rule does not apply to target companies. They know, and so does the unfortunate servant of the people whom they have selected to honor, that the banners will wave, and the drumming and cheering continue, until he has responded in a manner becoming his station ; and, with this fully understood, the silver pitcher, the goblet, or the fifty dollar note is sure to be forthcoming. A really popular man is liable to have the friendship of a number of companies of this kind.

In the year 1277 De Clare, and O'Brien, entered into vows of friendship swearing fidelity to each other by all the oaths in Munster, as balls, relics of saints, and they all proved to be as false as the oath of a canvasser of votes in New York. De Clare betrayed the confiding O'Brien, and after various struggles and much deception, the proud O'Brien became his prisoner, when he ordered him

to be dragged to death between horses. De Clare was afterwards killed by the O'Briens, who then moved to New York, where they have become a rich and powerful family.

New England is a name applied to a portion of the United States, by some of the admirers of the English people. It has always been deemed unfortunate and unjust that insignificant Britain should give a name to any part of the American continent, and that Ireland should be overlooked. It seems now that the time is not far distant when the wrong is to be properly rebuked and redressed. The native-born citizens of the United States are anxious to call their country New Ireland, making New York the capital, to be known as New Cork. The only objection to this measure seems to come from the German population, who insist that it is premature, and that such a change ought not to be made for at least ten years. The Teutons argue that the Irish now in the country have received many favors already—in short, that the Americans have little left to bestow, that the few people of the Irish nation still in Ireland contemplate emigrating; and that the intended honor should be postponed until they arrive, have been provided with office, and placed in position to accept and enjoy the compliment with those already here.

The Banshee is one of the superstitions of the Irish. It closely resembles the Keen, and, like that mournful ceremony, is accompanied by clapping of hands and every indication of frantic sorrow and extreme distress: it usually comes to the terrified listener from some lonely hill, river bank, or some darkly shaded and gloomy valley. It is the voice of an invisible being, which announces to the hearer the approaching death of some member of his family. It has been said that, on the death of a hero, the

harps of his bards emitted sounds of mourning—nor is this strange. The harp of an Italian musician would do the same now were it hung on the willows exposed to the passing winds as the harps of the Irish bards were when the hero died.

The Bodach Glas, or gray spectre, warned Vich Van Vohr on the eve of battle, that his doom was sealed. We are not sure that either of the spirits mentioned have emigrated to America, but we know that spirits are common in the latter country, and that the destruction of him who tarries or tampers with them is near. They are often seen just before an election, and are supposed to influence and, to some extent, control the result. The Banshee prefers gloom. One who has seen and heard the dreaded vision, speaks of it and the time, as follows:

'Twas midnight, not a single star
Shone in the sky, but from afar,
The lightning threw a lurid glare,
And sulphurous odors filled the air,
I heard the chilly night-winds moan,
And sounds like wailing, then a sigh,
And ever and anon a groan,
Or restless spirits flitted by,
For graves had let their tenants out,
And ghosts went wandering about,
Jibbering, squeaking,
Muttering, shrieking.
Evil spirits kept their revels,
'Twas a festive night for devils.

We are told that Satan once appeared in New York, and summoned a number of city officials, inspectors of elections, canvassers, and others, for a consultation. The King of Hell seemed anxious to meet as many of his friends as possible, and sent out infernal messengers (so it appeared to the wretch who saw all these things), who flew about shrieking:

Up crime,
'Tis harvest time.
We have deeds of dishonor and falsehood
to do,
Come forth then, ye dog-fighting, rat-killing
crew,

From the pestilence pens,
 And the crime-breeding dens
 Of the sin-accursed city.
 Come ye out, come ye out,
 With your blood-chilling shout,
 And with hearts that are strangers to pity.
 Then the darkness of night was lit up by
 the glare
 Of homes all in flames, and wild shouts of
 despair
 With blasphemies mingled, and freighted the
 air.

And we are further informed that
 these things were only the forerunners
 of dire distress, for

That blood-drinking monster, the mob,
 Come out of his lair to kill, ravish, and rob.
 Up and down through the town
 On the darkness he rode,
 Stabbing, burning, howling, shrieking,
 Steeped in murder foul and reeking,
 With the warm blood of the slain.

Dismay and wild confusion reigned ;
 crime laughed at the law ; and the tiger
 that lurks in the breast of man, asserting
 its supremacy for a time — they
 roamed about in packs like wild beasts,
 while Satan chuckled, and his couriers
 kept up the cry,

Rally, rally once again,
 Ring the bell,
 Summon hell,
 Imp and devil,
 With us revel—
 We a carnival will keep,
 Rum is plenty, blood is cheap,

We have shown how the Blarney-stone
 was left by certain descendants of the
 Greeks on the banks of Killarney ; but
 it was not destined to remain there
 long ; the Mac Carthys saw it, and at
 once appropriated it to their own use.
 They were about to build a castle at a
 place about four miles from Cork, and
 determined that the magic stone should
 form a part of the castle wall. It is even
 said that the fairies, with whom the Mac
 Carthys were on good terms, undertook
 to transport it to the place selected as a

site for the building. For several generations it remained in the wall of Blarney Castle, so placed, that he who desired to kiss it, had no other way but to be held by the heels over the parapet, and his safety depended much upon his own weight, and the grip of the Irishman who held him. Ladies found it inconvenient to kiss it. There are those who imagine that the Blarney-stone still forms a part of the castle wall, but they are much mistaken ; for it now occupies a place in the wall of the New York County Court House. The expense of removing it from Ireland and locating it where it now is, has been very heavy. The most captious tax-payer makes no complaint, but considers any amount well expended, which secures to New York the Blarney-stone. At the completion of the Court House, it will be unveiled, when the taxpayer, in return for his money, will be allowed to kiss it long and earnestly. Impudence is said to follow a dip in the river Shannon. The river is not at all needed in America, but the people are willing to buy and move it over. Certain engineering difficulties have deterred them so far, and it seems they must content themselves with the Blarney-stone for the present. The removal of the Shannon will not be undertaken until the work on hand has been disposed of, and that will occupy the time and absorb the revenue for twenty years to come.

The custom of creating offices so that all suitable persons in the community may hold one or more, is an ancient one. In the Red Book of "The Exchequer" of the King of England, in Dublin, among the officers named are three judges, the sheriff, the clerk, and the Second Remembrancer, Clerk of the Pipe, Marshall of the Exchequer, and the Crier. Why the Board of Aldermen, of New York, have deferred ap-

pointing a Clerk of the Pipe, to this late day, is a mystery.

In the year 1327, the Butler family appeared prominent in Irish history. Since then, different members of the family have figured in public matters, and to such an extent, as to keep the name before the people. The only Irishman of that name now at all distinguished, has moved to America, and figures in Massachusetts as a statesman. He maintains a high position in his adopted country, though some unpleasant things have been said about him. The fact is, he has been sorely persecuted and abused, simply because he is an Irishman.

One Edmund Burke drowned another of the same name, whereupon each family improved every opportunity to murder. Turlough O'Connor married Burke's widow, and put away his own lawful wife. Dermot, the heir of Mac Carthy Moore, was killed as he sat with the judge on the bench—and on the whole Irish history reads like a New York morning paper, except that we get no account of the coroner's inquests, nor do we hear anything of the plea of temporary insanity.

The haughty English seemed determined upon the extermination of the Irish, and sought every way to irritate and degrade them. They exhibited their hatred and contempt openly, differing greatly from the New York political leader, who is careful to smile most affectionately upon the Irish in public, while it is well known that they ridicule and despise them in private. The amount of bathing, combing, and perfuming which the Sachems make use of after a convention or torchlight procession, is astonishing. "But it is an ill wind that blows nobody good," and this state of affairs is very encouraging to the manufacturers of combs, scrubbing brushes, and soap.

A distinguished citizen has accumulated vast wealth by inventing perfumes, deodorizers, and disinfectants for the fastidious persons referred to.

Important events in Ireland have, in almost every instance, been foretold by the prophets, or a warning notice given of their approach. This mode of enlightening the people on the subject of the future, has also been transferred to New York. Strange noises, shrieks, howlings and curses, have been heard at midnight. In a few instances the authorities have investigated the cause, and found that there was nothing supernatural in the sounds. Once they discovered and broke up a dog fight which was in progress in a subterranean amphitheatre; upon another occasion they arrived in time to save the life of a Chinaman, whose wife, an Irishwoman, he had provoked into a state of Hibernian excitement, and who was trying to cut her way through a number of quilts and blankets, in order to get at the object of her wrath, who lay beneath—but the mystery of the strange sounds has been solved only in a few instances.

The liver-colored statue of Washington, which had for many years stood in front of the City Hall, apparently watching the change which is to substitute the Irish for the American, in all public matters, has suddenly disappeared, and it is confidently expected, that the statue of St. Patrick will come in to fill the vacancy—nor is this all, as in ancient Rome, asses and other cattle have spoken in the public places, so that we conclude that the prosperity of New York cannot continue, unless errors in the management of affairs are at once corrected. And first, the name of the metropolis, as we have already indicated, should be changed to New Cork. All laws which impede or restrain politicians, or limit their influence at the polls, or

after the polls have been closed, and during the counting of the votes, must be repealed; also all laws which threaten officers of the election, such as inspectors, canvassers, and others, with penalties. Under all circumstances they must be left to be governed by their consciences, and such suggestions as they may get from the leaders of the party in power. The few native-born citizens now in office must retire to private life, for they are now obstacles in the way of untrammelled Irish rule. All that is left of the excise law must be expunged from the statute-book, so thoroughly, that future generations shall not know that a law so oppressive ever disgraced American legislation. Sunday must be a free day; the bible must be swept from the public schools; the school funds must be divided, and all laws which prohibit a man from selling his vote, his oath, his influence, or any other property he may possess, must give way to the enterprising spirit of the age. Such reforms as these may save New York, if immediately adopted. A gloomy foreboding of coming sorrow seems to pervade the community. Some time since the public astronomer, through his telescope in the City Hall Park, discovered spots on the sun; a newsboy, in the act of turning a double somersault, broke his neck; a Third avenue street-car horse fell and died without a moan; but more terrible than all, an owl appeared in the park in front of the City Hall, and another in a church-yard near, where it sat, mournfully overlooking the graves of the departed. This happened in autumn, when the leaves were falling and sounds of sadness floated in the air. The first owl was killed by a man in a white hat, so that we are sure we know who it was, for there is but one man in New York who wears a white hat in November. The fact that he laid aside his editorial labors and went out owl

shooting, is of itself a fearful omen, and shows that the best men of the land are more or less affected by a sudden demoralization. The graveyard owl was killed in the presence of an immense concourse of people, by a prominent and much esteemed citizen and member of the church, whose domains had been invaded. The grateful people wanted to make him colonel of a regiment, a compliment which he modestly declined, on the ground that such honors had fallen into disrepute. The graveyard owl was a gloomy bird, with a sepulchral voice—but the bird of the City Hall, killed, alas! by the man in the white hat, was so sprightly and gay, and had such a jolly look, that many regretted his death, and there is no doubt that if he had been hung, instead of shot, he would have had a large funeral; the people sorrowed, for they missed

THE SONG OF THE OWL.

Away, away, with the gairish day,
And the sunlight's burning glare,
And give me the night, when the stars are
bright,

When borne on the dew-damp air.
Comes floating to me the well-known cry
Of my lonely mate from her perch on high.
Sadly she murmurs, I wait for you,
And I answer her back, too-hoo, too-hoo.

Too-hoo, too-hoo,
I come to you—
Pride of the night,
I come to you.

When the light of the day fast fades away,
And the shadows are growing long,
And the stars comes out then I peer about,
And wait for the nightly song
Of my loving mate, for I know that she
From the hollow oak will call to me,
"Come, come," she will say, "for I wait for
you,"

Then away I'll fly with my loud too-hoo.
Too-hoo, too-hoo,
I come to you—
Pride of the night,
I come to you.

The fool may say that the sunny day,
 Hath many a charm for him,
 But give me the night, when lovers plight
 Their vows by the starlight dim.
 When the song is loud, and the wine flows
 free,
 And I hear my mate from her lonely tree,
 Sadly sighing, I wait for you,
 And I answer her back, too-hoo, too-hoo.
 Too-hoo, too-hoo,
 I come to you,
 Pride of the night,
 I come to you.

The owls have come, and unless the natives learn to submit to and be governed by that profound wisdom and statesmanship which comes from Ireland, the bats will soon follow. The handwriting is upon the wall—read it and tremble :

Hey-diddle-diddle, my railroad stock
 Yields not a single groat,
 For the money all goes
 To redden the nose
 Of a man in a velvet coat.

CHAPTER XIV.

A new Viceroy—The Statute of Kilkenny—Crystede and Costeree—The Clarecaune—Curious Expressions—The Spectre of the Graveyard—The Fatal Promise—The Death Kiss—Thomas, Duke of Lancaster—Pay-rolls—The Nominal Office Holders—"The Chair Polishers"—They form a Target Company—The term "Going through Things," illustrated—Civil Service—It is successfully opposed—A Senatorial Concert—"Villikens and his Dinah"—Scene in the United States Senate Chamber—A highly-moral Exhibition—Trouble with Mr. O'Neil—Sir John Stanley—He is rhymed to death by the poet, Niall O'Higgin—An honorable Ambition.

LIONEL, the third son of Edward III., was appointed Viceroy of Ireland in the year 1360. It was during his administration that the famous "Statute of Kilkenny" was enacted. Some of its provisions exhibit that want of esteem for the Irish people which has charac-

terized the conduct of the haughty Briton for centuries. It provided that an alliance with the Irish, by "marriage, nurture of infants, or standing sponsors," should be punishable as high treason. That any Englishman taking an Irish name, or having the Irish language, apparel, or customs, should forfeit all his lauds. To adopt or submit to the Brebon law was treason. The English were required to obtain the consent of their government to make war upon the Irish, and were not to permit the Irish to graze or pasture upon their lands, nor hold any church office ; and they were specially prohibited from entertaining Irish minstrels, or rhymers—but the great Lords were restrained from oppressing gentlemen and freeholders, though it does not appear that any one below that grade were thus protected. The story of Crystede and Costeree illustrates the hospitality of the Irish. Crystede was mounted on the horse of his master, the Earl of Ormonde, which became unmanageable, and bore him into the ranks of the enemy. Costeree, by a dexterous movement, mounted behind Crystede, and bore him away a prisoner. Crystede lived seven years in the house of his captor, and married his daughter, by whom he had two children. Afterwards Costeree was taken prisoner, and the captured horse recognized by the English. He was required to produce Crystede, which he did with much reluctance, on account of his daughter and her children, after which Crystede settled in Bristol, where his two daughters married. To learn any thing more of the Costeree or Crystede family, the reader must inquire in New York.

The Irish have a superstition of the Clarecaune, which is curious, and worthy of note. In appearance it is said to represent an old and diminutive Frenchman ; his occupation is well known, for

he is, when seen, always making or repairing shoes. He is a fairy, in the estimation of the people, who believe that he is well acquainted with the places where great treasures lie hidden. To get from him the information necessary to a discovery of the gold, one must advance upon him stealthily, keeping the eye fixed upon him, and watching the favorable moment to seize him, when, to secure his release, he will reveal all that he knows; he will make every promise his ingenuity can invent, and strive to distract the attention of his captor, who must not be amused or deceived by him, nor withdraw his eye, or he will vanish instantly.

The Irish make great efforts to capture the strange being, and become almost as cunning in their efforts to secure him as he is in his, to evade them. This is one reason why the Irish make the best police officers in the world, a fact which was long ago discovered in America, and which has resulted in the employment of Irishmen exclusively for that duty in all the American cities.

It is not regarded as pleasant to be arrested. Very few persons enjoy an adventure which culminates in being led to the station-house, and a bed in a cell under lock and key—but if such things must happen, how pleasant it is to be taken by an experienced officer, who, having passed much of his life hunting and capturing *Clarecaune*, is able to take you suddenly, convey you expeditiously, and lock you up securely. It is also pleasant to meet an Irish judge in the morning, to be sentenced by one who displays the rich brogue of *Kilkenny*, and to then be sent back to an Irish jailor, who is willing to alleviate the annoyances and privations of prison life, at the rate of from fifteen to fifty dollars per week. Woe to the poor wretch who has no money—the criminal must be punished.

We give, under the impression that it will interest the reader, some of the funeral expressions used by the Irish peasantry, if, indeed, there is any such class in Ireland: "What a purty corpse." "How well she becomes death." "You would not meet a purtiur corpse of a summer's day." "She bears the change well." There is a strange superstition of a churchyard in the county *Monaghan*. A spirit, is said to reside there, which appears to families who have relations there buried. The person who, at a funeral, lingers last at the grave, if a man, will see a beautiful female, who inspires him with a charmed passion. She requires of him a promise that he will meet her one month from that day, which promise is always sealed with a kiss. If the loiterer is a female, the spectre takes the shape of a young man of most fascinating appearance, who exacts the promise and gives the kiss just alluded to. It then disappears, and the deluded one no sooner quits the churchyard, than the story of the spectre is remembered, when he sinks into despair and dies. The spirit has been known to appear at weddings, and dances, and from among the joyous and the gay, select its victims. The graveyard kiss taints the system, and death is sure to follow. How firmly the people believe this strange story, may be inferred from the fact that they show the graves of persons who have died in the manner referred to. Not long since a man declared that he had given the fatal promise and indulged in the ghostly kiss, and sure enough he died on the day when, according to his own statement, the contract was to be fulfilled. Such spirits are seen flitting about in America. Night is their favorite season, and woe to the victim who gives them a promise, or lingers for a kiss. The promise, if kept, is destruction; the kiss kills.

In the year 1402, Thomas, Duke of Lancaster, was sent by his father, Henry IV., Viceroy to Ireland. He was only twelve years old, and though a council was appointed to manage Irish affairs, he drew the pay and enjoyed the emoluments of the office. The hint conveyed by this circumstance has been frequently acted upon in America. The leading men find it convenient to put on the pay-rolls a long list of names, comprising such of their relatives as are averse to active industry—in short, a man who wields a moderate amount of political influence, is able, unless he has a family unreasonably large, to provide for them all. As a general rule, these people do not “wear camel’s hair girded about their loins,” nor do they eat “locusts and wild honey.” Snipe on toast, broiled quail, truffled turkey, soft-shell crabs in season, Shrewsbury oysters, venison and jelly, and such homely articles of diet, washed down with sparkling champagne, serve to keep body and soul together, while these victims of public confidence and esteem toil on from year to year, oppressed by an overwhelming weight of labor and responsibility.

One of those historians who delight to misrepresent the Irish people, no doubt a Briton, has complained of a class of men who occupy and move restlessly about in expensive chairs in the different public offices, and has gone so far as to call them “chair polishers.” It seems, from the account we have of them, that their only duty is to sign their names to a receipt for their wages at the end of the month—a most difficult matter in many cases. A more liberal sentiment would allow the class of persons referred to, to make their mark, and thus avoid the labor of a partially successful effort only to sign their names in full; but prejudice, injustice, and American ingratitude will, no doubt, continue to urge that the man who draws the salary of a

clerk shall be competent to affix his name to the pay-roll. These men have formed themselves into a target company, the most efficient in the United States. When they surround the house of a prominent citizen, and one who understands their customs, he at once invites them to send a committee of their number through his house, giving them full liberty to appropriate to their own use anything which they may happen to fancy. As there is no way of resisting or refusing these patriots, the best plan, of course, is to yield gracefully, which the experienced never fail to do. “Going through a man” is an expression well understood in New York, and originated with this well-known class. A strange, wild theory took possession of the minds of a few Americans, and they put forward a plan to secure skillful and competent men in the public employment. They talked plausibly of the “civil service,” but their theories were soon unravelled, their sophistries exposed, and their arguments refuted.

One of the strongest reasons presented in opposition to the new doctrine, was that it abolished honorary clerkships, “and furnished money out of the treasury, as wages, only to such as rendered a fair equivalent for the amount so received.” It was seen at once that public men would lose their patronage, “ward leaders” and agitators would be compelled to seek some legitimate employment, and our glorious political system would be undermined and thrown down. It was an assault upon the free institutions of America. Patriots everywhere condemned as a dangerous man, him who proposed this radical change. The only distinction secured by the would-be reformer, was to have his effort commemorated in the verses of an unknown poet, which were sung in the United States Senate Chamber, by a

member of that dignified body, to the tune of "Villikens and his Dinah," eliciting unbounded applause. The song ran as follows, and was called

CIVIL SERVICE.

I sing of a statesman, both able and great ;
Take warning, dear friends, from his terrible fate.

The people all called him a wonderful man,
And gave him their votes when for office he ran.

Too ral lal, too ral lal, too ral lal la.

But soon a strange crotchet got into his head.
He saw how the tax-paying people were bled
By "Buffers" and "Bullies," and all sorts
of trash,

Who loved the dear people, but stole all
their cash.

Too ral lal, etc.

And he wanted a law which a few did applaud.
It was all about lazy officials and fraud,
And aimed at the loungers, who, day after
day,

Take cash from our coffers and call it their
pay.

Too ral lal, etc.

Then the Congressmen set up a hullabaloo,
And, said they, "Innovations like this will
not do ;

Our uncles and cousins we cannot appoint,
And all our nice plans will be knocked out of
joint."

Too ral lal, etc.

They threatened and coaxed the fanatical
man ;

But, said he, "I will make it a law if I can."
And they answered, "We'll see that your
bill does not pass,"

And they said to his face that they thought
him—an ass.

Too ral lal, etc.

Here the venerable Senator from Kentucky rose to make a speech. Intent upon being heard, it was no easy matter to quiet him ; but he yielded, at last, to the Sergeant-at-Arms—and the vocal Senator resumed :

Their arguments proved but a waste of their
breath ;

Then said they, "Civil Service shall yet be
his death.

He shall go on the shelf, and no power can
save—

We'll bury him in his political grave."

Too ral lal, etc.

The President applied fire to his cigar,
the songster decorously waiting for him
to do so.

So he went to his bed, on a very dark night,
And he turned off the gas, when an object,
all white,

Appeared ; and it scowled in a terrible way,
And acted as though it had something to say.

Too ral lal, etc.

The Massachusetts Member came forward with "Shoo Fly," but was subjugated, amid cries of "Put him out," and "Down in front," accompanied with cat-calls, crowings, imitations of the dog, the goat, the calf, and other animals, until the Senate Chamber might easily have been taken for the lower house in session. The Sergeant-at-Arms, expositulating with the Senators, begged them not to disturb the member entitled to be heard, and went on to notify such of them as were violating the rules of the Senate by interrupting the vocalist, that they must desist. Then the President lit a cigar, and the concert went on.

"Oh ! who can this be?" the scared Congressman said,

Then he took off his night-cap and sat up in
bed ;

And said he, "'Tis some anxious old fellow,
I'll bet,

Who wants his young hopeful appointed
cadet."

Too ral lal, etc.

But the ghost did not speak, but kept looking
around—

At last, on the wash-stand, a tumbler he
found ;

And then from a bottle he poured out a drink,
Which made the poor Congressman tremble
and shrink.

Too ral lal, etc.

For he "Civil Service" on the label did see,
And he shrieked, "Is that 'pisen' intended
for me?"

And the ghost nodded "Yes," with a horrible grin,
 "So open your mouth, now, and take it all in."

Too ral lal, etc.

At this point a number of Senators became visibly affected and shed tears.

And he swallowed the dose, like a good little man—

Said the ghost, "Be elected again if you can." Then he stretched himself out, and he looked very pale,

And soon he was cold and as stiff as a rail.

Too ral lal, etc.

The close of the song was greeted with that earnest, but silent, applause which is so encouraging to the performer. The President lit a cigar.

It was truly a "moral entertainment," and, at its close, the company left the Senate Chamber feeling that their thoughts had been purified, and that they had been instructed as well as amused.

In 1412 the O'Neill's broke into revolt, and blood again flowed freely. Sir John Stanley was appointed Lord Deputy by Henry V., and treated the Irish with great cruelty—but a day of retribution was at hand. Irish history informs us that he was "rhymed to death" by the poet, Niall O'Higgin, of Usnagh. We are not able to say just what kind of a death Sir John Stanley died. To be "rhymed to death" may be painful, and may not—and here we are seized with a new ambition.

We are a patriot; so bring together all the wretches who infest the public offices, cull them out from among the honest and faithful servants of the people, and we will undertake to rhyme them to death. It may prove painful to the rhymed, but it will be soon over, and the tax-payers will be relieved of a grievous burden—and, when we have done this, *wait till we die* and build us a statue.

CHAPTER XV.

The Pains and Pleasures of the Historian—Love Scenes—Song of the Chieftain's Daughter—Nursery Rhymes—The Earl of March—The Plague again—Lord Furnival's trick—Irish Chieftians Captured—O'Neill Released—Mac Murrrough released from the Tower—The Tower and Ludlow Jail regulations the same—Crime Punished—Man's selfishness—His disposition to oppress—The Wail of the Cash Boy—Irish forces in reserve—The Sleepers—Another Plague—Seven Hundred Priests carried off—Finola enters a Monastery—The Mother of Finola—She feeds the Bohemians—Historians, Poets, Reporters eat heartily—Dennis O'Toole recites "Dublin on the Liffey"—Michael Gillooly composes and sings a Song—Applause—Envy of O'Toole—Fight and Confusion—Poets in the Station-house—Acquitted—Law against Mustachios—The Rose of Raby—Jack Cade—Butler—Simnel and Perkin Warbeck—Hymn "From Erin in the Ocean."

It is the duty of the historian, to record events as they have transpired, even though they be deeds of blood and sorrow; but when the truth will permit, he turns with joy to brighter scenes, and records with a happy heart, and a willing pen, all that love, and kindness, and charity have placed within his reach. In spite of murders most foul, bloody dissensions, and destructive wars, lovers sang and sighed even as in our day. Twilight musings, moonlight strolls, plighted vows, and lovers oaths were as common then as now. Often did the Irish maiden linger by her lover's side until the waning moon told her how swiftly the hours had flown. The following song, composed by the beautiful daughter of a chieftain of the Hy Nials, tends to verify what we are saying, and breaking in upon the gloomy history of the times, like a ray of sun-light, tells us that in those days, too, there were longings, lingerings, whisperings, and flutterings of the heart.

Kiss me, love, and leave me;

You must go, for now 'tis late;

And the nightingale is singing,

Sadly, good night to his mate.

But remember me to-morrow,
When the dew begins to fall,
And fly—yes, fly to meet me,
When you hear the cuckoo's call.

But stay, love, do not leave me—
How the fleeting moments glide,
And alas! I'm so unhappy,
When you wander from my side.
But to-morrow, when the zephyrs,
Whisper softly through the glen,
And the stars are beaming brightly,
Kiss me now, and meet then.

Such songs and scenes were often followed by the marriage of the parties, and then came domestic cares and nursery rhymes, such as—

The cat on the fiddle,
Played hey-diddle-diddle.
The fop of the town
Parts his hair in the middle,
And when he comes out,
In his pantaloons tight,
The little dogs laugh
At the wonderful sight.

The Earl of March, Edward Mortimer, assumed the government of Ireland in the year 1425, but died the next year, of the plague. Lord Furnival captured by a trick, and detained as prisoners, a number of the northern chieftains, who were endeavoring to arrange a peace with Mortimer at the time of his death.

The act was regarded as perfidious, and stirred the rage of the Irish into a fury. It was thought advisable to release O'Neil upon a ransom, and Donough Mac Murrough was released from the Tower in 1428, after an imprisonment of nine years. We have reason to believe that the place of captivity in New York City, known as Ludlow Street Jail, is conducted much as the tower was four hundred years ago. The custom of making prisoners comfortable or uncomfortable, just according to their ability to fee the jailor, is so ancient, as to cause it to be regarded as a law of the land, having existed

“from time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary;” nor does the mind or memory of man take cognizance of any limit to the amount which the jailor may exact in this way from the man whose liberty it has become necessary to circumscribe for the general welfare of the public. It has been argued by some, that special pains should be taken to punish murderers, and such evil-disposed persons, as appropriate, with felonious intent, to their own use, the property of others. But we can but admire the justice of the laws, and the wisdom of those who administer them, when they disregard such trivial irregularities, and bring the whole power of the State to bear upon the criminals who neglect to pay their debts. The removal of a man from time to time from a city or town, already crowded to overflowing, cannot be regarded as a great calamity; but the man who neglects to pay his debts, deranges the finances, obstructs trade, and interferes with the general prosperity of the community in which he lives. If convenient, the first-named class of offenders should be somewhat punished; the latter should in no instance be allowed to escape such a chastisement as will insure a prompt payment of their debts ever thereafter, and, at the same time, strike awe into the hearts of all persons of limited means. At all events, such are the sentiments which seem to control the authorities in their efforts to enforce the law.

The prison known as Ludlow Street Jail is not all gloom, darkness, and sorrow. The doomed man may sink and falter as he hears the door close behind him, and realizes that the key has performed its office; but, as he steps forward from the vestibule, and in the first room he enters, he finds himself surrounded by beaming, sympathizing faces—for the walls are covered with portraits.

We cannot explain why the people's idols, the purest and best of men, the representatives of law and order, and the guardians of the treasury, should occupy such a position; but there they are, and the bewildered, but delighted prisoner, can almost fancy he is entering the City Hall, to accept an office, instead of being a doomed criminal.

The question is often asked, what do those pictures of governors, commissioners, comptrollers, chiefs of departments, and ex-sheriffs mean, displayed, as they are, at the entrance of a prison? We are told that the law demanded that the parties occupy the prison in person, but that a compromise was effected, by the terms of which they were allowed to send their portraits, to be hung behind the bars. Such are the advantages of being influential.

The history of Ireland teaches us that man is indifferent and careless on the subject of human happiness. We learn from it that he is more engaged in matters pertaining to his own immediate welfare, and more devoted to such measures as are calculated to secure his own aggrandizement and prosperity, than to such as are intended for the public good. He seems to care little what happens, so that it does not happen to him, and passes through the world overlooking daily opportunities to lighten the load of a fellow-being, and make life for him a little more endurable. It was so when the Greek maidens landed in Ireland, and when St. Patrick was taken there a slave; it continued to be the case down to the time of Strongbow. Mac Murrough, a captive in the tower, felt keenly the truth we have here recorded. These remarks apply to Scotch-Irish, Irish-Scotch, Irish-American, and American-Irish, and such insignificant remnant of mankind as may not be included in the above classification. The pale, anxious

faces, care-worn, toil-worn, and dejected; the children in the streets already battling for an existence, crushed and discouraged; women, heart-broken and dying—all these are witnesses to the fact. The pleading faces of the little cash boys, in the vast palaces of the merchant princes, bear sad testimony in our favor, deprived, as they are, of the bright sunlight, the blue sky, the hills, the fields, the birds, and the flowers. A hasty breakfast at an early hour, and too often a scanty one, a rapid walk to his prison house, and there a day of toil, and worse than all to the boyish heart, a crushing confinement. Such is his lot. The sun shines for him through blue curtains that dispense an odor of brimstone; his flowers are such as are figured on the goods offered for sale. Then comes the floor walker, with stern looks, and all sorts of words, but kind words, who seldom realizes that the little pale faced creatures around him are mere children doomed to toil from the very commencement of life, and seems to look at them for no other purpose but to discover some fault. One is too slow, another inattentive, still another comes too late, and another unfortunate stays too long at dinner—ten minutes, when five is the rule—and for these crimes they are dismissed, and told to go into the street, and they leave with tearful eyes and quivering lips, for they know that hunger lies in wait for them. Such as are not convicted, continue their toil—and who has not heard, in one form or another,

THE WAIL OF THE CASH BOY.

Oh, for a ramble among the hills,
Or a stroll where the fields are fresh and fair,
I sigh for the song of the dancing rills,
For the forest grand, and the mountain air.

They tell me that far from the noise and din,
Of the dusty city, that rivers flow,
And that when the moon comes up at night,
The rippling wavelets flash and glow.

They tell me, too, of the golden grain,
Of grazing cattle and waving corn,
Of flocks that feed on the verdant plain,
Of the eagle's scream and the hunter's horn.

But I must toil through the live-long day,
Till the world seems gloomy and dark and cold,
I must earn my bread, or must starve, they say,
And just think, I am only ten years old.

Why do they scowl when I pass them by?
Why do they hurry me up and down?
They bring a tear to my childish eye,
I am sure they see it, and yet they frown.

I was five years old when my father died—
Just think of it, friends, only five years old,
And I remember how hard I tried
To win a smile from his features cold.

He loved me well; at the close of day
I laughed and prattled upon his knee,
And he would join in my childish play,
And fondly share in my childish glee.

Oh, for a ramble among the hills,
A stroll where the fields are fresh and fair,
I sigh for the song of the dancing rills,
The forest grand, and the mountain air.

The time is coming when, in addition to the Fenians, the Irish will have strong forces to aid them in their efforts to liberate their native land. According to an old legend, there are squadrons which have not been taken into account, but which are, nevertheless, held in reserve. A legend well known to the people of Innishowen, informs us that the cave of Aileach is occupied by a troop of Hugh O'Neill's cavalry, who lie in a magic sleep from which they are certain to wake at the proper time. Some years ago a man wandered into the cave, and found the troop armed to the teeth, their bridles in their hands, and all fast asleep; one of them, roused by the intrusion, raised his head and asked if it was time, but the interrogated left, filled with terror, and without giving an answer; so that the inquiring trooper is probably in doubt to this day, and does not know whether

it is time or not. The legend goes on to say, that when the time does come, they will rush to the rescue of Ireland.

We can almost predict what the result will be. They will fail in their effort; they will be arrested; they will be shut up in English prisons, dark and gloomy, and loathsome. "The President of the United States and all others in authority" will intercede for them, and they will be liberated, and will sail for America. The gushing patriots of that happy land will meet them far out upon the water—will offer them the protection of the American flag, and the McGurks and O'Tooles, leaders of one party, will battle with the McGinnesses and the Duffys, leaders of the other, for the possession of the martyrs. Alas! for the sleeping troopers.

In the year 1447 a plague desolated Ireland; seven hundred priests were carried off by the pestilence. Irish historians mention that Felim O'Reilly was taken prisoner; they also mention with great solemnity that Finola, daughter of one O'Connor Faly, a most beautiful and stately woman, retired from this vain and sinful world, and went into a monastery. In common with all those who eke out a precarious subsistence by the use of the pen, we feel much tenderness for the mother of the lady just mentioned, for upon two occasions she treated the Literati of Ireland to a dinner, called in those days a feast. Irish history does not furnish us another instance where the unfortunate class referred to were permitted to enjoy a full meal; in fact, they fared little better in ancient times than they do now. They were called Brehons and Bards, not Bohemians, and collected at the feast in question, to the number of twenty-seven hundred. It is not recorded that a single one invited failed to appear; on the contrary, all were promptly on the spot. Lady

Margaret, clothed in cloth of gold, sat in queenly state. She opened the ceremonies by presenting two massive golden chalices, and by adopting to nurse and rear, two healthy boy infants, which she had, no doubt, found through the advertisements in some morning paper. The ceremony seems to have taken place in a church, and her husband remained outside to receive and welcome the guests. We have no account of the bill of fare, but are led to believe that the table was bountifully supplied with everything but wine, for which Irish whiskey was substituted; and we believe, though history is silent upon this point, that the beverage now called punch made its appearance there for the first time.

The feast opened pleasantly; the usual toasts, such as: "The President of the United States," "The day we celebrate," "Our wives and sweethearts," etc., were drank with great enthusiasm. Dennis O'Toole recited an original poem entitled "Dublin on the Liffey," and an Irishman, named McBillings, presented an article on Poultry. The spelling was severely criticised. A convivial character, named Michael Gillooly, composed, on the spot, the song which follows, and sang it to the great satisfaction of Lady Margaret and her husband. Why the poet celebrated wine instead of whiskey, we are not informed:

Here's to life and its fleeting dreams,
Transient pleasures and idle schemes—
Here's to the struggle for wealth and fame,
Winner or loser, 'tis much the same.

We'll pledge to-night, in the rosy wine,
Who knows that to-morrow the sun will
shine—

Then let us gather, as down we glide,
The flowers that bloom by the river side.

Why should we murmur while bright eyes
beam?

True, we are drifting down the stream;
But love is ours, and its scenes of bliss,
The smile of beauty and woman's kiss—

We'll pledge to-night, etc.

The bell is tolling the years away—
So here's to Age and his locks of gray,
And a glass to Time—let him smile or frown,
Sooner or later he mows us down.
We'll pledge to-night, etc.

Fill up to friends, to the old and new,
We'll drink to the hearts that are tried and
true;

Life at best is a transient state,
With not a moment to spare for hate.

We'll pledge to-night, etc.

O'Toole felt that he had been eclipsed by the vocal Gillooly, for the song of the latter was received with unbounded applause—and swallowing, almost at a single draught, a bowl of the newly-discovered beverage, he denounced Gillooly, and denied that his song was at all comical. The friends of each interfered, and the result was a general engagement, during which the tables were upset, and a tureen of oyster soup emptied into the lap of their generous hostess, greatly damaging her dress of "cloth of gold." The most troublesome of the poets, and a few historians, were removed to the station-house. Early next morning they were taken before a Police Justice, who did not feel at all inclined to punish men who had simply amused themselves according to ancient custom. They were acquitted, and, in those days, people were found unjust enough to say, that had it not been for the fact that an election was at hand, they would have been severely punished—but that the Justice was a candidate, and wanted their votes.

It was about this time that the first law relating to personal appearance was passed, and by it the enmity which already existed between the Irish and the English was aggravated into a bitter hatred. It provided that every man who did not shave his upper lip should be treated as an Irish enemy, and the shaving was to be performed at least once every fortnight. The Irish people became enraged at this infringement upon their rights;

but no considerable number of them were able to agree upon a plan to secure redress, so that their enemies were left to enforce the law. The peculiar shape of the Irish lip is supposed to be owing to the constant pulling, twisting, and shaving to which it was subjected under the operation of the shameful legislation referred to. The obnoxious act might have been defeated, if the use of money in legislative matters had been as well understood at the time of which we write, as now.

The practice of making presents is an Irish custom. Bryan O'Byrne gave two hobbies to the "Rose of Raby," wife of the Duke of York, which means that he presented her two of those famous Irish horses which have always been considered "good enough for kings."

One of the most painful facts met with in history, is the amount of trouble prominent Irishmen have caused, not only their own countrymen, but the people of other nations. John Cade, an Irishman, known to those with whom he was intimate as Jack, was compelled by the exigencies of the times to fly to France, which country he left for England in the year 1450, and, claiming to be a cousin to the Duke of York, assumed the name of Mortimer.

Like an American politician, he espoused the cause of the people, and soon found himself at the head of twenty thousand men. Letters passed between Jack and Henry the Sixth, with no satisfactory result. In a pitched battle he defeated the royal troops, and entering London, July 1st, ordered to execution two of the king's ministers. His troops were at first orderly, but soon went back to their old habits, for the ranks were filled with repeaters, canvassers of votes, assistant aldermen, and ex-members of the assembly, who could not be restrained, nor could they resist the temptation to pilage some of the finest houses—which

they did, claiming the rights and privileges of a target company. This aroused the citizens, who attacked Cade on the 5th, and not on the 4th of July. He was defeated, his followers deserted him, and he fled ; but he was overtaken and killed by the remorseless Britons, who have been ever ready to shed Irish blood.

In 1450, Butler was elected to take charge of Ireland, as deputy viceroy. A descendant of this man was once left in charge of the Irish City of New York, a fact which belongs to Irish history. In the "War of the Roses," the Butlers took part with the Lancastrians.

Simmel and Perkin made their appearance in the reign of Henry the Seventh. The Irish may have been deceived by the youth, but there were some who were willing to make his claim a pretense for new commotions. They espoused his cause warmly, and he was crowned in Ireland, on Whitsunday, the 24th day of May, 1427. He was then taken on the shoulders of tall Irishmen, among whom was one Darcy, and borne to the castle, and in time was induced to visit England, where he was captured, and made a turnspit in the royal kitchen.

The following ancient Irish hymn is thought to have served as a model for verses composed by a distinguished missionary bishop, the author of the lines commencing "From Greenland's icy mountains."

From Erin in the ocean,
From Connaught and from Clare,
From Cork and Carrickfergus,
From Down and everywhere—
They crowd the broad Atlantic,
And gather on the shore,
While politicians frantic
With joy still call for more.

Old men with wrinkled faces,
And bullet-headed boys,
Each bearing a shillalah,
Each wearing corduroys ;

And each as he approaches,
Is taken by the hand,
And quickly made a voter,
In freedom's happy land.

Come, children of St. Patrick,
No longer let us wait,
Command our gallant armies,
Control affairs of state ;
And every paying office
The Yankee shall resign—
All honor, and all profit
Oh, Irishmen, are thine.

Waft, waft ye winds the story,
How Irish statesmen rule,
In Senate and Assembly,
In court and public school—
Till e'en submissive Yankees
Arising from the mire,
To govern their own country,
Shall once again aspire.

CHAPTER XVI.

The pressing Want—Gunpowder—Cannon and Cannon-Bearers—Song of the Times—Fat Men for Soldiers—Poyning's Law—Black Mail—Earl Kildare—Fate of his Son—Song of Warning—Henry VIII—"The Old Woman of the Three Cows"—Intolerance of the King—Piety of the Irish—Irish Financiering—The fate of Father Robert—Church Property—Church Thrift—Edward VI—Mary—Elizabeth—Impossibilities—The Yankee cannot be Irish—"We the O'Neill"—John Smith—Curious discovery of an old MS.—Old Rhymes.

We have carefully examined the records of many centuries, and have faithfully given to the public such facts as we know to be of value, strictly avoiding everything of a partisan, sectarian, or local character. We have been able to pursue this course with all the more ease, from the fact that we are not an Irishman ; so that the greatest misfortune of our life is turned to account for the benefit of the student of Irish history who devotes himself to these pages.

In the year 1487, we find the Irish people suffering from a great and pressing want. They had long felt that the weapons used in their wars with each

other, such as clubs, pikes, axes, and clumsy swords, were not such as the state of affairs actually called for. To kill any considerable number of their countrymen in the ancient manner, with the unimproved arms, entailed upon a clan or tribe, with rights to enforce or wrongs to redress, great labor and fatigue. So that the leading men of Ireland began to look around for some more easy, rapid, and satisfactory manner of destroying human life. It has often proved to be the case, that when the sky seemed black, the gloom impenetrable, and the future teeming with calamities, that relief was at hand ; and in the year 1487, the nation was made happy by the introduction of firearms. There can be but little doubt concerning the date ; for we read that one O'Donnell killed O'Rourke, and this happened about the time stated—the death of O'Rourke being caused by "a ball from a gun." The guns in those days were all called cannon ; and it was not an uncommon thing for a man to march into action with his cannon on his shoulder. From this fact, we conclude that the Irishmen of those times were much more athletic and robust than those of the present ; for very few would now be found able to shoulder and handle to advantage even an ordinary ten-pounder.

The days of which we write were military, and it must have been a truly grand spectacle when a regiment went into action ; each member bearing upon his shoulder a ten-pound parrot or a mountain howitzer, thus rendering horses and all the heavy and expensive accoutrements of a modern battery entirely superfluous. As we have stated, the Irish people had long sighed for some improvement in their weapons, which would render them more destructive ; and to a people in such a frame of mind, the introduction of gunpowder

was hailed with heartfelt joy. They felt that the event marked a new era in Irish affairs. Statesmen calculated the effect on society, and predicted rapid progress in all that pertained to civilization; military men adopted new tactics; kings began to estimate their ability to occupy their thrones by the number of guns they could command, and the quantity of powder at their disposal; and even the poets, inspired by the general enthusiasm, sought to celebrate the new triumph of civilization in verse. It seems to have been the practice, even after the invention of powder, by an ingenious Irishman, to commence a battle with the old-fashioned weapons, while the men with the cannon on their shoulders were held in reserve until the critical moment, when the order, "Bring up the guns" was given, and then the cannon-bearers marched forward like a St. Patrick's Day procession, sweeping all before them. The effect must have been grand, and it is this particular part of the battle that the ballad writers and poets of that day have labored to describe, and Irishmen everywhere have sung:

BRINGING UP THE GUNS.

Morn on the hill-tops beaming,
Steel in the daylight gleaming,
Up! comrades, up! the foe, they come,
With colors proudly streaming.
 They charge us; boys, stand steady,
 Bring up the guns, make ready,
 Bring up the guns, bring up the guns,
 Stand firm, boys; steady, steady.

See where the sunlight glancing,
From bayonets advancing,
Reveals the foe in dread array,
Their war steeds fiercely prancing.
 They charge us, boys, etc.

Over the field now dashing,
They come; they are here, and flashing
From muzzles hot, fly deadly shot,
Through ranks of freemen crashing.
 They charge us, boys, etc.

Just what kind of men physically, make the best soldiers, is a question which has

elicited much discussion among military men; but it is now generally admitted that a square-built man, with a capacious stomach, digestive organs on a large scale, and his bones well covered with flesh, is preferable to a man who is thin and skinny. Large men, heavy men, charge with a power very difficult to oppose. The stone fortification is soon chipped and splintered into fragments by the balls which bury themselves in the ordinary earthwork, doing little or no injury. The same bullet that severs the muscles or splinters the bones of the lean man, would simply bury itself in the flesh of the man who is fat, leaving him to go on with his part of the battle until the party of the second part was either killed or defeated. So we perceive that a fat man makes a better soldier than a lean one, for he simply absorbs the bullets and fights on.

The Earl of Kildare was accused of burning the Cathedral of Cashel, to avenge himself on the archbishop for some real or fancied injury. His defense was that he would not have done it had he not been told that the archbishop was within. The proof fully sustained the defense set up by the Earl, and he was triumphantly acquitted. The king was so much amused by the Earl's reply to the charge of arson, that he laughed heartily, and upon the remark that all Ireland could not rule the Earl, the king at once replied that then all Ireland should be ruled by him, and in this circumstance originated the rule so rigidly enforced in New York—that no man shall be elected or appointed to rule his fellow-man who has ever allowed himself to be ruled. Such as have been law-abiding citizens are prohibited by public opinion from holding office under the most perfect of human systems—the Irish government of New York.

In a report on the state of Ireland,

prepared by the Royal command, it was stated that the only counties subject to English rule, were Louth, Meath, Dublin, Kildare, and Wexford, and even in these, such as lived near the boundaries were compelled to pay "Black Mail" to the Irish. The custom of seizing and collecting this tax was transplanted to America at an early day.

In 1534, Earl Kildare went to London, where he was seized and shut up in the Tower. A rumor was circulated that he had been liberated. His son, enraged at his father's wrongs, drew his sword, but his efforts were unavailing. The father died when he heard of his son's conduct, and the son gave himself up in August, 1538, on a promise that he should be spared, made by Henry the Eighth—and made only to be broken; for Henry was as destitute of honor and reliability as a canvasser of votes in New York, and paid as little regard to his oath as that wretched class of modern mercenaries. The son, with five of his uncles, who were seized at a banquet, were executed on the 3d of February, 1539, just nineteen days previous to the celebration of the anniversary of Washington's birthday. He waited too long. When he made the attempt to resist English rule, which resulted in his execution, his foes proved themselves too strong for him. He had feasted and revelled while his enemies were each day becoming more powerful, and until they were able to say to him, just as the corrupt rulers of New York will soon be able to say to the people of America :

TIED HAND AND FOOT.

Tied hand and foot !

Your murmurs and repining,

Are useless now—so quietly obey.

Think not to move your master's hearts by
whining,

Not so ! put all such foolish whims away ;

You slept a quiet sleep, while rogues untiring,
Were 'gainst your rights your liberty conspiring.

You laughed, and quaffed,
Of pleasure only dreaming ;
They plotted still—

For wealth and power scheming.

Tied hand and foot !

Where now is all the glory

Won by your sires on many a hard-fought
field ?

Forever fled, a half-forgotten story,

Sons of the brave, how could you tamely
yield ?

They forged your chains these traitors unrelenting,

You saw their work, yet smiled as if consenting.

By good men warned,

You spurned the words they uttered,
Even while the sky was black,
And threatening thunders muttered,

Is there no American to rise up and
say to his slumbering countrymen :

Tied hand and foot !

A little time may find us,

Under the bold usurping despots heel.

One struggle more with those who seek to
bind us.

The wrath of a wronged people let them
feel.

Why linger ? Did our fathers faint and falter,
Though threatened with the bullet and the
halter.

Draw, freemen draw,

No time for useless wailing,

Strike, freemen strike,

Soon may your wrath be unavailing.

Henry found that between himself and his wife, Catharine, there existed an incompatibility of temper. And rather than move to Indiana for the requisite sixty days, and then get a divorce, he applied directly to the Pope. The Pope declined to interfere, and Henry forthwith set up an independent church, and became "Defender of the Faith." The pious monarch married in all six wives. According to the custom of his time it was necessary for him to dispose of one before he took another, a rule which

caused him much inconvenience. The book of Mormon had not then been discovered, and Henry was compelled to resort to a vigorous cutting off of heads.

"Easy old woman of the cows," is a saying common in Ireland. There is a queer story of a woman who collected enough money to buy three cows, and who at once displayed as many airs, and assumed as much style, as would have been expected from the daughter of a member of a New York Commission, or a city contractor. Her folly became a by-word; and now, when a woman displays too much vanity, it is usual to check her by repeating the saying we have quoted.

In New York, women make money to buy cows, by keeping apple-stands. They not only serve themselves in this way, but they add to the public prosperity by enriching the treasury; for every *apple-lady* who starts a stand pays a license fee of one dollar, and as it costs the city eighty-seven to advertise the resolution, it is plain to all such as have been taught by an Irish schoolmaster, that the public are greatly benefited by this branch of commerce. We have mentioned the case of the "old woman of the three cows," with the hope that it will deter American ladies who may accumulate money, from trying to imitate the airs and manners of the Irish aristocracy. Let the native of America remember his obscure ancestry, his humble birth, and the insignificance of his country, and reflect how impossible it is for him to imitate successfully that courtly dignity and elegance of manner, which have descended to the Irishman through a long line of noble ancestors, together with wealth, which has enabled him to live a life of princely leisure. Education will do much for the man who strives to improve himself; but it will not bestow upon him that kingly carriage, that

noble bearing, that indescribable something, which stamps him as the superior of his fellows. These are the characteristics of a race lofty and refined, and they cannot be acquired as a child learns the alphabet. Americans who attempt it waste their time. They cannot be Irishmen, though they devote their lives to the effort.

It is dangerous to resist the Pope. So it proved in Henry's case. He had domestic trouble, (no man has such trouble unless he is wicked). His subjects were oppressed and cruelly treated, and when he died, he left behind a bad character, and all this, we have no reason to doubt, was because he turned his back on the Church, and set up an authority of his own, "Of the earth, earthy," to secure prosperity, purity, and tranquillity, let the Capitol of America be transferred to Blackfoot, Flat Head City, or Comanche Gut, and give Washington to the Pope. Such is the plain duty of the American people.

It has been argued that Americans, because they beg for votes, wallow in the mire of humility, and submit to brazen-faced impudence, ought not to be classed with the spirited and the brave—such people, for instance, as the Austrians, the Russians, or the Italians; but such arguments are unjust and without force. What if the people of America should conduct themselves in a different manner, would they not run the risk of losing the Irishman entirely; possibly they would leave America to her fate, and go back to that "Green Isle in the ocean," where poetry and song are so plenty, and money so scarce. This thought cannot be endured by the grateful natives. Thousands of Irishmen have turned their backs upon a joyful home in Ireland, and, braving fever and ague, election riots, and that

which is far more terrible than either, American whiskey, have sacrificed themselves, that Americans might thrive. The people under Irish rule have a great and good government, and their revenues are properly invested. So well have they performed this work of charity and love, there are few, if any, treasuries in the country in which funds are allowed to lie idle. All the money raised by taxation, all that can be borrowed, is put in active circulation—and thus the politicians wear diamonds and the venders of ardent spirits amass fortunes. Drive this generous people from our shores, and the fainting and thirsty would be compelled to travel whole blocks before they could buy one cool, invigorating drink, instead of being cheered, as they now are, at every step, with that beautiful quotation from a book of old: “Imported Wines and Liquors,” so displayed as to greet the eye, soothe the heart, and revive the soul of the weary wayfarer.

The struggle between Henry and the adherents of the Pope raged fearfully. In 1539 the friars of the convent of Atharee were ordered to take the oath of supremacy, and surrender their property to the Crown, but the Prior objected. It seems strange that in nearly all the transfers of property, where a church or religious institution is concerned, the latter are the recipients. They take property, but never give it up. Catholics or Baptists, it is all the same. Men appear, who assume control of the public domain, and appropriate a good share to themselves, and then seek to hide their infamy by giving away the balance to parties who are willing to accept it in the name of religion. It seems to be a great consolation to the man who has appropriated public land or money to his own use feloniously, if he can find a church to share with him, as though the

piety professed by one would atone for the sins of the other. There are those in America who claim that these favors are bestowed on one church in order to secure the votes of its members, and upon the other, simply that the giver may appear consistent.

Father Robert was summoned to recognize the king, but he replied that he looked upon the King of England as the head of the Synagogue of Satan, and about that time his head was struck off by one of Henry's zealous officials, who, it is claimed, made every effort to convert the obstinate priest, before resorting to such decided measures.

Cromwell took a business view of church matters, and put the property up at auction; and we find that he realized a large sum from the sale of divers pieces of gold, and a good sum from the sale of one thousand pounds of wax, and a still larger sum from the sale of sacred vessels. In America the public men do not disturb the church property or sacred vessels, except under very urgent circumstances, but content themselves with the public treasury. It is hoped that the tax-payers will keep up the supply of money, so that the rulers will not be driven to appropriate the property of the churches, as they did in Ireland.

On the 28th day of January, 1547, Edward VI. was crowned King of England, and at once proceeded to correct and improve the religion of his subjects. Mary took possession of the throne in 1553, and proceeded to hang and burn her subjects, with the idea of making those who were left more particular and God-fearing. How different from the course pursued by the humane rulers of America, who only require that the people shall hand over to them their money, and then generously spare them those hangings and burnings so frequent in the reign of Mary. The earnings of an

American citizen are, in that happy country, designated as taxes, and no man is in danger of being burned who is prompt and faithful in paying them over.

Elizabeth was a maiden queen—a gentle, loving woman, though she never married. The English continued, under her rule, to hang and die in the flames, as though she was a man with all the brutal instincts and inclinations of the male sex. The gentle queen was accused of desiring the death of O'Neill, and of actually arranging the terms upon which the deed was to be done, but "We, the O'Neill," managed to protect himself. John Smith seems to have been trusted by the queen in this matter. We have labored hard to ascertain which particular "John" it was, but must leave the question in doubt. He has turned up continually since that time, more and more every year. Elizabeth repudiated the crime, and expressed the greatest horror at the attempt to murder O'Neill. She declared that even in the cause of religion she was not willing to resort to assassination; but times have changed, and the Church is now no longer hampered and restricted, nor do the fears of a timid woman stand in the way of salvation.

We present more historical verses, and in them erroneous impressions are corrected. Leonidas was not killed at Thermopylæ, but nobly fell near Dublin. The particular family which King Solomon married into is pointed out. The rhymes seem to be a part of a poem commenced, no doubt, ages before the reign of the Virgin Queen.

G stands for Gorilla—
That terrible beast,
That serves the poor traveller
Up for a feast.

H stands for Hibernia—
Isle of the sea,
Where the people still quarrel
And will not agree.

I stands for auld Ireland—
She has kindly sent over
Her sons to hold office
And live in the clover.

J stands for John Bull,
Who is fond of his beef,
And the Fenians labor
To bring him to grief.

K stands for King Solomon,
Who they say was no fool,
And was cousin to Bridget,
And Barney O'Toole.

L stands for Leonidas,
Slaughtered, alas!
Between Dublin and Cork,
While defending a pass.

The ancient MS. from which we rescued the above lines was for many years used to supply the place of a broken pane in the window of Lannagan's house, and was discovered by the author of this volume on the very night of the ball; and this is why literary men speak so affectionately of "Lannagan's Ball."

CHAPTER XVII.

Shane O'Neill—He visits England—Gallowglasses—The Parade objected to—New Jersey County—Public Opinion—Costumes, English and Irish—The Harp that at the City Hall—A German Insult resented—O'Neill's Bard—The Nice Young Man—Crimes of O'Neill—Killed—Carolans, the Bard—The Spensers—Bones and Coroners—"Where are now the Roughs I cherished?"—Essex' Treachery—The Song of the Bribe-Taker—Death of Essex—The People amused while the Rulers are employed.

SHANE O'NEILL visited England in 1562. He was attended by a guard of Gallowglasses, which means nothing more nor less than tall Irishmen, with long curling hair and bare-headed. It is a singular fact, that savages seldom lose their hair. Baldness is one of the blessed results of civilization. It comes with earnest thought and an industrious cultivation of the mind. The American savage

fully understands this, and plucks out his hair, or shaves his head, which gives him, as he is well aware, a proudly intellectual appearance.

The Gallowglasses were dressed in linen, with long open sleeves, and short tunics, dyed saffron color ; and in this costume, the Irish chief announced his intention to parade the streets. Then arose a fierce controversy. The right to parade was denied ; and the Irish, as is their custom, proceeded to manufacture clubs, and sharpen their knives. A battle seemed unavoidable. The Lord Mayor, unequal to the emergency, hesitated and faltered, and at last, convinced that those who opposed the parade were in the majority, took sides with them. Then the natives, though used to submission, denounced the Lord Mayor, until the perplexed and persecuted servant of the people was obliged to seek repose at a watering-place, some distance from the scene of excitement ; and thus was the peace of a community disturbed, and the ease and comfort of the Lord Mayor interfered with, simply because a party of men had concluded not to tolerate yellow tunics and long hair. The tunics were harmless, but the long hair was surely objectionable.

Lampoons and verses of every description made their appearance, some of which we copy, as showing the feeling at the time :

What means the preparation,
The bustle and the noise,
The sound of martial music.
And the movements of the boys ?
Lo, the Orangemen make ready
For a march, and by the powers,
We will teach them better manners,
For the streets, you know, are ours.

They say the law protects them,
But in time it will be seen,
That the hated yellow ribbon,
Cannot flourish with the green.

We will meet them, though the bullets
Fall in deadly leaden showers.
And they shall not march in triumph—
For the streets, you know, are ours.

The next verse seems to be a sort of summons, and from it we gather an idea of the weapons used at the time of which we write :

Come on, ye brave Hibernians,
And come prepared for fun,
If you cannot bring a pistol,
Bring a knife, or club, or gun.
The authorities are with us.
And the politician cowers,
We will slaughter them like cattle—
For the streets, you know, are ours.

But the party just referred to do not seem to have had matters all their own way. New Jersey (which appears to have been a small and obscure county in New Ireland) was heard from, and the news seems to have revolutionized public sentiment, and raised up an opposition to the enthusiastic Hibernians not to be despised, as we judge from the following :

But listen, from New Jersey
Comes a voice that stirs the pride
Of the natives, who from business,
Just a moment turn aside.
And the words are bravely spoken—
“ I will summon all the powers
To protect the free and equal,
For America is ours.”

And soon another county was heard from :

And the Empire State awaking,
Shakes the dust from off her feet,
For her brave policemen muster,
And her soldiers tread the street.
And the bleeding ruffians scatter,
While the form of justice towers,
And the cry of every freeman, is :
“ The streets, the streets, are ours.”

The public, in a generous mood, and anxious to enforce the doctrine that all sects, creeds, and opinions, should be allowed equal rights and privileges, were heard to exclaim :

March on, victorious Germans,
 May your banners still advance,
 In your hearts you will not blame us,
 If we weep with bleeding France.
 And you, ye sons of Erin,
 Shall have equal rights and powers,
 But all men *shall* be protected,
 For America is ours.

O'Neill was strongly urged to adopt the English dress, which consisted of a blue dress coat with gold buttons, a white vest with similar buttons, blue pants with a gold stripe, and a cap with a gold band—a badge, having upon it a tiger's head, represented the ferocious desire to devour the Irish nation, which the Britons has felt for ages. O'Neill indignantly refused to wear the costume, said that it was neither civil nor military; that it represented neither church nor state, and he even called some of the courtiers who fluttered about in blue and gold "Popinjays," a term borrowed from the Irish, and not precisely understood now; he further remarked that no one could with propriety adopt their dress or style of living but an office holder with unlimited perquisites—so costly had they become since the appropriation of public money for private purposes had been the practice.

The following old Irish melody was a favorite with the Gallowglasses, amusing them greatly. Its effect on the native tax-payers, however, was different, for they seemed only to be reminded by it of wrongs and impositions to which they were subjected by their rulers. It breathes a spirit of Christian resignation and simplicity truly commendable:

The harp that at the City Hall,
 Its harmony hath shed,
 Shall cheer our hearts for years to come,
 Think not that lyre dead.
 Expensive though the music is,
 We'll listen to its notes,
 And when election comes will give
 The Irishman our votes.

Descendants of the ancient bards,
 Ye sons of Erin's Isle—
 As mild as Mary's little lamb,
 As free from sin and guile—
 Rule on; nor heed the growling cur
 Who mutters and complains.
 Thy government is safe we know—
 The Irish hold the reins.

Recurring to the subject of dress, we may say that a late occurrence in an American city shows how much importance the Irish people attach to it now, though once so much opposed to display and foppery. A regiment of Germans, without consulting the Irish authorities, and regardless of public opinion, appeared in the streets wearing the Prussian helmet. They met with a sudden and severe rebuke; they were assailed with hisses, curses and groans, and missiles of every description falling upon their heads soon brought them to realize the enormity of the crime they had committed.

In an Irish community, where the laws, the courts, the tastes, manners, ideas, style of dress, all were Irish, the parade of a German regiment, in the Prussian uniform, looked like a devilish invention to provoke bloodshed; and but for the amiability of the Irish people and their known forbearance, would have been punished as such at once. Strange it is that the Germans will persist in conduct offensive to our Irish friends, instead of submitting, like the Americans, without question or complaint.

O'Neill had with him his bard, whose duty it was to notice and preserve in verse anything worthy of being thus recorded. The following lines were copied from a manuscript taken from the hands of the bard himself, by a member of the O'Neill family, and are introduced to show the sentiment of the time on the subject of the nice young men of society:

Lounging on the street,
 Look at him again,
 Eye-glass in his hand,
 Fancy little cane.
 What a charming lisp,
 When he tries to talk ;
 What a genteel gait,
 When he takes a walk.
 See ! his little stick
 Gracefully he swings ;
 Listen ! Oh ! ye Gods !
 The charming creature sings.
 Something in the room
 Thicker, stronger grows.
 Ah ! his perfume greets
 My untutored nose.
 A nicer little man
 What mortal ever saw ?
 The very *thing* to make
 A charming son-in-law.
 Mothers hunt him down,
 Pin him, if you can ;
 His father left him cash,
 And he's a lovely man.

Even Shane O'Neill, though an Irishman, had his faults. He married the daughter of O'Donnell, Lord of the Hebrides, and afterwards quarreled with his father-in-law. He contrived to capture him and his second wife, whom he kept several years as his mistress. His own wife died of shame and horror at his conduct, which she had good reason to disapprove, for he was as corrupt and cruel as a member of the New York Assembly, who are little better than the Senators.

There came an end to his career. The Governor of Carrickfergus invited some Scotchmen over to Ireland, and intimated to them that a final disposition of Shane O'Neill was desirable. They, with the shrewdness of their race, soon planned his destruction. They raised a disturbance, and killed him at the festive board. His head was sent to Dublin, when the people got full and complete satisfaction for the wrongs he had done them, by impaling it on the castle walls.

An interesting story is told of Carolan, a bard, who had lost his sight, and had been absent from the lady who won his first love, for over twenty years. Returning from a pilgrimage to St. Patrick's purgatory in Lough Dearg, he took a lady by the hand, and at once exclaimed : " By the hand of my Gorrick, this is the hand of my first love ! " and so it proved to be. Her name was Bridget. She moved to New York, and lives out. Carolan followed her, and is on the Park Police.

Kilcolman Castle, was given to the poet, Spenser, about the year 1579. He leaves a mournful account of the condition of the country in broken English :

" Like as I never was in a more pleasant country in all my life, so never saw I more waste, desolate land."

He then goes on to tell of the bones of dead subjects, who had been murdered or died from starvation, and which lay exposed.

The bones of the dead in America are not left exposed. Each fragment is enough to justify an inquest, and each inquest justifies a claim for fees. The same bone goes through different hands ; each putting in his claim, until, after having been sat upon by a jury, and performed long journeys by land and water, it is dumped into an expensive grave. Not a bone is allowed to escape unnoticed ; for the coroner reasons thus : The more bones, the more inquests ; the more inquests, the more money ; the more money, the more rum ; the more rum, the more murders ; the more murders, the more bones—and so does he continue to reason, as it were, in a ring, always arriving at the same conclusion ; but he continues to summon juries and hold inquests, and as the bodies of the departed are disposed of, the rulers are heard to sing, mournfully, and to the plaintive air of an Irish opera :

Where are now the Roughts I cherished,
 Where the voters once called mine?
 Some from too much rum have perished,
 Some the prison walls confine.
 Voting early, voting often,
 Voting morning, noon, and night,
 And ready, always ready,
 For a riot or a fight.

And ready
 With their weapons,
 Knife and slung-shot,
 For a fight.

Can I look upon the people,
 Can I hear them curse and wail,
 And continue still to rob them,
 And their dearest rights assail?
 Shall I stop or travel onward,
 Moving still in foul corruption's path,
 Shall I smother truth and honor,
 Braving still the people's wrath?
 Shall I smother
 Truth and honor,
 Braving still
 The people's wrath.

In 1574 the Earl of Essex, who went to Ireland with certain grants and powers, made peace with Brian O'Niell, who prepared a feast, to which Essex and his followers were invited. For three days and nights they drank and made merry, and all seemed bright and joyous, but of a sudden the Earl's followers seized Brian, his brother, and his wife, and put his friends—men, women, youths, and maidens—to the sword. Brian and the other prisoners were taken to Dublin, where they were cut in quarters—and by such perfidy and deeds of blood, the Englishmen sought to civilize and Christianize the Irish. No man of honor but will denounce the treachery of the Earl; he deserved to be denounced, and so does the man who betrays his constituents and allows the orange of his virtue to be plucked for a sum of money. It was necessary to seek, in America, for the man who could make merchandise of his oath, betray his constituents, send his soul to perdition, and then stand up and, with a brazen cheek, sing

THE SONG OF THE BRIBE-TAKER.

For sale, for sale—who'll buy, who'll buy?
 My oath I offer now,
 Come bid; for money you may put
 A brand upon my brow.
 I swore to serve the people well,
 That solemn oath I now will sell.
 Give me a bid,
 I want the cash,
 Honor and truth
 With me are trash.

I'll meet and brave the public scorn,
 I'll bear the people's curse,
 Come, buy my oath, for fain would I
 Put money in my purse.
 A paltry sum it should not be—
 I must be paid for perjury,
 An oath and soul,
 Who'll buy, come, come—
 They should command
 A handsome sum.

Yes; going, going, going—gone!
 And now upon my brow,
 Is written infamy and shame,
 For Satan owns me now.
 From honest men I shrink and hide,
 Where shall the bribe-taker abide?
 Beloved by none,
 My blackened name
 Must live, and to
 My children's shame.

Essex died in Dublin, September 22, 1576. He was fond of music in his lifetime, and pensioned several harpers.

The Earl of Ormonde's musician was allowed forty shillings. The people of New York were rejoiced to see the old man with his lyre in the procession, on the occasion of the celebration of St. Patrick's Day, looking as hale and hearty as he did three hundred years ago. But we must remember that he draws a pension, and may live several centuries longer.

Upon one occasion, the chief of police in Paris, reported to Napoleon I., that the people were restless and discontented and in a state of mind to make the Emperor trouble. He heard the report of the officer, paused for a mo-

ment only, and then gave the order : "Go and gild the dome of the Hospital de Invalides." Next day all eyes were turned toward the dome, and the people of Paris forgot their wrongs while watching the progress of the work. And so, when the people of the American metropolis became uneasy; when plunderers assumed control of public affairs; when taxes became burdensome, for the reason that vast sums were wasted by the rulers; when the scum of society rose to the top, and good citizens were forced into obscurity, and justice became a byword, and government a farce, it was found necessary then to amuse the people—something had to be done to soothe them, and a statue of the Greek maiden, in the act of leading off in the Irish jig, was set up as a fountain in the corner of one of the city parks. Some flowers were planted, and a few bands of music were hired to play at certain points in the city. Under this arrangement, the people gazed and listened, but the rulers continued to plunder; the times were spoken of as prosperous, for the politicians amassed riches; Catholic institutions acquired large tracts of the public domain, rum-sellers became statesmen, and the low gamblers, professional fighters and dog-fanciers were transformed into men of station and influence. Still the bands continued to play, and the people remained submissive.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Sir Henry Sidney—Kisses the Queen's Hand—Barry's Court—Christmas Festivities—New Year's Song—The Earl of Clanrickarde—His Sons—Grace O'Malley, the Feminine Sea Captain—Chivalry—The Song of the Rough—Old Manuscript—Songs of Love and War—Dreadful fate of a Maiden Fair—She moves to Il-lee-noy—Barney O'Toole—Cruelty of Sidney—Spenser, the Poet—He marries an Irish

Girl—Hugh Roe O'Donnell and Mac Sweeney—Captured by a Trick—How the first Sweeney was caught—Homes for the Sparrows—Song of the Sparrows.

SIR HENRY SIDNEY went back to Ireland in 1575. He tells us how he took leave of the Queen, kissing her sacred hands; how he proceeded to Dublin, then infested with pestilence; how he went to Drogheda, and received the sword of the then Deputy; and how he attacked and defeated Sorley Borg and the Scotch at Carrickfergus; and he tells us further how he passed Christmas at Barry's Court, and says that: "There never was such a Christmas kept in the same." He also tells us of New Year's, and of an intensely comical song popular at the court during the holidays, the chorus to which he speaks most favorably of, saying, that "it taketh a most cunning bard to compose a chant of but four lines, but which containeth nevertheless two drinks."

NEW YEAR'S SONG.

Old Time moves on with rapid stride,
The old year dies to-night—
But love-lit eyes upon us beam,
And the red wine sparkles bright.
Then drink to love and the joy it brings,
Fill up to the tried and true,
We'll drain a glass to the dying year,
And a bumper to the new.

They tell us life is but a dream,
As transient as the day;
Then is it wise to mope and pine
The fleeting hours away?
No; drink, etc.

Old age will come with wrinkled brow,
And locks of frosty white.
But what of that, we'll banish care
And all be young to-night.
Then drink, etc.

And pledge to woman o'er each heart,
May beauty cast a ray,
As bright as are the sunny beams,
That chase the night away.
And drink, etc.

Had the old year its cankering cares,
 Then think of them no more,
 For they are past—fill up to joys,
 The new year has in store.

Then drink, etc.

After the festivities were over, he went to Thormond, where he met very wicked people, some of whom he "killed, and hanged the others." It evidently made little difference to the victims, which were killed, or which were hanged—the effect was much the same on all.

The Earl of Clanrickarde compelled his two rebellious sons to submit to his authority, "whom I would to God I had then hanged," so he afterward expressed his regret. He kept them close prisoners, and had "a sermon made of them," in the chief church of the town, which he seemed to regard as the next thing to a funeral. He set them at liberty, and soon an unusual outrage was committed. The old earl declared that it must have been committed by John, whom he seemed to think the worst of the two, if a distinction could be made.

Sidney marched to the West, and had an interview with the famous Grace O'Malley, a feminine sea captain of renown. She had three hundred men, among whom were O'Flaherty and Dick Burke, known as plundering, warlike, and unjust men. The exploits of "the female sailor" have been told and sung so often that any attempt in that direction by the author of this volume seems to him superfluous. It appears that the Irish women continued to figure in the wars, and to brave dangers intended for men only. We have already told how Scota and Fas fell while nobly contending with their enemies, in the ranks. In a country where war was carried on from generation to generation, it was natural that there should spring up a spirit of chivalry, and an ambition to excel in feats of arms. Cowardice

was a crime; no rank was exempt from punishment, but such as were brave, and performed great deeds in battle, were praised and promoted, and made the theme of many a song and story.

New York affords a class of beings unpopular, though noted for their deeds of daring. Their mode of warfare is recorded in

THE SONG OF THE ROUGH.

Oh, I'm a rough, a New York rough,
 My skull is thick, my skin is tough,
 My fist is hard, from dealing blows—
 I've broken many a comely nose.

Out in the night,
 By the dim gaslight,
 I seek the brawl
 And the drunken fight.

Oh, I'm a rough; I tell no news,
 I love to pummel, beat and bruise,
 I love to wrangle, rant and swear,
 Of me let peaceful men beware.

I fear no law,
 With my bail of straw,
 And I laugh at the courts,
 With a ha! ha! ha!

Oh, I'm a rough, I will tell you true,
 I wear a knife and a slung-shot, too;
 Blood surely flows when I am near,
 And even the Cops turn pale with fear;

And the rulers say
 He must have his way,
 For we want his help
 On election day.

Oh, I'm a rough, and I get my fill
 Of rum, and then do I cut and kill;
 First rum, and then for a bloody deed,
 When I am drunk, then do good men bleed.

To the ballot-box
 Let them come in flocks,
 But I'll scatter them all
 With my murderous knocks.

These modern heroes take delight in beating unfortunate women, knocking down peaceable citizens, killing car conductors, and, in short, making themselves very disagreeable—so much so, that the people become impatient, and sometimes mildly protest against their

irregularities ; not that they propose to interfere with, or prevent them—it is only when thrown off their guard by a new murder, that they speak unkindly of the hero of the rum shop, the street car, and the polls.

From a manuscript, as old as the habit of wearing swallow-tailed coats, we copy the following ditty as a fair sample of those sung centuries ago by blushing maidens to their scarred and battered, but tender and ever constant lovers. They were fond of dwelling upon scenes sad and melancholy, and upon the circumstances which form the subject of the following ballad, *do dwell* at some length :

AIR—"Brave Wolf."

Keep up your hearts young men,
Let nothing fright you ;
A story I will tell,
Which it shall delight you,
About a brave young man,
Who went to battle
Where cannon loud did roar,
And muskets they did rattle.

He was a comely youth
Of birth and station,
An ornament he was
Onto the nation.
His parients were rich,
Father and mother ;
He was an only son,
And had no brother.

A maiden fair he lov-ed—
She was a beauty ;
But her he had to leave,
Because it was his duty ;
And her poor aching heart,
Was vexed and sore,
For she did greatly fear
That she would never see him more.

She dreamt a dreadful dream—
A dream of sorrow,
And sadly she did wake
Upon the morrow.
She dreamt she saw her lov-er
Shot and kil-led ;
And her poor maiden heart,
With grief it was fil-led.

Then gently he did speak,
And did caress her ;
But still the dreadful dream
Did much distress her.
She cried, "My dearest love,
What do you go for?"
And fainting, she fell down
Upon a sofa.

Said he, "My love, I cannot
Stay with you longer ;
And then her sobs became
Louder and stronger.
"Look up, my love," he cried,
"While still I linger ;"
Then a ring of richest gold
He put upon her lily-white finger.

Our hero bravely fought,
Naught could restrain him ;
At length a ball did hit
And did greatly pain him ;
When shot from off his horse,
His clothes all bloody,
He fell upon the ground,
So wet, and likewise muddy.

And now the men did shout,
And the drums did rattle ;
The hero raised his head
Saying, "How goes the battle?"
"The foe are flying now,"
A sergeant cri-ed.
"I die content," he said
And dying he di-ed.

This poem is ascribed to Patsey Lunn, bard of the Earl of Wallingford, and we feel that we might, without taxing the patience of the reader, give a few hundred stanzas more of this interesting ballad, but we shall close with the following, which reveals the fate of the lonely and sorrow-stricken maiden whose lover went to the war, and was killed :

Three weeks his love did mourn,
And sorely she grie-ved,
And then she mar-ri-ed,
And she felt much re-lie-ved.
Her friends all gathered 'round,
Wishing her joy,
And then she moved out
To Il-lee-noy.

Such was the fate of the brave Dennis McQuirk and of the gentle maiden who gave her love to a soldier.

About the year 1577, Rory Oge O'More kept the pale excited by his bold exploits. He stole into the town of Naas and set it on fire, much to the discomfort of the people. After a long season of law-breaking, he was killed by one of McGillapatrie's men. He was celebrated in a song which, in honor of him, was called "Rory O'More," but the real hero and the one whose name ought to have been preserved for killing the troublesome agitator, was young Barney O'Toole, of whom we have a reliable account, for one of the bards of the times tells us, to the air of "Rory O'More," that

Young Barney O'Toole was a broth of a boy,
Who crossed over the sea with the bold Pat Malloy ;

They landed at night, it was rainy and dark,
And next day got a job to work out in the park.

Said Barney to Pat, "Sure of labor I'm sick,
I'm tired of digging and swinging the pick,
The man who will toil for his bread is a fool,
I was born for a judge," said young Barney O'Toole.

Then he lit up his pipe and he put on his coat,
And he ran for an office ; they counted the vote,

And they figured it out by the Tammany rule,
And who was elected, but Barney O'Toole,
Then he bought a new coat and a diamond so fine,

And a lad for five cents gave his boots a nice shine ;

Then he talked about court, legislation, and school,

For he now was a statesman, bold Barney O'Toole.

Sidney refused the Irish shelter for themselves, and pasture for their cows, and it was about this time that they resorted to goats and geese, which it has become a habit with them to keep, and one which has accompanied them to America, where the vacant grounds, streets, and avenues, are very properly placed at their disposal. To this day it warms the heart of a native of New

York to find a flock of geese nipping the tender grass in front of his house, and a goat reposing on his door steps, and he blesses Ireland as he snuffs the rich perfume of the one, and enjoys the innocent cackle of the other.

Spenser, the poet, married an Irish girl, and in the year 1598 his castle was plundered and burned. His youngest child perished in the flames. He fled to London, where he died the next year, oppressed by extreme poverty—and such was the fate of the author of "The Fairie Queene."

In the year 1561 we hear that the church officials became corrupt. "The sacred plate adorned prebendal sideboards and dinner tables." The organ pipes were melted into dishes for the kitchens, and the frames of the organs were made into bedsteads. Copes and vestments were made into gowns and baldricks ; in short, those in charge of the churches became proud, worldly, and extravagant.

Hugh Roe O'Donnell was a young and rising Irishman, fully qualified to be an assistant-alderman. The English sought to get possession of him, and resorted to a stratagem. A vessel, laden with Spanish wine, was sent to Donegal, and she anchored in the Rath Mullin, where the young man was staying with his foster-father, MacSweeney. They went on board for wine ; the messenger was told that he could have none, but that the gentlemen would be supplied if they would come on board ; they accepted the invitation, and, while sipping their wine, their arms were taken, the hatches fastened down, the cable cut, and the vessel stood out to sea. They were taken to Dublin and confined in the castle. From Mac Sweeney, foster-father of Hugh Roe O'Donnell, descended the Sweeneys of America, who, in a fit of vanity, or influenced by some

strange whim, have dropped the Mac, leaving the name plain Sweeny. It has been stated that the original Sweeny was not entrapped in the manner just described, but that he was the identical Irishman caught with a barrel of potatoes. It is said that a hole was cut in the barrel through which Mac thrust his hand. He grasped a large potato and refused to let go, though he could not withdraw his hand without doing so; in this attitude he was found, and easily made a prisoner. Other members of the family have their hands in the barrel, have grasped the potato, and, as they refuse to let go, may yet be captured.

In America, the family are busy furnishing *homes for the sparrows*. For these Hibernian birds comfortable homes are erected at the public expense, who in return, with their innocent chirping, charm the American heart. The children often imagine that in the song of the birds they can distinguish something like the words :

Chipperty chirp—I see, I see,
He is building a fancy home for me,
And every nail, as I am alive,
Shall bring to the builder dollars five,
For so are they paid who build for me,
Chipperty chirp—I see, I see.

CHAPTER XIX.

Contentment—Once an Irishman always an Irishman—Song, O'Rafferty—The number of Offices limited—Worthy Men unprovided for—Expedients to prevent suffering—Nominal Labor—Song of the Haymakers—Aldermen exempt from Constitutional Limitations—Advanced Civilization—A self-supporting Religion regulated by Law—Department of Religion—More Offices—The Bishop of Down—His Execution—The Office-Holder—The Candidate victimized—His Visitors and their Wants—"A little Fin-*ance*"—James—Plots, etc.—The Confession of the Demagogue.

CONTENTMENT is a shining trait in the character of the Irishman. He leaves

the beautiful lakes and rivers of his own "Green Isle," and settles down, making himself comfortable and at home. All that is Irish or that pertains to Ireland, he is careful to take with him when he leaves. He is an Irishman when he bids adieu to his native land; he continues to be one on the ship, proudly treading the decks in brogues and corduroys. He lands an Irishman, and greets the startled but admiring natives of the land he deigns to honor with a swing of his black-thorn stick, an exultant shout, and a touch of the Irish jig. In America he is appealed to, honored, and manipulated, but no power earthly can transform him into anything but an Irishman, thorough and complete. Seized upon at the very moment of his arrival, subjected to trials and temptations hard to resist or overcome, still does he remain fixed and unchangeable. How the long-ing natives of America await his coming, how they receive him, and how he is made ready for public life in his adopted country, the reader may infer from the following lines, which give the experience of a distinguished Greek, and his band :

O'RAFFERTY.

AIR—*Marco Bozzaris.*

A Yankee stood upon the beach,
And gazed upon the distant sail.
His pantaloons were much too short,
The coat he wore was swallow-tail.
It was no dream; I heard him speak—
"They come," he cried, "the Greek, the Greek,

She brings a thousand voters more.
The ship sailed on! oh, glorious sight;
He danced with joy, his heart was light,
He shouted, sang, but was not "tight,"
That Yankee on the shore.

An hour passed on, and into port
The vessel made her way.
Soon was she moored, the plank put out;
Soon chests and bundles lay about,
Old brogues and caubeens everywhere—
A thousand Irishmen were there,
Who laughed as if in sport.

Still crowding to the shore they came,
 And one O'Rafferty by name,
 Said to the Yankee then,
 "Stand back, you mummy, long and lean,
 You stare at us; what do you mean?
 You seem a regular spalpeen."
 The Yankee said, "Amen."

A thousand strong, they made their way,
 They crowded through the Court-house
 door,

The natives all stood back that day,
 As they had done before.
 All but a few who lingered near,
 The new-made citizens to cheer,
 And gladden their poor souls.
 Then when their names were all put down
 Upon the pay-rolls through the town,
 Those freemen sought the polls.
 O'Rafferty still led them on,
 And cheered his chosen band;
 Vote while a Yankee heart conspires,
 To thwart or baffle our desires;
 Vote for their cupalos and spires,
 Their money and their land.

Come to my bosom, lively Pat!

Come let me press thee to my breast,
 You soon shall wear a better hat—

We want your vote, you know the rest.

An office did you say? ah, yes!

An office you shall have, bad cess
 To those who would deny you. Fudge,
 You shall be Senator or Judge,
 Or Park Commissioner.

And you shall drink the richest wine;
 A diamond on your shirt shall shine,
 Fast horses you shall drive,
 And like a green bay tree shall thrive—
 All these, dear Pat, are thine.

It is a mournful fact that the number of really lucrative offices is limited in America, an evil which the framers of the Constitutions of the different States and the legislators seem so far to have overlooked. In consequence of the oversight, thousands of worthy men who have settled in the country under the impression that all were to be promptly provided for, still remain in private life, or are doomed to subordinate positions and limited incomes. Unless measures are speedily taken to remedy the unfortunate

state of affairs, intense suffering must fall upon thousands of our worthy fellow-citizens. The local authorities are meeting the emergency nobly, and tens of thousands are being provided for upon such terms as make their wages fixed and certain, and their labor nominal. Many of them forget, for the time, their disappointment, and, ceasing to curse and upbraid those who enticed them to the country with promises they did not keep, become cheerful and serene. The most light-hearted and joyous of them are the city haymakers, who make the parks ring with their

SONG.

As gay as larks,
 In the city parks,
 Do we while our time away,
 And we laugh and sing,
 As our scythes we swing,
 And dream of our coming pay.

We never sweat,
 And we do not fret,
 But we watch the clock on high;
 And we laugh and joke,
 And our pipes we smoke,
 As the hours go slowly by.

We know, alas!
 Like the tender grass,
 Old time will cut us down,
 But if he is as slow
 As we, we know
 We long shall serve the town.

On election day,
 To the polls we stray—
 To vote is a right most dear;
 But we vote the way
 That the bosses say,
 And in charge of the overseer.

It is fortunate for the people that the labor of governing is so much of it left to the local authorities. The President of the United States, the Senate and the Lower House, and some of the State Legislatures, are limited in their desire to serve their constituents by constitutions. No such restrictions trammel or embar-

ness the alderman; free and independent, he is left to secure and bestow upon himself, his friends and relations the blessings of a good government. Years ago it was held that he, with all others who controlled public money, or participated in public affairs, were subject to the laws of the land; but the general diffusion of knowledge, and civilization in its onward march, have scattered such absurd whims and wild fancies to the four winds. Having disposed of the public domains, the money found in the public treasury, and pledged the credit of the city for a half century to come, the New York authorities are expected soon to establish a just and uniform religion and mode of worship. A simple resolution, it is thought, will fix the matter, and put an end to disputes and controversy. In answer to an advertisement for plans, numerous suggestions have been made, and at one time "Universology" seemed about to be made the established belief, but an advocate of a different doctrine saw the members, and used such arguments as deprived the people of all benefit to be derived from the greatest discovery of the age. One point is settled—the religion must be self-supporting, which is a matter of importance when we consider that the churches are to be built at city prices, and furnished by those who are authorized to furnish supplies upon the usual terms. A license fee will accomplish this. No person is to preach, practice, or profess the religion so established, or any other, until licensed to do so by the proper authority, and no man will be considered a good man until he has taken out his license and paid his fee. The plan is approved of, and the prospect is cheering to a large number of persons who hopefully look to be employed in the "Church Department" as supervisors, clerks, inspectors, sextons, choris-

ters, or in some capacity where the pay shall be liberal, and the labor light. A large number of applications have been handed in by men who seek to be employed as bishops and parsons. Among them are ex-Commissioners of the Police, furniture and carpet dealers, harbor-masters, ex-tax assessors, and persons highly recommended by the "Citizens Association."

The post of Archbishop is reserved for the present chief of a most important city department.

In 1611, the Bishop of Down and Conner was executed in Dublin. The crime was perpetrated by Protestants. The Bishop met his fate with heroism. He was eighty years of age, and highly esteemed, the executioners fled, and it was difficult to get any one to execute the bloody sentence. At last an English culprit, under sentence of death, performed the murderous office, on condition of pardon. This is the most prominent instance in Irish history where a culprit was used for political purposes; but this practice has now become general, and in New York scores of indictments are so held that they can be used at any time to preserve the peace, or elect the proper man to office. The rulers have to exercise the greatest care to prevent public affairs from falling into the hands of an incompetent American rabble, and have used the penal laws to that end.

We have spoken of the officeholder, even under the almost perfect system discussed in this volume, and which is the result of Irish ambition and American submissiveness. He has much to endure. As a candidate, he is sought after, petitioned, and looked up to. In short, the people expect much from their public servants, and of him who aspires to fill lucrative and honorable positions. His house is thronged with men of

power and influence—civil and military officers—strong men in the community in which they live—statesmen and legislators. Morning, noon, and night, he holds a grand levee, and his time, character, and worldly possessions are at the mercy of his enthusiastic supporters and friends. We have a short sketch, which, as it may throw some light on the subject before us, we insert. It seems to refer to the home of the candidate, and describes some of the persons who frequent it. We are struck, as we glance over it, with the romantic beauty of true Irish poetry. It runs as follows :

[Enter First Visitor.

You are wanting votes, they say,
And I've just called in to see
If you will not help the lads,
"And that is what ails me."
I'm President myself
Of a club four hundred strong:
If you want our votes, shell out,
For I cannot chaffer long.

[Second Visitor.

I'm a captain, strong and bold,
Of a target company,
And, if you want to win,
I'm the man you are to "see."
I mean business Boss, you know,
And will give you every vote,
You can make the matter right
For a hundred dollar note.

[Third Visitor.

I'm an influential man,
And my neighbors want to know
For whom they'd better vote,
And have called on me. And so
I shall have to "see" the boys,
Which will cause me some expense,
Say a twenty-dollar bill—
Ah! you are a man of sense.

[Fourth Visitor.

You are liberal, they say,
And I've been advised to call;
Would you kindly help us pay
For a poor man's funeral?
He is dead and gone, poor soul!
And his name was Tim O'Faly,
He was bar-tender, you know,
For your neighbor, Pat Mullally.

[Fifth Visitor.

I'm your friend, as well you know,
And shall do my very best,
But I want a little cash—
You can leave to me the rest.
Fifty dollars would be right—
Twenty five!—ah! very well—
How I'll stir the voter's up,
I will make your money tell.

We might go on and insert the applications of four hundred different characters, including one man who wanted to raise money to buy his wife a set of artificial teeth; another who was raising money to bring over a colony of Chinamen; and a third who sought means to pay the board of an intimate friend and ex-alderman, who was at the time testing the virtues of an inebriate asylum. According to the account which we have given, the applicants indicated, in plain language, that they wanted money—a thing which they seldom do. With a winning smile, and in a confidential tone, they usually call for a little *fin-ance*, as though they feared that a direct and positive demand for money might shock the person applied to.

Under King James the Irish continued to suffer. Nor could Catholics expect much favor from a king who publicly drank "Damnation to Papists." Plot followed plot. O'Neill and O'Donnell, two Irish chieftains, finding that destruction awaited them in Ireland, fled to Rome, where they were supported by the Pope and the King of Spain. O'Dogherty, chief of Innishowen, was insulted by one Paulett, and he sought vengeance. He marched to Derry, killed Paulett, massacred the garrison, and kept up a war until July, when he was killed, and his companions captured. Ulster was now at the mercy of the land speculators—grants were sold to the highest bidder, and there was as much dickering and trading in lots of ground, as usually

precedes the opening of a new avenue, or the widening of a street in New York.

The following lines have been frequently imitated, sometimes with success. They should be sung to the air (if sung at all) of "I love to steal awhile away," and are known as—

THE CONFESSION OF A DEMAGOGUE.

I love to steal the "cash" away
From toiling, honest men,
Who taxes pay without complaint,
Then go to work again.

I love the pot-house caucus, where
My comrades plot with me,
Contriving plans and stratagems
To rob the Treasury.

I love not toil, but on the best
I feed; my cloth is fine;
And nightly do I sip champagne—
I'm rather fond of wine.

I love to bluster, rant, and rave,
And gabble of the laws,
A noisy rabble at my heels,
To give me their applause.

I love the laborer just when
I want to get his "cash,"
And when 'tis mine, I turn my back
On all such vulgar trash.

I love a horse, a good cigar—
Give me a costly brand—
And oh, I love to talk about
"Our free and happy land."

It sometimes happens that the people of America, usually quiet and submissive, become restless and exacting, making troublesome, and, in the opinion of the officials, impertinent demands upon those in authority. In such cases the rulers never fail to be explicit, a manner of treating public impatience and the ill-temper of the citizen which is equivalent to "heaping coals of fire upon his head." One of these lucid, exhaustive, and entirely satisfactory exhibits is copied for general information; it fully illustrates the mode of keeping accounts

in New York, and shows how carefully the officer is to make everything appear clear to the tax-payer.

REPORT OF DISBURSEMENTS.

Air—"Raging Canawl."

Come listen to my story,
Tax-payers one and all,
And you shall have the figures
Since for them you do call.
For I'm a public servant,
And my duty I will do,
As often as you call on me
I will report to you.

The above statement is always accompanied by a bland smile from the man whose portrait adorns the office of Ludlow Street jail.

One million of your money
Was paid to "what's his name,"
'Twas due for—well no matter,
To you 'tis all the same.
A million more I handed
To Smith, or Jones, or Brown,
His name I can't remember now,
He lives somewhere up town.

To learn definitely how two millions of their money has been expended, generally proves very satisfactory to the people.

Five millions went for "so and so,"
Now don't get mad and swear,
Five millions from the treasury
Is such a small affair.
One million went to "Dummy,"
"For what?" now let me see;
Well I know he got the money—
Do you think some came to me?

This full and candid account of the public funds given by the officer in charge of the treasury, caused the people to regret that they had been so hasty in their demand upon him.

Then on account of sundries,
Five millions I paid out—
Why do you look so nervous, gents?
Why gaze and stare about?
And then for divers "this and that,"
Five hundred thousand went.
John Doe receipted for the cash,
The money was well spent.

"Et ceteras," two millions ;
 "Exhorbitant, perhaps,"
 But I cannot deny, you know,
 Those "horny-handed chaps,"
 The carpenters and plasterers,
 And men who furnish chairs,
 For they are *honest* men and are
 Correct in their affairs.

And now, friends, in conclusion,
 Go home and rest at ease,
 For I shall do my very best
 The people dear to please ;
 My labors are most fearful,
 I am burdened too with care,
 Don't harass me because you miss
 A million "here and there."

The people saw that they had done a good man and a faithful officer great injustice by interrupting him, and by causing him to waste his time in explaining a discrepancy, which after all only amounted to a few millions. The crowd grew smaller and smaller, as one by one they quietly slipped away, until but one man was left, who made an humble apology, and then went at once "to his store."

CHAPTER XX.

James I. died and left an Office—Not an American Custom—Charles—The Irish propose Terms—Cheated—The Commission System—Needy Relatives provided for—The "Ring" thrive—The Wagon-Mounted Bell—The Sailor Boy—He declines a Ship—Aversion to Water—The Navy—Irish Song of the Navy—Another Song—I Will Never Go Back—Queer Expressions—More Nursery Rhymes—Pathetic and Apathetic—Lament.

JAMES I. died in 1625, to the great relief of many. He held the highest office in England, and it is the subject of wonder to Americans that he should die while holding so good a position. American officials never die until after their term of office expires, and even when they have been appointed for life, they continue to exist, year after year, and may

be seen moving through the corridors and halls of the public buildings, bald-headed, ancient-looking, and, in many cases, covered with a green mould, indicative of extreme age ; in fact, they only retain enough of life to cling to the office and draw their salaries, which their heirs immediately appropriate ; for so far as *they* are concerned, death has performed its office, and the estate of the ancestor is theirs.

James died "the wisest fool in Europe"—(the reader will note, with pleasure, the fact, that the remark is limited to the other side of the Atlantic)—and Charles I. ascended the throne. No matter how much labor or responsibility there is attached to an office, there are some always to be found who will brave it all, so powerful are the charms which, in their eyes, attend rank and power.

Scarcely had Charles taken his seat upon the throne, when the Irish began to ask favors, and their requests were backed by that argument which has had so much weight, and has been so often used in America. They offered the King £120,000, in return for which he was to give them certain "graces." They promptly paid the first instalment, and found they had been cruelly cheated, and about the same time trouble commenced. The Mayor of Dublin, with a file of soldiers, entered the Franciscan Church and defiled it, breaking the statue of St. Francis. The same wretches turned loose in the rooms of the City Hall would cut and disfigure the paintings, and, perhaps, would be desperate enough to defile *those* carpets, and break some of *those* costly chairs.

Under Charles, a system of commissions was adopted which has served as a guide to similar action in America. A "Commission of defective titles" was established, which differed from a New York commission in this, that it took

from the citizen the land itself, instead of requiring him to pay over its value in money, in the form of taxes and assessments. It seems to harden a man's heart to make him a commissioner, and, in the case in point, they became entirely remorseless, while the people were sacrificed to satisfy a hungry and all-devouring ring—for such was the term applied to the commission of defective titles in the days of Charles. Had the members of the fortunate circle been satisfied with wealth and power for themselves alone, the people would not have complained; but no sooner did they show signs of prosperity than a crowd of needy relations came forward, all of whom sought to be "taken care of." On they came, sons and sons-in-law; brothers and brothers-in-law; fathers and fathers-in-law, and whole troops of cousins; but the people remained submissive, and the relatives were all bounteously provided for. How they lived and flourished, may be inferred from an old chant which the subjects of the King were wont to console themselves with. They sang it and forgot their wrongs; or, if here and there a man neglected to do so, it was because he was "busy at his store;" but whether they took any measures for self-defense or not, most of them felt that they were oppressed and imposed upon by—

THE RING.

Who snuff a contract from afar,
Stick to the Treasury like tar,
And all our hopes and prospects mar?
The Ring.

Who live in luxury and sin,
Wear broadcloth fine, and diamond pin,
"Yet toil not, neither do they spin?"
The Ring.

Who talk about the people dear,
Are ready, with deceitful tear,
Denouncing crime in terms severe?
The Ring.

Who with the perjured "Lobby" deal,
Improving every chance to steal,
Yet would their many frauds conceal?
The Ring.

Who drink champagne when "on a lark,"
Eat costly dinners after dark,
And drive fine "turnouts" in the Park?
The Ring.

Who haunt our legislative halls,
Give oyster suppers, fancy balls,
And on the legislator calls?
The Ring.

Who love to banquet and imbibe,
(A squandering, dissipated tribe),
And gain their object with a bribe?
The Ring.

Who morning, noon and night conspire,
And labor hard, and never tire,
For money—still their hearts' desire?
The Ring.

Who speculate in gold and stocks,
Know how to stuff the ballot-box,
And always live like "fighting cocks"?
The Ring.

Who give their wives and daughters fair
Such velvets fine, and diamonds rare,
As make the gazing rabble stare?
The Ring.

Who like a serpent lie in coil,
And watch, while honest people toil,
Then claim their cash as lawful spoil?
The Ring.

Who gabble much, and loudly prate
Of war and peace, affairs of state,
Applaud the bad, the good berate?
The Ring.

Who never heed the orphan's cry,
Nor pause when suffering want is nigh,
Nor give, but coldly saunter by?
The Ring.

Who utter oaths which are not true,
A bad, demoralizing crew,
Who prey upon the revenue?
The Ring.

And who deserve the people's hate,
The public scorn, a shameful fate?
Vile foes to Order and the State,
The Ring.

But they had other ways of spending
money, and at that time practices and

habits came into use which have not yet been abandoned. One of the most expensive pieces of machinery invented for the instruction and the amusement of the people was a mounted bell. It was an "Evening bell" sometimes, and at other times it would appear in the morning; in short, it was limited to no time nor place, but rolled about on wheels.

All sorts of strange, and even unkind remarks were indulged in, as it passed, tolling through the streets. Some said, in a homely way, that the ringing of the bell meant that the people were to be "rung" into some new imposition. Certain it is, the people regarded it with fear, mingled with sorrow, except when it was brought out to toll for a dead politician.

The bell belongs, of course, to an Irishman, and he has a song about it, which is also Irish, and as we desire to give to the reader all those things which illustrate or throw any light on Irish character or affairs, we give the

WAGON-MOUNTED BELL.

Lo the wagon with the bell ;
 Very well.
 Do we understand the story it doth tell ?
 With its noisy banging, whanging,
 As it moves along in sight,
 And a rough, discordant clanging.
 If the ringer was but hanging,
 We would chuckle with delight.
 Hear it sing
 Of the "Ring,"
 And their paying operations ; ah, too well
 Do we comprehend the story of the bell,
 bell, bell ?
 Bell, bell, bell, bell,
 Bell, bell, bell,
 From the banging and the whanging of
 the bell ?

Hear the wagon-mounted bell,
 Costly bell !
 Every stroke is but the knell
 Of a fifty-dollar bill ;
 But they ring it, ring it, still,

And the most offensive sound,
 All around,
 Seems to float with a moan,
 And the people pause to listen, then they
 groan ;
 They have found
 That to "tote" the bell around
 They are bound ;
 But what they mean to say,
 Is that *they* the bills must pay,
 For the swinging and the ringing of the
 bell.
 Of the bell, bell, bell,
 Of the bell, bell, bell, bell,
 Bell, bell, bell,
 For the ringing and the swinging of the
 bell.

Hear the crowd-collecting, bell ;
 By no swell
 Is it swayed and swung about, is the bell ;
 But a servant of the "Ring,"
 With a nose that tells of rum,
 Keeps it ever on the swing,
 Tolling come, come, come,
 See the ponderous wagon roll,
 And the toll, toll, toll,
 Tells a story of the Ring, not the whole,
 But of money that they stole ;
 Just a portion of their crimes,
 As it chimes,
 Does it tell
 Something of the paying job,
 And the cash put in the fob,
 Of some tricky politician
 Improving his condition,
 Till, instead of carting dirt,
 He puts on a linen shirt,
 And then, impudent and pert,
 With a grin,
 He displays a diamond pin,
 Yes, and then to honest labor bids a long
 farewell.
 And this is the story of the bell, bell, bell,
 Of the bell, bell, bell, bell,
 Bell, bell, bell,
 'Tis the pretty little story of the bell.

'Tis the rolling and the tolling of the bell,
 Same old bell ;
 And the anxious people hear it,
 And have learned to dread and fear it.
 If they will but toll the knell
 Of the men who ring the bell,
 Why they can
 Brand the wretch who takes a bribe,
 Scatter all the shameless tribe,

Every man.
 But they tolerate them still,
 While the "Ring" their zeal redouble,
 Nor do they take the trouble
 To conceal,
 But reveal
 To the hesitating crowd,
 While they bluster long and loud,
 Schemes of fraud.
 Then their harpies and their minions
 Stand around them and applaud.
 Now 'tis ringing,
 Yes, and swinging.
 Hear the knell of the bell,
 Of the bell, bell, bell,
 Of the bell, bell, bell, bell,
 Bell, bell, bell,
 Of the crowd-collecting, cash-devouring
 bell.

One of the beneficial results of Irish statesmanship, is the fact that the public men are not permitted to become independent of the people whom they are called to serve. This fact was fully illustrated when the Mayor of New York appeared in a suit of green, as we have already related. But we have still another evidence—when the same official made his appearance before an astonished but delighted congregation of sailors in a blue flannel shirt with rolling collar, a pair of broad-bottomed pantaloons, a pea jacket, a tarpaulin hat, that looked as though it might have weathered Cape Horn, voyage after voyage, for the last half century, and holding in his left cheek a quid that, in the language of the gratified tars, "made his face look shipshape;" and thus attired he proceeded to lay the corner-stone of a building to be dedicated to the use of seamen. This circumstance is mentioned to illustrate the difference between a government which makes its officials the servants of the people, and a despotism like the government of England or Japan—the former delighting in the imprisonment of Fenians, and the latter inflicting hari-kari upon their citi-

zens, without the intervention of a jury. In the case referred to, the powerful officer of a great metropolis, by a little condescension, and for the cost of a suit of sailors' clothes, won the hearts of many brave sons of the ocean.

Water has never been a popular element with the Irish, and in this fact we divine why the Navy of the United States is still controlled by Americans. The natives would gladly have handed it over to their Irish rulers, but their aversion to water has caused them so far to refuse. We have met but one distinguished sailor in Irish history since the days of St. Brendan. She was a woman; and we explain the fact that the navy is not now subject to Irish management in the manner above stated, rather than assume that it has been overlooked or omitted; for Irish people are by far too vigilant to admit of the latter theory. What it will be when the O'Tooles are made admirals, and the O'Flahertys vice-admirals, and the Gilloolys commanders, and the subordinate positions filled by the Collopys and the Dooleys, is more than we can say; but we do know what it is now, and what it was when civil war came upon this country. It was then an honor; and when men saw the officers firm in their patriotism, and the men true to their oaths and flag, they took heart, and felt that all was not lost. The historian who takes up this subject where we leave it (for we have no idea that any writer will feel obliged to go over the same ground), will, we predict, record of the Navy of the United States that it was the last of American institutions to pass into the hands of strangers. Even the Irish themselves applaud the men who man it, as the following song, composed by a clerk in the City Hall, goes to prove:

When landsmen false betrayed our flag,
The banner of the free,
Defenders brave Columbia had
Upon the briny sea.

When tempests lashed the Ship of State,
And storms of treason roared,
Our ships still bore that flag aloft,
With loyal hearts on board.

Then pass the wine-cup lively, boys,
And drain it to the brave,
The gallant tars, who man our ships
Upon the briny wave.

When traitors vowed our starry flag
To humble in the dust;
When those who claimed the greatest love—
'Twas dangerous to trust—

Even then our Navy firmly stood
'Gainst every threat and bribe,
And spurned alike the rage and smiles
Of all the shameless tribe.

Then pass the wine-cup, etc.

It was to honor men like these that the mayor of a great commercial city put on the dress of a sailor. The people, charmed by his conduct, at once offered him a ship, and an unlimited leave of absence. He wept, overcome by emotion, but did not go out upon the deep. Furthermore, we have the solemn promise from the rulers that they will not desert the country, and we have every reason to believe that they will stand to it as long as there is a dollar in the treasury. They are fond of singing—

OH! I'LL NEVER GO BACK.

AIR—"Oh! Carry me back to Old Virginy."

Across the say, full many a day,
I've worked from morn till night,
Then I'd go to the wake and my toddy take,
And frolic, smoke, and fight.

But now I'm in America,

Where Irish rule and reign,
I will never go back, I will never go back
To Dublin town again.

I will never go back,
I will never go back
To Dublin town again.

My coat is fine, and my brogues they shine,
And the Yankees don't complain,
Though I tax them well, and their cash I take
For horses and champagne.

My name is Mister Mulligan,
And I'm living now in style,
Oh! I'll never go back, I will never go back
Again to Erin's Isle.

Oh! I'll never go back, etc.

A long farewell to Dublin town,

A long farewell to Cork,

I have no care, no trouble now,

For I am in New York.

My pick and spade are thrown aside,

I will not work any more,

Oh! I'll never go back, I will never go back
To Ireland's dreary shore.

Oh! I'll never go back, etc.

We have mentioned some of the queer expressions of the Irish. We have others which relate to public life in America, and may not prove entirely uninteresting to the reader, especially the one who contemplates launching out upon the Irish sea of politics.

"A put-up Job," "A Deal," "A little Job," "Dead Beat," "In the Ring," "A Lunkhead," "Knocking Down," "Cropping," "Dummy," "Perks," "A fair Divy," "Give me a Lay"—such are some of the terms used in public transactions, and which indicate, as we think, the high tone given to politics, and the honor to be gained by entering public life.

We have found more of that valuable manuscript before referred to, which, in the garb of a simple child's ditty, gives a true history and a correct idea of the customs, habits, and the manners of a people long since gone on that journey referred to by a distinguished English poet. We now have hopes of being able to complete the poem.

M stands for "my uncle,"
Obliging and good,
Who got for his cash
All the interest he could.

N stands for New York,
An industrious hive,
Where Irishmen govern,
And "Ring" leaders thrive.

O stands for O'Kay,
O'Hall and O'Connor,
O'Rourke and O'Flaherty—
Men of great honor.

P stands for perquisites—
Aldermen laugh,
And count up their gains
As their toddies they quaff.

Americans are apathetic. Not so with the Irish; they have always been pathetic. Forgetful of sorrow, even the miseries of Ireland, have not silenced entirely the "Harp of Erin." Still do they sing their songs of mirth and revelry; and when a countryman like "Miles O'Reilly" dies, they, as of old, sink into a tearful

LAMENT.

'Tis past! his harp, forever still,
No more will yield those witching strains
Which once our listening hearts did thrill:
'Tis hushed, and saddest silence reigns.
The notes that cheered declining age,
And thrilled the bold aspiring youth,
That served our sorrow to assuage,
Or spoke of loyalty and truth;

That promised liberty to slaves,
And nerved them 'mid the roar and rattle,
Where the glad sound of breaking chains
Was mingled with the din of battle;
That roused the drooping warrior's ire,
Till foemen fled dismayed before him,
And threw a heaven-born halo round
The starry flag that floated o'er him.

Oh! take the harp and sing again,
In measures borrowed from above,
Of scenes where joy and friendship reign,
Of honor bright and melting love,
Of manly hearts that spurn disgrace,
Of love-lorn maidens sad and weeping,
Of thoughts that shine in childhood's face,
Of hopes that in their hearts lie sleeping.

Cold, cold in death, no more he sings
The strains that stirred our hearts to wonder,
His harp all broken lies, with strings
Untuned, and rudely torn asunder.
Weeping they stand around his grave—
The old, the young, the bright, the fair,
His comrades of the fight, the brave,
And Freedom wears the cypress there.

CHAPTER XXI.

Wanted, An American Aristocracy—"We have It"—Oh! if I was an Irishman; Air, Maggie May—Unlimited Power of Local Rulers—Spirited Natives—Long, Long Ago—Cromwell—His Team—Six Flanders Mares—His Money—Lo the Poor Eagle—The Flag reformed—Cromwell lands in Ireland—Zeal in Religious Matters—A Protracted Meeting—A Revival—A Pious Letter—Curious Discovery—The Song of the Newsboy.

AMERICA has long sighed for an aristocracy. To form a class of the character needed, out of the plain psalm-singing descendants of the Puritans, was found to be impossible. No matter what amount of money they accumulated, they continued in trade still; and as butchers and bakers, or cotton-spinners, they sought to make still more. Besides it was discovered that men who made money by a systematic application to business, were slow about laying it out; it was found that to be lavish and princely in the expenditure of money, one must have a way of receiving it without toil or anxiety. All these matters have been satisfactorily arranged. Nothing can be more princely or grand than the style of living adopted by the American local rulers. Their incomes are only limited by the willingness of the people to endure taxation, and to that there seems to be no limit. Lofty palaces rise in their view, extensive grounds, beautified and adorned by all that genius, stimulated by rich rewards, can invent, spring up as if by magic; stables that eclipse the equine palaces of the Old World—in short every thing necessary to make the favored class imposing, grand, and painfully impressive in the eyes of the taxpayers, is freely furnished. British critics and casuists have intimated, that with all this grandeur and fabulous display of wealth, there is something in the manner of the nobles indicating a low ori-

gin, a coarseness that savors of the shanty and the hod. But even this is an advantage, for it pleases the people, who are thus reminded that the nobility which they see so much of, is of their own creation, and not of that detestable character known as hereditary. The inheritor of wealth in America is usually a quiet, inoffensive man, who dresses plainly, superintends the education of his children, and has a care to the management of his business. The true nobleman is he who is in direct communication with the public treasury, or has access to it through the influence of powerful relations or friends. A man will not scatter his money in a truly gentlemanly manner who is compelled to earn it, as the simple-minded of this world have it, "honestly."

The people look up to the men they have raised to such a height of fame and grandeur; in fact, they are obliged to look up, straining their eyes to see them. Lofty is the pinnacle some of them occupy. A few natives figure among them, but most of them came to us from "across the ocean blue." Few Americans aspire to be aristocrats, and by far the greater part of them are contented with being allowed to foot the bills; but now and then we find one sighing, and singing—

OH, IF I WAS AN IRISHMAN!

AIR—"Maggie May."

Oh, if I was an Irishman!

For office I would run,

And when the perquisites came in,

Oh, would'n't I have fun—

I'd smoke the very best cigars;

I'd drive a pair of bays;

And when I travelled up the road,

Oh! how the boys would gaze.

Oh, if I was an Irishman!

For office I would run,

And when the perquisites came in,

Oh, wouldn't I have fun.

Oh, if I was an Irishman!

The politician, keen,

Who sought my aid and influence,
Would never find me "green."

I'd say, your promises so fair,

To me are naught but trash;

And he should only get my vote

By planking down the cash.

Oh, if I was an Irishman! etc.

Alas! I'm not an Irishman—

But do not coldly frown;

It was no fault of mine that I

Was born in Boston town.

Oh, had I first beheld the light

In Dublin or in Cork,

I would, next day, have sailed away,

And settled in New York.

Oh, if I was an Irishman! etc.

As we have stated, the powers of the local rulers in America are not limited; those of the President are. He must respect the Constitution—but the authorities of New York, for instance, are able to accomplish an unlimited amount of good for the reason that they are left entirely unrestrained. Years ago public opinion seemed inclined to fix limits to the power of the ruler, but public opinion, intrusive and presumptuous, is dead, and Aldermen, Commissioners, and Chiefs of Departments are free, thanks to Irish nerve and boldness, and the law-abiding disposition of the people; but there are those who complain even at this, persons of that unhappy class who are continually pursuing those things which are new, but, at the same time, cling tenaciously to those which are old; we often hear them crooning about, to the

AIR—"Long, Long Ago,"

Once they were jealous and ready to fight,

Long, long ago—long, long ago;

With guns in their hands, on the side of the right,

Long, long ago—long ago.

But tamely submissive now, day after day,

Their rights and their money are taken away;

Yet did they the temper of freemen display,

Long, long ago—long, long ago.

Once they were freemen, and that was their
boast,

Long, long ago—long, long ago ;
And made "The American Eagle" their
toast,

Long, long ago—long ago.
Now they are busy each day at the store—
Vainly do good men their silence deplore—
Once they had spirit their rights to restore,
Long, long ago—long ago.

Cromwell left London in June, 1649, in "a coach drawn by six gallant Flanders mares," a popular style of turnout in America with men of certain well-defined tastes, but one which has, so far, been carefully avoided by gentlemen. Like the men who ride behind six mares in America, he had made a large amount of money in a short time, and had \$1,000,000, which in that day was counted a handsome sum, though a New York office-holder may now be tempted to smile at its insignificance. Cromwell was in office, and no doubt the perquisites gathered while faithfully performing his duty were laid away to accumulate. To those who are disposed to ridicule the mention of the trifling sum of one million of dollars in this connection, we explain, that Cromwell only had the British Empire to prey upon, while the Irish-American ruler, with New York under his heel, casts longing glances towards the White House, the Capitol, and the Treasury, at Washington. The natives will aid them, as they always have, but we fear that such a change will seriously affect the health of the Eagle—in fact, he is not well now, we conclude, from the following :

Lo! the poor Eagle has received a whack,
Be gorra! see him stretched upon his back ;
A neat shillalah did the little trick,
And tapped his claret—sure he's very sick !
He views the club, a handy little bat,
And dying, says, What made you do it, Pat ?

Such effusions serve to keep alive a
patriotic spirit in the country, and the

native listens, and resolves, that if he
lives until the election, he will vote for
another Irishman. He looks up to where
his country's flag is waving in the breeze,
and thinks how beautiful it might be
with a few changes, and then he sings :

O'er every sea our flag is borne,
In every port it floats,
Defended by true Irish hearts,
Sustained by Irish votes.

Would we our honor still preserve,
Our banner still protect,
Then bravely rally at the polls,
And Irishmen elect.

"Emblem of Liberty," we say,
Wherever it is seen,
And yet our hearts still feel a pang
Because it is not green.

And if it does not stir our pride,
Our loyal bosoms fire,
It is, perhaps, because its folds
Still lack an Irish Lyre

Flag of the loyal and the free,
In every land displayed,
No more of silk, but thou shalt be
Of Irish linen made.

Cromwell landed in Ireland with several troops of dragoons, and eight regiments of soldiers on foot, his money, a large supply of bibles, and scythes to cut down the grain, intending to starve the Irish. He proclaimed against drunkenness, for Cromwell was a very temperate man, as puritans always are; besides he feared that the habit which his followers had of taking too much, might interfere with his Irish campaign. His great hope was to get up a revival of religion, and was fully prepared with arguments, such as Irishmen are so fond of using in their zeal to make converts. The good man was intent upon converting the people of Ireland, and was much grieved when the people of Drogheda resisted him and postponed the good work ; they yielded, however, and then did his religion get the better of him,

and he handed over the officers and men, who were murdered in cold blood. As soon as the men were disposed of, the soldiers commenced on the women and children, and the affair grew into a protracted meeting, which lasted five days.

The heart of the great revivalist was roused, and he prayed and sang hymns, his men all the time at work. Then he wrote to England :

"It hath pleased God to bless our endeavors at Drogheda; after battery, we stormed it. The enemy were three thousand in the town; they made a stout resistance. I believe we put to the sword the whole number of defendants. I do not think that thirty escaped with their lives—those that did are in safe custody for the Barbadoes. This hath been a marvellous great mercy. The great thing was done in the spirit of God."

A strange discovery was made in New York, just after the destruction of a building which had been for many years occupied as a museum. Upon removing the rubbish, and reaching the corner-stone, many curious articles were found, such as take the mind back to the ages that are passed. Among the articles found were :

A red ticket, marked "Naturalize, and charge Tammany."

One lottery-ticket.

A pair of brogues.

A clay pipe.

An invitation to the Sorosis.

A mermaid.

A street-car conductor.

A song—"Kiss me for my mother!"

One slung-shot.

Plan of the largest dry goods store in the world.

Street-car hook.

Piece of wooden pavement.

A good servant-girl.

A free railroad pass.

A Cardiff giant.

An Alderman's pocket-book.

A pneumatic tunnel.

A Tombs shyster.

A hand-organ.

A Life Insurance agent.

Big Six.

Also a piece of manuscript, from which we have copied the foregoing sketches, translating them from the original Irish. Also, a small and much dilapidated piece of paper, upon which was written, in an ancient-looking hand, and the characters dimmed and nearly obliterated :

THE SONG OF THE NEWSBOY.

Out on the street, and the air is keen,
And the stars above are beaming;
And the busy crowd through the day so loud,
Are sleeping now and dreaming.
Out of the pinching frost and cold,
Out of the wind that whistles by—
But wait 'till my papers I get and fold,
And I'll rouse them then with my early cry:
Here's the morning papers!
'Tis day, 'tis day,
Slumber no more of the hours away.
Here's the morning papers!
Come buy, come buy;
And they wake at the sound of the
newsboy's cry.

Out on the street, and the sun is up—
Into the street they are coming;
And the heavy tread of the crowd I hear,
And the workshop's busy humming.
The day has come and they gather fast—
The young, the jolly, the old and gray,
And they know and feel that the lot of man,
Is an earnest fight to his latest day.
Here's the morning papers!
They pause to buy,
Then hurry onward; and still I cry
Here's the morning papers!
For the town is alive, and the roar and
rattle,
Tells a tale of strife, and life's hard-
fought battle.

Out on the street, and the shades of night
Have settled upon the city;

And many a laugh and song I hear,
 And many a call for pity.
 Hungry children now creep to bed—
 And suffering, too, for a crust of bread;
 But still are the songs of pleasure sung,
 Though many a heart with grief is wrung.
 Here's the evening papers!
 Come buy them, pray,
 For I must be up at break of day.
 Here's the evening papers!
 'Tis still my shout—
 Who'll take the next one, and buy
 me out?

Out on the street, and I struggle hard
 'Midst the bustle, rush, and clatter;
 Nor heed the sun, nor the driving rain,
 But through the mud I patter.
 A pleasant look, and a gentle word,
 And no complaint from my lips is heard.
 I will brave the heat and the winter's cold,
 And cry 'till my papers all are sold—
 Here's the morning papers!
 Pray stop and choose;
 Only a penny; and all the news.
 Here's the morning papers!
 Come, with me deal,
 For I cannot beg, and I will not steal.

CHAPTER XXII.

English Characteristics—Religion and Real Estate—Transplanted—Barney Doon—The Poet's Grandson—American Industry—Groundless Fears—The Ballot-box safe—Charles II.—Banquets and Celebrations—The Charge of the Grub Brigade—Public Opinion—Its Mistakes—The Majority restrained—Calamities thus avoided—Colonization—Happy Results—Out in the Cold—Irish Cattle—Bulls, etc.—The Mayor and his Bull—A Frisky Brute—Suppressed by Clubs and Bullets—Farmers—Townsmen—Voices from the Barn-yard—Yankee Poetry disappearing—But one Poem left, "That's what's the matter with Hannah"—Nivermore—A Courteous Letter.

Two peculiarities in the English character have caused Ireland much discomfort—piety, and a fondness for real estate. Looking back upon the centuries of the past, and terrified by the long list of outrages suffered by the Irish at the hands of the British, even the stern

soul of the Englishman faltered, and for the moment his heart gave way to fear; but he soon rallied, and with his returning courage came a firm resolution to convert the Irish to the British idea of dealing with spiritual matters, and quickly following this latter aspiration, came a desire to own Irish land.

About this time one Mr. Hicks took charge of Church matters in Ireland, who promised and agreed to preach "as often as the Lord would let him," which is the only limitation fixed to the labors of American divines, except the usual stipulation, that they shall be allowed to visit the fashionable watering-places during the heated term.

Nine hundred and sixty thousand pounds was claimed by the English, who did not wish to appear avaricious, and concluded to take the amount in land. Munster, Leinster, and Ulster supplied the land for a splendid "enterprise," for the whole was distributed by lot. It was generously provided that the officers and soldiers should have the land left after the drawing, which put them much in the condition of the New York taxpayers, who are left to enjoy such of their own lands and moneys as the rulers decide to leave in their hands.

The reasons why the peasants were allowed to remain after the gentry were driven out, were thus stated:

1st. Because the English wanted them to till the ground.

2d. They hoped to make them Protestants when the priests were removed.

3d. The settlers required servants.

Americans have good reason to hope that upon similar grounds they will be permitted to remain in their native land, and they are grateful. At night they love to gather round the festive board, and quaffing their Jersey cider, which they fondly imagine to be the richest

and rosiest of wine, they raise their voices, and sing to the good old Irish air of

BARNEY DOON.

Resistless time is on the wing,
And swiftly glide the passing years,
No longer then to sorrow cling,
Or yield to unavailing tears.
But drink to-night, while pleasure bright,
Beams in each eye and warms each heart,
Clasp every hand, and drain the bowl
To Love and Friendship ere we part.

We cannot shun stern fate's decrees,
And age will come with locks of white,
But we the present hour may seize,
And triumph o'er our cares to-night.
Then drink to-night, etc.

For friends abroad we breathe a prayer,
And pledge them in the rosy wine ;
Where'er they roam may joy be there,
And love around their pathway shine.
Then drink to-night, etc.

And when the hour shall come to part,
To bid the final, last adieu,
The thought last lingering in my heart,
Shall be of love, kind friends, for you.
Then drink to-night, etc.

Then banish every cankering care
That casts a shadow o'er the soul ;
Drink, drink to friendship and the fair,
Nor leave one drop within the bowl.
Then drink to-night, etc.

William Spenser, grandson of the poet, was one of the "transplanted." His grandfather had, seventy years before, taken the estates of the Fitz Gerald, and now Cromwell's soldiers called upon him to hand them over to them, notwithstanding he was English, and had adopted the protestant religion. So earnest were the soldiers in their demand, that even Cromwell did not think it prudent to oppose them. The old cause of irritation existed—the English were intent upon saving the souls of the Irish, and they were not willing to have them saved in the English fashion. This greatly exasperated the pious followers of Cromwell, and they proceeded, with

the enthusiasm of Ribbonmen, with their work of love ; but they found the Irish as firm and as resolute as are the followers of the Prince of Orange.

Such troubles can never occur in America, for there the natives stand ready to adopt any religion for the sake of peace. The belief and mode of worship might, at first, be a little repulsive to them, but they will adopt it, rather than be long engaged in a controversy that keep them away from the store.

The industry of the Americans precludes them from taking an active part in public affairs. This explains their willingness to hand over their government to strangers. It is estimated that ten per cent. of the natives do not even vote. There are those who argue that the act of voting is something more than a right—that it is an absolute duty, and say that if one man has a right to absent himself from the polls, all have ; and that in the latter case the wheels of government would cease to move. But those of us who have studied public affairs, know full well that there will always be a few who will continue to exercise the right of suffrage, and that that enterprising, public-spirited few, by casting a large number of votes each, and aided by the persons selected to count the ballots at night, are fully competent to keep up the number, so as to make it look respectable in the eyes of those totally ignorant of the circumstances.

Cromwell established a court, which got the name of "The Slaughter House." No such tribunal has ever been established on American soil ; but there has been one organized for more pacific purposes, and it is seriously called the "Citizen Factory." It is described as a cunning piece of machinery of American invention, which has only to be fed with brogues, old hats, corduroys, shillalahs, clay pipes, and balbriggan stockings, to

turn out vast swarms of voters, compared with whom the natives sink into insignificance, and against whom they are utterly powerless.

Charles ascended the throne in 1660, and the Irish still had their trials, which were generally followed by executions; but all this did not prevent them from gratifying their love of literature—they applied themselves industriously to the study of political economy, law, and such subjects as fitted them to perform the duties of statesmen, legislators, and jurists, under a democratic form of government. And even in the midst of these dry matter-of-fact investigations, do they seem to have had frequent visits from the muses—in truth, the graces are their friends; the muses delight to linger with, and the gods love them, and yet they do not die young.

It was common at one time to celebrate certain anniversaries and holidays with much pomp, and often with a banquet; upon such occasions, the nobility would prepare a feast for the peasantry, and afford them an opportunity to make merry for the time being, at least. The good old custom was transplanted to America, and the Hibernian holiday, known as Thanksgiving, is made an occasion of great joy and festivity. A fruitless effort has been made in England by a vain man, who aspires to be a poet, to imitate the following poem, which is an Irish description of an Irish-American Thanksgiving feast—and is called

THE CHARGE OF THE GRUB BRIGADE.

Half a mile, half a mile,
Half a mile onward,
Hungry as grizzly bears
March the twelve hundred!
Bravely they push ahead
On to where tables spread,
Offer them meal and bread,
Charge the twelve hundred!

Forward the Grub brigade,
None of the fearless stayed—
Grub waiting, halt they not,
None of them lingered;
Clashing their peaceful steel,
Longing for one "square meal,"
Forward they limp and reel,
Nor stayed they, till turkey bones
Each man had fingered.

Geese on the right of them,
Ducks on the left of them,
Turkeys in front of them—
Happy twelve hundred!
Whiskey they gulped it down
Without a grin or frown,
Eating and drinking still,
Joyful twelve hundred!

Each with his knife and fork,
What wretched slang they talk,
Munching and crunching while
Charging on fish and fowl;
How the crowd wondered,
Down with a leg or wing,
Lord, how the grease they fling,
Goose fat and Turkey.
Unbutton vest and waist,
Then for another taste—
Not a man blundered,
Though gorged full as buzzards,
Marched back the twelve hundred!

See the bold captains
In clean shaven faces,
Plumes and gilt buttons,
Swords, scabbards, and laces;
An urchin, oh! how ill-bred,
Shouts loudly, "feather bed!"
"Off with the youngster's head,"
Yell the twelve hundred!
"Murder the whelp" they say—
Ah! but he runs away,
Escapes the twelve hundred!

There are, in all communities, those who think lightly of public opinion. They argue that it has made mistakes in the past, and may err in the future. It condemned (they say) Socrates to drink the hemlock; it sent Phocion to execution; it elected Epaminondas city scavenger; it released Barrabbas, the robber, and nailed the Saviour of mankind to the cross. Such things have been done by the voice of the public, and who knows

what may occur hereafter. It is barely possible that the people of New York even, may some day become tired of taxation, which oppresses them for the benefit of a few ; of frauds, which keep them poor, that bold, bad men may amass fortunes, and indulge in extravagant luxuries unknown to him who makes his money honestly.

Matters are now so managed that the people can do little injury, for those who control public affairs are careful to prevent the majority from adopting foolish measures, or inflicting loss or trouble on the state : in other words, they find means to override the will of the majority whenever they think that the public good requires that they should do so. A law disfranchising the native voters would probably be submitted to by the peace-loving people, but not without murmurs, and more or less discontent. To avoid this the rulers accomplish the desired object by indirect, but most effective means ; for instance, when they find that a majority of a community, or district, are disposed to elect such a man as, in their judgment, ought not to hold office, they colonize—that is, they send in the requisite number of Irish laborers to out-vote the legal electors of the district. Those useful people, under the pretense of locating permanently, put up their shanties, and commence work in the streets, or parks (if to doze and slumber in the shade, or on a curbstone, can be called labor). When the election day comes, in charge of overseers, they are led to the polls, when they vote the ticket furnished by those having them in charge, who are the authorized *agents* of the leading public men. In this way a wicked or incompetent majority are prevented from filling our legislative halls with stubborn, headstrong men, who, no doubt, would oftentimes oppose the measures put forward

by the statesmen, trammel them in their efforts to serve their fellow men, and interfere, generally, with their plans for public improvement. Without the element referred to, the disfranchisement of the American people could not be accomplished without a positive law to that effect. As it is, the great object is secured, and the Americans remain in blissful ignorance of the fact, while some of them even imagine that they are still freemen enjoying the right of suffrage.

Fifteen thousand Irishmen in New York, who were employed just before an election to circumvent a wicked majority in the manner above set forth, were a few days after the election cruelly cast, by the men who had used them, out upon the charity of a cold and heartless world. For days they waited for their wages, shivering and hungry, and melted the hearts of the compassionate natives by singing, in plaintive voices—

“OUT IN THE COLD.”

“Out in the cold!” the election is o’er,
And we are not wanted, they say, any more ;
Though the winter is on us, with frost and
with snow,
We have voted, and now we are ordered to go.
How we loitered about, how we lounged in
the Park,
And our songs were as light as the lay of the
lark ;
But our ballots are taken, and now we are told
To leave, and, and, like cattle, put out in the cold.
“Out in the cold!” how they whimpered
and bowed,
Made speeches on industry, learned and loud,
Or took Mike, and Jerry, and Pat by the
hand,
And called them the sovereigns, the kings
of the land ;
And the shrewd politician, who took off his
hat,
Smiled his sweetest, and murmured, good
morning, dear Pat.
But the young and the strong, and the crippled
and old,
Have voted, and now are kicked out in the
cold.

"Out in the cold!" and now, day after day,
 All ragged and hungry, we wait for our pay.
 We were courted and flattered, and petted
 and fed,
 And up to the polls we were shamelessly led;
 And we voted for men who go dressed in fine
 clothes,
 But each when he meets us now turns up his
 nose—
 Once so bland and persuasive—alas! we are
 sold,
 And by false politicians put out in the cold.

The Irish have always taken great pains with their cattle, in which they feel an honest pride. Their "Bulls" are unsurpassed, and made pets of by the people of the United States. Usually, they are tractable, and easily managed; but sometimes, in a frolicsome mood, they have been known to play queer pranks, and do more or less damage. The Mayor of New York, actuated by a desire to amuse and soothe the people, turned one of these strange animals loose just before the Twelfth of July, in the year 1871; and the jolly brute evidently took the great American city for a china-shop, for so extravagant did he become in his antics and cavortings that it took all the police and many regiments to subdue him. Such was the result of an attempt on the part of the chief officer of an American community to make it appear that he was familiar with the subject of bulls, and knew something about farming. Since the occasion referred to he has not seemed at all ambitious to tell what he knows about cattle, or the antecedents of his noted bull.

The best and purest-minded people in the world are those who cultivate the soil. The wretched sinners, or the politicians (which amounts to the same thing), all live in town. There do they plan, plot, and conspire, while the virtuous farmer sits on his porch, and studies out modes of selling his produce cheaper, or, reclining in the shade of an apple tree, listens to—

VOICES FROM THE BARN-YARD.

Up on an old dry limb he sat,
 A crow as black as a parson's hat,
 And he felt so safe on his perch so high,
 'That he winked and blinked at the passer-by.
 Along came the farmer bent on fun,
 And he banged away with his loaded gun,
 "You are mine," he cried, with a loud ha!
 ha!
 And the old crow answered him, *caw! caw!*
caw!

Said the man, "You are mine,"
 With a ha! ha! ha!
 And the crow flew away
 With a *caw! caw! caw!*

The cock sat up on the old barn-door,
 And watched the grain on the threshing-floor,
 Said he, "When the farmer leaves I'll try,
 With my hens and my chickens, a meal of
 rye."

And he knew the farmer's habits well,
 So he watched the flail as it rose and fell.
 When the good man left then down he flew,
 And he called to his brood with an ooh!
 ooh! ooh!

The farmer went to the field to
 mow,
 And the cock kept watch till he
 saw him go.
 Then he called his hens, and his
 chickens too,
 With a flap of his wings, and an
 ooh! ooh! ooh!

The brindle cow, with a sober look,
 Was chewing her cud in a shady nook,
 And she watched her calf—'twas a pleasant
 sight,

As it nipped the grass and the daisies white.
 But the butcher came for the frisky calf,
 And he took it away with a cruel laugh;
 The man and his trade old brindle knew,
 And she mourned for her pet with a moo!
 moo! moo!

She left the shade by the running
 brook,
 And roamed about with a lonely
 look,
 For what could poor old brindle
 do,
 But wander about with her moo!
 moo! moo!

The little pig lay in his bed of straw,
 And heard the crow, with his *caw! caw!*
caw!

And he heard the cow, with her moo ! moo !
moo !

And the crowing cock, with his ooh ! ooh !
ooh !

Said he, " If you'll give me plenty of swill,
You may caw and moo as much as you will,
A peck of corn is a meal for me."

And he squealed and he squealed with his
owee ! owee ! owee !

He heard the sound of the farmer's flail,
And he scratched his back on an

old brown rail,
" Give me my corn and my swill,"

said he,
" And you'll hear the less of my

owee ! owee ! owee !"

The night was dark, and the farmer slept,
When the old dog out from his kennel crept,
And the hens were awake, and they moved
about,

And the old dog knew that the fox was out ;
And sure enough, in a moment more,
The speckled hen on his back he bore.

I am sure, he said, of my supper now,
And he laughed at the dog and his bow-wow
wow.

For the dog was old, and his
limbs did ache,

And the fox was cunning and
wide awake,

But a young dog lives with the
farmer now,

And the fox keeps away from his
bow-wow-wow.

We cannot tell what the author of
the above lines means, or what idea he
intended to convey, unless he can be
understood that the young dog repre-
sents public opinion, aroused and upon
the alert, and determined upon guard-
ing that attractive hen-roost, the treas-
ury, from the thievish foxes who infest
the country.

It is a fact easily accounted for, that
such rhymes as originated in America
are fast disappearing, and making way
for the beautiful songs, touching ditties,
and grand poems of Erin. The only
New England poem extant, and the one
that has outlived all others, is a picture

of domestic life, mournful, but neverthe-
less interesting. Like everything eman-
ating from those stern advocates of
purity and morality, it has a strong
leaning towards sobriety and virtue,
stamping the author as one of that no-
ble race, the Puritan. The piece was
a great favorite with Cotton Mather,
and is regularly recited at the com-
mencement exercises of Yale College, to
the great satisfaction of the president
and faculty, and the improvement of
the audience. With the students, the
once popular pieces commencing, " You'd
scarce expect one of my age," and " The
boy stood on the burning deck," have
made way for

" THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH
HANNAH."

Joe loves his toddy and pipe,

Joe, who was gentle and tender.

Now it may not be harmful to smoke,

But Joe ought not to go on a bender.

For then he is out late at night,

And is surly and rough in his manner ,

Folks say he is taking too much—

And " that's what's the matter with
Hannah."

I don't believe in whining about—

'Tis a waste of one's time, and a folly ,

And I like a good rollicking laugh,

And good friends all about who are jolly.

But Joe tarries too long at the wine,

And his wife, when I happen to scan her,

Looks anxious, and pale, and I know—

That " that's what's the matter with
Hannah."

He's a generous fellow, that Joe,

And fast fellows are always around him ;

And he's kind and good-natured to all,

But he drinks with too many, confound
him.

And one is an oily-tongued chap,

They say he's a dangerous planner,

And he sticks to Joe's side like a leech—

And " that's what's the matter with
Hannah."

Joe has a snug little house,

But his meek little wife has her sorrow ;

Each day gives new strength to her fears,
 And she shudders to think of the morrow.
 Though she smiles, and tries hard to be gay,
 There is something, alas! in her manner,
 Which says she is anxious for Joe—

And "that's what's the matter with
 Hannah."

Cromwell was a man of progress; his views and sentiments were those of an advanced state of civilization; intent upon serving the English people, he killed the king, and put himself at the head of the government. Sustained by the pious Roundheads, and supported by bayonets, he achieved a victory as decided and complete as any ever won by an American politician, though the latter may have had an army of repeaters to march at his command, a troop of canvassers ready to falsify the vote of the people, and the treasury of a great metropolis to pay for these valuable services.

Steinhurst tells us of Irish fairs, and especially of one in Dublin, where wares were sold "dog cheap;" and he tells us of a man who wrapped himself in a Waterford rug, and was near being torn to pieces by the dogs, who took him for a bear. In spite of the oppressions of the English and their own quarrels, they made much progress in trade and commerce, cultivated the arts of peace, and nursed and kept alive that noble ambition which, transmitted from father to son, was, at last, to make them the rulers of the great American republic.

Those ambitious Americans, who have attempted to enter public life, have met with so many rebuffs and discouragements, as to deter many, who, in their youth, had hopes of distinction and honor among their countrymen. The fate of Hezekiah Hayman, who aspired to nothing higher than to cast his vote for the man of his choice, and who could hardly find time for that, for he kept a store, reveals the obstacles which lie in the

pathway of him who attempts to perform his duty like a good citizen. Under the impression that he ought to vote, he starts for the polls, and when he mildly suggests that he would like to deposit his ballot, he is met by the inevitable Irishman, who exclaims—Nivermore!

HAYMAN'S LAMENT.

Once, 'twas in November dreary,
 After work, forlorn and weary,
 And the afternoon was waning,
 That to vote I left my store.
 Vote, thought I, I will for Faber;
 Clever man—he was my neighbor—
 Vote I will for him, I pondered,
 As I paused to lock the door.

But the brogue of Tipperary,
 Heard I as I locked the door.
 Only this, and nothing more.

Shocked at first, I did recoil;
 Born I was upon the soil,
 Taught to love the flag and eagle,
 Reared on old Long Island's shore.

To the son of Erin blandly
 This I said. He answered grandly,
 Stay sir, keep within your store.
 My advice sir should be heeded,
 You'll be called for if you're needed.
 Ah! I said, he is mistaken;
 Irish blunder, nothing more.

Should I whimper like a poodle?
 No! I thought of Yankee Doodle,
 And my blood began to tingle
 Through my heart and to its core.
 Vote I will or have a tussle,
 This I said, and try my muscle.
 He a little stick was swinging.

Vote! said he; no, nivermore!
 'Tis my right, I said emphatic;
 In a tone aristocratic,
 Did he mutter—Nivermore!

Then I looked at him with wonder,
 Getting, too, as mad as thunder;
 But he lit his pipe. I never,
 Never saw his like before.
 Pat, I said, I'll vote or fight ye.
 Shure, he said, it would delight me,
 Just a little mill for pleasure,
 Nothing would delight me more.
 Then he drew his coat, still grinning,
 With a smile by no means winning,
 And he growled—No, nivermore!

Yankees should be meek and lowly,
So he said. My bundles slowly—
Soap and sugar I was taking

To my dwelling from the store—
Laid I down, and somewhat flurried,
At the Irishman I hurried.

And he played with his shillalah—
He had handled it before.

I am taxed, I said, 'tis funny ;
Do you call on me for money ?

And he said—For evermore !

Then a man in blue did grab me,
And I said, why do you nab me ?
I my rights am simply seeking,

Jeered and baffled, sick and sore.
Pooh ! he said, you are but chaffing ;
And they both turned in to laughing ;
And just then I think I swore.

Then I felt so melancholy,
But the Irishman was jolly,
And he said, the rights you talk of,
They are gone for evermore.

To the jail I then was carried,
Sad and lonely there I tarried ;
All night long my wife and children
My ill fortune did deplore.
Morning found my body aching,
And through prison darkness breaking,
I could hear that man of Erin
Give an irritating roar.
Still around the prison prowling,
You shall vote, I heard him howling,
Vote again, no, nivermore !

Though I find these things distressing,
Still the Irish are a blessing,
So the orators all tell us,

As they often have before.
Thus 'the politicians school us ;
Pat, they say, should tax and rule us ;
What on earth are Yankees fit for
But to keep a little store ?
Shall Americans be free, then ?
Hark ! a voice says *No* ! you heathen,
We will rule them ivermore.

But the Yankee now is rising,
And it is somewhat surprising,
When we scan his antecedents,
That he did not rise before.
Do you hear his proclamation ?
"We will rule the Yankee nation,
Like the sound of many waters,
Sweeping in from shore to shore.

Pat our dearest rights despising,
And our land monopolising,
He shall govern us no more !"

The respectful manner and deferential tone adopted by the American official in his intercourse with the people, have charmed the extreme communists, and have been discussed and commented upon by those who are known to be more moderate. It is not doubted that, in defence of free government, in the name of liberty, and under anything like advantageous circumstances, a committee of public safety, on defence, could be organized in New York, with power to buy all the petroleum in the market, money to pay for it, and authority to use every barrel, should the committee decide that *justice, and the cause of human freedom* made it their duty to do so.

Illustrative of the yielding, accommodating disposition of the local ruler, we insert the following letter, which was sent in reply to a communication received from some of the most respectable taxpayers and worthy citizens of New York city. There was nothing in the case to call for any unusual amount of respect, urbanity, or deference from the writer, it being a fact that the citizens referred to belonged to that class who confine themselves to one vote each, and who decline to interfere with the counting of the ballots in any manner contrary to law, or the oaths of the officers selected to miscount them. And furthermore, it appears evident that he was, when he penned the document, impressed with the recollection that "the people are the fountain of all power," that governments are established and maintained for the benefit of the governed," that a public officer is but the people's servant—in short, he must have been in an extremely "*vox populi, vox Dei*" mood, or he would not have bowed so *very* low to his constituents.

A COURTEOUS LETTER.

NEW YORK, Aug. 12, 1871.

To —, one of the signers of the communication
addressed to the undersigned :

I beg to make acknowledgment
Of your communication.

To the chairman I have sent it,
And I have no hesitation
In stating why I wont receive
The document at all.
Just listen how I answer to
Your rude uncivil call.

And first, of this metropolis
Remember I am Mayor ;
Which means that I am great Tycoon,
And you must have a care
How you behave. No gentleman
Would sign the document,
Nor a gentleman receive it
If it happened to be sent.

And secondly : to be polite
Is just what I desire ;
So I wont abuse each signer,
And call every man a liar,
Though when you said you lived uptown
You knew it was not true ;
But I would not call you liars, gents—
I'm more polite than you.

And thirdly : of the meeting
You talk, but were not there,
My Roughs were on the ground, and I
Know much of the affair.
They told me how, with curses loud,
They drowned the public voice,
And how they broke the meeting up—
And then I did rejoice.

The chairman was insulted,
And the speakers hooted down ;
Don't talk of free speech now to me,
Nor rave, and rant, and frown.
I called upon my ruffian crew,
Who mustered in a mass—
Without the negative, say how
Could resolutions pass ?

And fifthly : now there's one whereas
That is not true, you *know*,
For some time since, over my name,
I plainly told you so.
And sixth : you are insulting,
And so vulgar in your tone—
I tell you I am Mayor,
And I must be let alone.

Resign ! you "blarsted" ninnies, No !
Aint that a pretty note ;
Why, you are not "Repeaters,"
And for me you did not vote.
Resign a place like that I hold
For some one else to rule !
The plunderers would laugh at me,
And say I was a fool.

Twelve years I held an office,
And I never, never erred,
But preserved my name unblemished,
And for this you have *my word*.
And I in office shall remain ;
Remember, I am Mayor,
And all your anger I defy—
Disturb me if you dare.

What will the people do ? Will they
cower and give way to the defiance, or
will they tell him that

For years we've borne oppression,
And have seen our hard-earned cash
Thrown away and wildly squandered
By a troop of reckless trash.
But we will be robbed no longer,
And a solemn oath we swear,
That we will maintain our liberties—
False man Beware ! Beware !

CHAPTER XXIII.

Irish Poetry superseding that of all other Nations
—Specimens of German Poetry—Diedrich Pohl
—The Fate of his Pets—William Dell—He kills
the Tyrant—Small Salaries—Sudden Death—
A Pipe and an Empty Bottle—Important Pa-
pers—Receipts and Expenditures of an Office-
holder—The Coroner and the Jury—The Ver-
dict—The Public Funeral—A Solitary Mourner
—A Papal Brigade—Americans made useful—
Rich Rewards promised—National Song—
Barney Doodle—The Grand Review.

WE have stated that the poetry of
New England, with the exception of a
single composition, has passed from the
mind of man—nor do we regard the fact
as at all important, for the efforts of
Americans have scarcely looked beyond
a weak imitation of the splendid pieces

left to the world by the bards of Ireland—intellectual monuments reared by the great minds of the past, that seem to laugh at time, and challenge eternity. The poetry of the Germans differed widely from that of the Americans, being more difficult to read and comprehend by persons whose knowledge of the languages was confined to the plainest and most straightforward English. There was yet much in it that seemed to make it worthy of preservation, though it would not, of course, take rank with the rhymes of Erin. We feel that we shall not be disputed when we say that there was much in the verses of the German poets to excite the admiration, and attract the attention of a German scholar. It was their practice to describe the harmless scenes of every-day life, never forgetting to say a word in praise of that soul-stirring, song-exciting, yet harmless national beverage, "Lager Bier," a drink which, according to Tacitus, has come down to us from the days of the Roman invasions and Arminius. After a careful search on both sides of the Atlantic, we have been able to rescue one or two meagre fragments—contemptible, we admit, when compared with the grand productions which have mouldered away, and been ground to dust beneath the iron heel of Time. Searching among the musty records of an ancient German library, the author was attracted by an odor which led him to believe that his efforts were about to be rewarded by the discovery of one of those cheeses so much praised by the natives, and known as "Limberger." Imagine his joy when he found the smell to proceed from a piece of parchment which, on account of its extreme age, emitted the peculiar odor above referred to; and there within that soiled and ancient document, which bore evidences of having been handled and perused by

the great Gambrius himself, appeared an account of

DIEDERICH POHL.

Old Diederich Pohl vas a scholly zoul,
 And geept a beer zaloon,
 And he geept a organ in de houze,
 And it blay zome libely doon.
 And de bier vas always gool and nize
 Ven he sell dem in his plaze,
 Und his brod vas rye, und goot to eat
 Mit ham and schweitzer kase.
 Und he geept zwei dable in de room,
 Und he geept some creazy cart,
 Und de poys dey gum at night du blay,
 All day dey vorks zo hart.
 Und he geept a table—dere it schtood
 Shust a leetle to von zide—
 Und dey boys dey blayed dere bagatellè,
 Und to peat dey always dried.

Und Diederich Pohl, Katrina had,
 Und she vore a leetle hat;
 Und he had von leetle boodle tog,
 Und he geept von leetle gat.
 Von tay his tog und gat dey go,
 Und Diederich don't know vare,
 Und ven he hunt und vind dem not,
 He make an awful schware.

He scholds Katrina fery pad—
 Katrina vas his taughter—
 Und he zay, "I fraid zome loaver guss
 Has trown dem in de vater.
 Und de gollar on dat boodles neg,
 Und de leetle lock vas prass,
 Und I care not for de tog," he says,
 "But dem locks I vish I hass."

Von nide de poys vere all aroud,
 Old Diederich he feel goot,
 And de poys zay, "pring dem sausage out,"
 Und Diederich say he vould.
 Und ven dey cut dose sausage up,
 Vy, vat yon tinks dey vind,
 Dat leetle locks und de piece of cat,
 Vat you call de tails behind.

By far the most lucrative, as well as respectable business in America, is that of selling ardent spirits, or "keeping a saloon;" it brings the proprietor at once into contact and into favor with the rulers of the land, and upon such terms as to be sure to secure to him the

honors and emoluments of office. It is difficult for an American to qualify himself in this way for high position. All the eligible corners and locations in the large towns are taken, and are occupied by the ever-vigilant Irish. This is one reason, why the people of the United States know so little of public affairs. These saloons are the institutions where diplomacy, statesmanship, the science of government, and political economy are taught, and they are so much crowded that a native can seldom gain admission. In the German institutions of this character, a different line of study and investigation is pursued. They simply teach the art of taking comfort and of being happy, though it is said that they contemplate turning their attention, in some degree at least, to public affairs.

Finding their taxes yearly increasing, with no corresponding increase in the amount or value of their possessions, badgered and baffled when they apply to the public servants for information or justice, sneered at by the ruling party, and carefully excluded from all positions of honor or trust, the Germans of New York, at last, really contemplate taking part in the management of public affairs. The natives "hail with joy" the resolution, but greatly fear that the next *scheutzenfest* will commence before it is acted upon; and even after that is over, they may find the interval too short between the festival named and the *sangerfest*; and as one follows the other, at short intervals, there are gloomy, despondent people, who seem to fear that they will continue to shoot, sing, and drink until they forget that they are American citizens.

We have no share in these fears. Already are they bringing forward and dwelling upon those splendid examples of heroism and love of country, which live in the annals of their "Fatherland."

And their theatres, gardens, and places of pleasure are made to resound with the story (as told by their own Schiller) of

VILLIAM DELL.

Old Villiam Dell he lif,
 Ub in dose moundain high—
 Ven dyrands ub dere game,
 He shood dem in de eye.
 Of all dem *Swtitzer* poy,
 Dell's bow it vas de best;
 Und many dime he go
 Oud do dem *scheutzenfest*.
 Und Dell he dalk zo loud,
 Und den he loog zo mad,
 Dat beebles den dey dinks
 Dat dey vas dreat zo pad.
 Den many dime dey dalk,
 Und don't know vat to do—
 "Dose dyrand kill," zay Dell,
 "Und den I fides mit you."
 Dell hab von leetle poy;
 He send him oud von day,
 Do py von quard ob peer,
 Und zay, "you no mus schtay."
 Der leetle poy no gum,
 Und Dell he vas zo dry,
 Und zo he go oud, doo,
 Do vind dem reasons vy.
 Old Gesler he vas looze,
 Und no could vind der vay;
 He make von awvul schream,
 "I loss! I loss!" he zay.
 Und den der poy he gum,
 De dyrand holler zo,
 Der poy he zay "Hush ub;
 I knows der vay do go."
 Dose poy he walks along;
 Ole Gesler foller town;
 Und zoon de dyrand zay,
 "Aha! I zee de down.
 Zo poy you go mit me"—
 Der poy zay, "No, mynheer;
 I go strade back," he zay,
 Mine fader vant dat peer."
 "You fader is von reb;"
 Der grooel dyrand zed,
 "I cud ride off your head,
 Und den you vill go dead."
 Der poy he no did gry,
 He no did durn him bale;
 Und ven dey gome zer down,
 De poy he go to chail.

Und Dell zoon he find out,
 All pout de leetle poy,
 Den he pegin to schwear,
 Und make zo pig a noise.
 Und den he dake von pow,
 Und dake zwei arrow doo,
 Und go ride troo de doun,
 Do ze vat he can to.

"I vants mine leetle poy,"
 Dell do der dyrant said;
 Und Gesler he say, "no,"
 "I cud off both your head."
 "I geeeps you now," he say,
 Und den he vas zo glad,
 Und all de dime Dell schwear,
 Begause he vas zo mad.

Und Gesler den he zay,
 I vants zum leetle vun,
 "I puts von apple now,
 Der poy his head upbon.
 Und ven you shoot dem off,
 Dat poy he go mit you,
 Und ven you hit dem not,
 You knows vat I will do."

Dose poy he schtand zo schtill,
 He never vink his eye;
 Den Dell he bend dat pow,
 Und led ein arrow fly.
 He shood dis appel off,
 Zo zhure as he have eyes,
 Ad any scheutzenfest,
 Dat shot vould take von brize.

Den Dell he pent his pow,
 Again ub to his eye,
 Zo fast as he could go,
 Und let dose arrow fly.
 Und den dere vas a schream,
 Dat dyrant he vas hit,
 Dat arrow it stuck ond
 Ride from his stomache pit.

The small and really insufficient salaries paid by the government of New York, illustrates the American idea of what the reward of a servant of the people should be; but still the Irish ruler, accustomed from his infancy to economy and a careful expenditure of money, is able to keep body and soul together, which is thought to be more than the natives will be able to do if

the burdens of government continue to increase.

It has been a most difficult matter to get at the facts and discover just what the income of an office-holder under a republican form of government is; but an event dark and gloomy in itself, has at last thrown that light on the subject, so long, so earnestly, and yet so vainly sought. One of the class in question—a man who had given his best days to the service of the people—was found on the curbstone, one chill November morning, stiff, stark, and dead. In the pocket of his tattered vest was found a half-sheet of paper, headed Department of Public Works. The other pockets were empty—but in a hat, old, and having upon it the traces of rough usage and tempestuous weather, was discovered a small and much-worn laurel-root pipe, an empty pint bottle, and a document of which the following is a copy:

Statement of monies received by
 Larry Rooney, while holding the office
 of —, city of New York.

Salary per annum.....	\$2,500 00
Sale of vote direct.....	1,500 00
" " indirect.....	1,000 00
" " influence to pass measures pending.....	1,000 00
Influence to secure places for di- vers persons.....	1,000 00
From wooden pavements.....	1,500 00
Influence in favor of P. Q., charged with murder.....	1,000 00
Ditto, bank robber.....	1,000 00
Manuals sold.....	500 00
Stationery.....	250 00
Levies on different persons.....	1,000 00
Interest in jobs.....	1,500 00
Diamonds and other presents....	1,500 00
Wine, tobacco, etc. donated.....	500 00
	<hr/>
	\$15,750 00

Expended in the regular performance of official duties, during the year afore-said, funds public and private, as follows, viz.:

Rum for self.....	\$2,000 00
For friends, strikers, etc.....	1,500 00
Repeaters, 300, \$3.00 each.....	900 00
Paid to canvassers of votes.....	1,000 00
Lunch, rum, and cigars for officers of election.....	300 00
Loaned and not to be called for..	1,000 00
Assessed for funeral expenses....	200 00
Lawyers' fees paid for ward politi- cians.....	500 00
Pew and church expenses.....	1,500 00
Wine, etc., for sake of style.....	1,000 00
Suppers and lunches.....	1,000 00
Books and papers for my own use,	1 75
Ditto postage.....	10
Ball tickets.....	500 00
Target companies.....	1,500 00
Club expenses.....	2,000 00
Assessed for election purposes...	3,500 00
Family expenses, wife and seven children.....	450 00
	<hr/>
	\$18,851 85

The coroner proceeded to inquire into the cause of the death of the unfortunate man. He took from the hat we have described the pint bottle, which was found to be entirely empty, and without even a cork. The proper officer of the county put the bottle to his nose, when a tremor ran through his frame, he turned deathly pale, and sank upon the ground; nor did he rise until a drink was procured from a neighboring saloon. Had the excise law been in force at the time, the county would have lost one of its most efficient officers. But the saloon was open and his life was saved.

The jury seeing the effect of the bottle on the officer were able to bring in a verdict without delay. The corpse was carefully removed to the City Hall, where it lay in state as long as it was deemed desirable, in view of the fact that the weather turned extremely warm, the flags were kept at half mast until the body was followed to its last resting-place, where it reposes beyond the reach of all the troubles of this world, including delirium tremens.

It was followed by the Mayor, Heads of Departments, Commissioners, the Common Council, in carriages—and the thousands which the pageant cost, were paid by the city of New York. One man followed the coffin arrayed in deep black, and bathed in tears. He was an applicant for the office made vacant by the death of his friend. At the grave his grief was uncontrollable. He was appointed next day, and became resigned to his mournful bereavement.

There are those who stubbornly oppose any increase of salary, but seem willing to see their faithful servants beggar themselves for the public good. These discontented spirits would, were they not restrained by that portion of their countrymen who are more just and prudent than themselves, pursue their benefactors even as the murderous owls of Jersey pursue the innocent Irish sparrows that chirp the natives into a state of forgetfulness of all their wrongs and oppressions, if indeed they have any to forget.

The unfortunate Larry Rooney died insolvent, and so will our public men continue to die, until the few obstacles which lie between the public money and the office-holder have given way to a sense of justice on the part of the people and a proper spirit of reform.

In 1592, and for some time previous, religion had been a matter warmly discussed, and discussion in Ireland has invariably been accompanied with more or less bloodshed. As usual, the most cruel tortures were invented and inflicted by people who could not find it in their hearts to tolerate wickedness in any form.

America will soon be in a condition to be used as a starting point for crusades. Not long since the ruling element in that country came near sending to the rescue

of the Pope an army grand and invincible. The soldiers were not to be Irishmen; they could not be spared. It was found that they would be compelled to resign temporarily their offices, and the country would be left, to a certain extent, without rulers. It was therefore decided that the ranks should be filled with Americans, and it was a matter of much joy and congratulation, that at last there was an opportunity to dispose of this useless race to some advantage. The plan adopted was to organize into regiments the descendants of the Puritans, who were to be so treated, and so well paid, as to cause them to forget, even if exposed to them, all the toils and dangers of war. They were to be made the subject of masses and prayers; their banners were to be blest by priests—when blessings amounted to something important—and they were to be paid liberally *in indulgences*. Such as had sinned against the Irish government of their country were to be forgiven; and, in short, they were to be put upon such a footing that, if they did not escape purgatory, they were at least to be spared the torture and misery of those hotter and more uncomfortable regions which lie beyond.

The uniform to be worn by these men—many of whom seemed destined for martyrdom—was to be of green, and the shamrock was to hang gracefully in the button-hole of each. To suit the occasion, songs were specially prepared, and as time was precious, and the managers of the great enterprise had much to occupy their minds, it was found convenient and economical to modify some of the native war songs. The rage of the heroes was roused to the highest pitch, and their enthusiasm became uncontrollable, when they heard sung, to an air which stirs the noblest impulses of the American heart, the song of

BARNEY DOODLE.

Barney Doodle went to Cork,
And wore his corduroys;
He danced and frolicked with the girls,
Shillalaeed all the boys.
Barney Doodle, lively lad!
Full of fun and frisky;
Potatoes are his meat and bread,
His coffee Irish whiskey.

To Dublin town he made his way,
Dressed in his best and smiling;
But all the time he swung his stick,
And for a fight was spiling.
Barney Doodle, etc.

He went on board a ship one day—
This Barney Doodle, funny—
And sily stowed himself away,
Because he had no money.
Barney Doodle, etc.

And when the ship got out to sea,
The wicked mate who found him,
Called Barney very naughty names,
And cruelly did pound him.
Barney Doodle, etc.

He crossed the sea in thirty days—
This Irishman from Cork, sir;
Without a shilling in his fob
He landed in New York, sir.
Barney Doodle, etc.

He met a lady on Broadway,
She had a pretty poodle;
She sweetly smiled, and said to him,
Good morning, Barney Doodle.
Barney Doodle, etc.

The natives all took off their hats,
And powerful he grew, sir;
And everybody bowed and said,
Of course we vote for you, sir.
Barney Doodle, etc.

And Barney soon was made a judge,
And wore a diamond, too, sir,
As large as any front-door knob;
But what is that to you, sir?
Barney Doodle, etc.

Pull down the striped Yankee rag—
We would not have it seen, sir,
Since Irish rule America—
Hang out the flag of green, sir!
Barney Doodle, etc.

They did not go, but they marched
through many streets and banqueted

from time to time. Barney Mac Graf-fully, who owned a band, furnished the music, and as they marched nobly by the City Hall to that splendid American air, "Lanagan's Ball," they were reviewed by O'Toole and McCoole, McCall and O'Hall, Lanagan and Flanagan, McQuirk and McQuirk, Quinn and McGinn, Rooney and Mooney, and other distinguished characters, civil and military.

The natives who had not been drafted into that fortunate regiment, looked on with joy and admiration. New Yorkers were happy even in July, and that is saying much for a people who are habitually gloomy and disconsolate during the months the names of which lack the magical R, the letter so prominent in Ireland, Erin, and Hibernia.

CHAPTER XXIV

The Irrepressible Conflict—Which I wish to Remark—Higgin O'Dowd in the Stocks—He pleads for Stationery—Give Me the Pen—Three Blind Mice—Custom-houses and Irish Collectors—Linen—Whiskey and Balbriggan Stockings the only Imports—Employees—Song of the Veteran—Pleasant Duties of the Author—He turns cheerfully from Gunpowder to Love—Love Scenes—Barney and Mag—Air, "The Tall Young Oysterman"—Mag saved from a Dreadful Fate—She forgives Barney and shares his Shanty—A Public Meeting disturbed by a Know-Nothing—The Criminal promptly arrested—Tried and Imprisoned—Oh! why not sing those old Songs?—They give it up—The Irish Wall not reliable as a Defence—Woman in America—Mrs. Malones—Domestic Ditty—The Infant Malones—Twinkle, twinkle, Solitaire—Not Byron but O'Byrne.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT.

Which I wish to remark,
So don't misunderstand,
Is that Pat is the lark
Who should govern the land,
For a Yankee has only one ballot,
While Pat carries a score in each hand.

It was late in the fall,
And the weather was wet,

And the facts I recall
I shall never forget,
As I frequent remark to the people,
In the hope they will do something yet.

Pat Dugan walked up
To the polls with a frown,
(Till a few days before
He'd been living down-town!)
He had taken a drop of the "craythur,"
Hibernian scruples to drown.

Which a "nagur" stood near,
In a seedy jeans coat,
Though his knees shook with fear,
Yet he challenged that vote.
Then Pat turned in a rage on the "nagur,"
And cruelly clutched for his throat.

And the fight was severe,
For the "nagur" was stout,
And he stirred up his foe,
And he shook him about;
Nor was there a single policeman
To lead the two fighting-men out.

And the number of votes
From Pat's pockets that fell,
You would never believe
If the truth I should tell.
For Pat was a noted "Repeater,"
And he did up his work very well.

And the Yankee exclaimed—
"Ah! I greatly deplore
These feuds between friends
So don't fight any more."
Then, without even casting a ballot,
He hurried right back to his store.

Then Pat gathered each vote
From the sidewalk and street,
And he said with a look,
Neither pensive nor sweet,
"I will bate to a jelly the 'nagur'
Who dares tell me I ever 'repeat.'"

And the officers bland
Who had charge of the polls,
Each with hat in his hand,
Dared not claim their own souls;
While Pat stuffed in the votes which were
entered
To the names which were down on the rolls.

Which is why I remark,
So don't misunderstand,
That Pat is the lark
Who should govern the land;
For a "nagur" has only one ballot,
While Pat carries a score in each hand.

Soon after the struggle just described an event transpired which roused the Irish heart, and created unbounded indignation. For several days a riot seemed imminent, and the authorities, civil and military, were upon the alert. Higgin O'Dowd, a bard, a minstrel, and a poet, left the house of a friend at two in the morning. The entertainment had been a convivial one, and Higgin, inspired, elevated, and superior to any ordinary law in his own estimation, broke forth in song. The harpies of the law seized him, a fierce struggle ensued, and Higgin was consigned to a felon's cell. In the morning he was sentenced, and that, too, by an Irish judge, to the stocks. This could not have happened in New York, but took place in the ancient village of Harlem, where the people cling with a strange tenacity to the ideas, customs, and superstitious of the past. The news spread like wildfire, and it was soon known that Higgin O'Dowd sat exposed in the stocks. Scores of reporters sought an interview with him, and crowded around the suffering child of song, eager to record the story of his wrongs. But his mind seemed still illuminated by the inspiration which had overtaken him the night before, at the house of his friend, and the interviewers could gather nothing but wild, wandering thoughts, and expressions incoherent and unsatisfactory. To use the words of those who sought a sensation so earnestly, "he simply mumbled;" and there was nothing left but for each to make such a report of the affair as his fancy might suggest. It was curious to note in the morning papers the different reports of one and the same circumstance; one had it that the persecuted poet repeated the creed and the ten commandments; another, that he recited a proclamation against Orangemen; another stated that he groaned and writhed in an agonizing,

but vain attempt to digest a report of the expenditures of the city and county of New York—but they were all wrong; and it remained for a poet, one of the crowd, whose heart had been touched by the promethean fire, to elucidate the matter, and render a correct report. O'Dowd had the phrenzy on him; grand thoughts flashed through his roused and excited brain, and that which had been understood so differently by different interviewers, was simply an earnest and heart-rendering appeal for stationery. Pen and paper was all he desired, but even that was refused him by the iron-hearted people of Harlem. "Give me!" he cried, in a voice calculated to move the heart of the Andes,

"GIVE ME THE PEN."

Give me the pen!

My restless brain is teeming
With visions strange and rare—
Such scenes as haunt

The moaning madman's dreaming—
And dusky phantoms hover in the air.
Quick! Quick! e'er truth

From my roused soul shall banish
The thoughts I fain would bind,
And my wild fancies vanish.

Give me the pen!

Now cataracts go dashing
And roaring down the mountain.
No, 'tis the voice—

The soothing, gentle plashing—
The murmur of a fountain.
Come, come! I wait;

And now such thunders rattle,
As when vast armies meet
And mingle in the battle.

Give me the pen!

My unchained thoughts go sweeping
Over the dashing sea;
And the wild storm,

That wreck on wreck is heaping,
Seems but the mirth of gods to me.
Oh! linger not;

For now the waves are greeting
A quiet, star-lit sky;

Quick! for such thoughts are fleeting.

Give me the pen !

I dream of twilight hours,
And eyes as bright as stars ;
And love-songs float

From Oriental bowers.
No darkening shadow mars
The vision fair,

And o'er it all the sound of music lingers—
As when rich strings of gold
Are touched by fairy fingers.

Give me the pen !

For in the goblet glowing
Behold the rosy wine ;
'Tis but a dream—

And still I see it flowing.
A vain and empty dream ? No, no ! 'tis
wine—

Not a vain creature of the brain ideal.
'Tis wine ! 'tis wine !

This ! this ! at least, is real.

As soon as public attention was called to the fact that a distinguished Irish poet sat in the stocks, pelted by boys, interrogated by newspaper reporters, and barked at by dogs, the people rallied, and he was released from confinement upon the promise that he would keep better hours, but chiefly upon a solemn declaration made by O'Dowd, after he had become entirely sober, that he would publish no more verses in that community. His bad faith appears in the fact that two days after he assailed the report made by a committee of the very *best* citizens, whom he designated as the

THREE BLIND MICE.

Three blind mice ! three blind mice !
They all sat down to look over the books,
And were caught in spite of their owlish looks,
For Slippery Dick had baited the hooks

For the three blind mice.

Three blind mice ! three blind mice !
Dick was smart, and he held them tight,
And he smiled and chatted with all his might,
And gave them hints of assessments light,

The three blind mice.

Three blind mice ! three blind mice !
Out of the office they blindly ran,
And they said, " Deny it now, if you can,

That slippery chap is an honest man,"
Said the three blind mice.

Three blind mice ! three blind mice !
And when the people the story heard,
They loudly laughed—for their mirth was
stirred,
And 'twas, Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! at every word
Of the three blind mice.

Under the Hibernian system, which permeates, influences, and controls everything in the United States, the natives, as we have already seen, have little of the toil or anxiety of government left to them, and nothing illustrates this remark more fully than the wise and salutary measures adopted and practiced in matters relating to the Custom House. It is a well-known fact that the people of America are called upon to import but very few of the productions of other countries, the different States of the Union furnishing nearly all that is needed to make them happy, and enable them to look respectable. For instance, Massachusetts furnishes the most elegant French boots, fresh from the hands of Chinamen. Connecticut supplies an abundance of spices, particularly nutmegs, which are said to be smoother, and more uniform in shape and size, than the imported article. New York yields French brandy, Holland gin, Sauter Cruz rum, and Havana cigars. New Jersey furnishes the soul-warming, wit-inspiring champagne—and we might go on to show that each State contributes its share toward the happiness of the people of the country at large. The few articles now imported all come from Ireland, and consist of linen, used by such of the Irish office-holders in America, as ignore the custom universal with the natives of wearing paper collars and cuffs, Balbriggan stockings, and Irish whiskey. It is eminently proper, therefore, that Irishmen should have charge of the Custom Houses of the country

and fill in all cases the office of Collector—for no greater mistake could be committed than to intrust the collection of duties to men who never use, and must be entirely ignorant of the value and character of the only goods imported. How can a man judge of linen who never wore it in his life? and what does he know of Irish whiskey who has drank all his life that which comes from Robinson county, Tennessee? and as for Balbriggan stockings, the natives of America are glad to put up with a wretched substitute, called a sock, which term has become a by-word—for when a disaster or misfortune overtakes a man suddenly and effectually, he is said to have it “socked to him.” But we need not dwell on this subject. Americans are unreasonable when they aspire to positions they are not competent to fill. Of Irish legislation, and the mode adopted by that people of enforcing and administering the laws, they may have some faint idea—but of the goods imported to America they know nothing. With the generosity which characterizes the descendants of the Greek maiden, the Irish insist that some few, at least, of the natives shall fill positions of emolument and trust; and, acting upon this determination, they select for messengers, tide-waiters, and door-keepers, a few worthy men. Whether discharged soldiers should be thus employed, is a question still open for discussion—most of them lack a leg, or an arm, and the government has a right to expect able-bodied men; besides, the class referred to being veterans, should not be allowed to wear themselves out in office, but might be sustained by a charitable public in some light employment, like playing the hand-organ, until the next war, when their services will, doubtless, be needed. Nearly all of them are left-handed—a circumstance which renders

them of little value about the Custom Houses. In explanation of this singular habit of using the left hand instead of the right, we give a song, which O'Dowd, in a sober moment, gathered from the lips of a musician whom he chanced to encounter in the street. The reader is at liberty to select a name for it, but Higgin called it

THE SONG OF THE VETERAN.

All day long at the crank,
Turning it round and round,
Many a cold and scornful look—
Snow on the cold, cold ground.
Left-handed I have to go it now,
For, you see, I lost my right;
It happened at Malvern Hills one day,
In rather a tough old fight.

We were working our battery there;
And the way we sent the shell
Must have made the charging gray-coats
think
They were getting up close to—well,
You know the place; but they paid us back
In grape and solid shot,
And we stood in a sort of iron rain,
And the air was awful hot.

They were cutting my comrades down—
’Twas like mowing a field of rye;
’Twas the easiest thing in the world that day
For a man to lie down and die.
But we stood to our dear old gun,
And we didn’t budge an inch,
And each man swore to himself, I believe,
That he’d die before he’d flinch.

But a shell came humming along,
And into our caisson fell;
And just what happened after that—
Well, I shan’t try to tell.
First came an awful blast,
Then a singeing, withering flame,
And I was’n’t fit to work a gun,
Nor to answer to my name.

’Twas rather a hard old shot,
And it did me a heap of harm—
For since that day at Malvern Hills,
I have never seen my arm.
And now I have told you all,
And it’s getting nearly night,
And I guess you know why I turn the crank
With my left instead of my right.

Nothing is more gratifying to the heart of him who feels called upon to instruct and purify the public mind than to find himself permitted to turn from gunpowder to love. Such has been our lot. From time to time we have been called to record tender scenes, and note those feelings, sentiments, and impulses, which are indigenous in the heart of an Irishman. And now we lay before the reader the story of one who, by an act of noble daring, overcame a heart which had long remained hard as adamant, and who won to his love and his Irish bosom one who had fled from him—even as Daphne fled from Apollo :

BARNEY AND MAG.

AIR—"The Tall Young Oysterman."

There was a jolly Irishman

Lived out among the rocks,

His pigs he fattened in a sty,

His nannies fed in flocks.

His name was Barney Mooney, and

Unhappy was he there,

For Maggie Quin, the cruel jade,

Refused his home to share.

With a fol de ral de ral,

De ral de ri do !

In front of Barney Mooney's house

There was a little lake,

And being in America,

It had in it a snake.

And Maggie, on a summer's day,

Would drive the ducks to drink,

And often there in earnest thought

Would pause upon the brink.

With a fol de ral, etc.

One day when Mag was standing there,

And looking very sweet,

Her yellow ringlets in the wind,

And nothing on her feet—

A cruel snake did wind himself

Around her form so fair ;

And then she gave a dreadful scream,

And Barney soon was there.

With a fol de ral, etc.

The snake soon wound himself around

The pretty maiden's waist

So tight it made her tongue hang out ;

He was an ugly "baste."

And then she said, "Oh ! Barney dear,

And would you be so kind

And help me now ;" then he began

The serpent to unwind.

With a fol de ral, etc.

He took the viper by the tail

And gave it then a swing,

And out among the geese and ducks

Its body he did fling.

And Maggie said, "Oh ! Barney dear,

Since you have saved my life,

Together we will see the priest,

And I will be your wife."

With a fol de ral, etc.

We might relate many actual occurrences which go to show the position occupied by the American in his native land, and of what little importance he is in connection with public affairs in the country of his birth, but the following will serve our purpose.

The people of the Seventeenth Ward, of the city of New York, were notified by a few active, public-spirited Irish men, it was desirable that a public meeting be held, and candidates selected for certain important offices, and they met in the rear of one of the principal saloons in the ward. A Mr. Dooley, who enjoyed the confidence, in a high degree, of those assembled, was called to the chair, and Patrick Flynn was appointed secretary, when the nominations were proceeded with. It was thought proper to select a candidate for the Assembly. A Tipperary man applied the brogue of that part of Ireland so persuasively, and presented so many facts and figures relating to the Irish vote in the ward, that an Irishman, named Timothy Brophy was selected for the honor.

For School Commissioner, Denis Collopy was selected, after an effective speech, in the course of which the right of the Irishman to the place was fully established. Some discussion arose upon the selection of a candidate for alderman, between a man from the county

Antrim and a German, the latter prevailing, and he secured the nomination for a countryman, the proprietor of an extensive beer-garden.

Then an assistant alderman was wanted, and a Hebrew convinced all present that the place belonged, of right, to his race and kindred, and it was so disposed of. Nothing remained but to appoint an inspector of election, and a man arose in the back part of the room, who seemed to shrink and wither as the eyes of the chairman were fixed upon him. He said he was a native of the country, and had been born and reared in New York; and that while he concurred with those present fully as to the propriety of the nominations already made, he thought he might with justice ask that one of his countrymen be made inspector of the election. Dark clouds of wrath gathered around the brow of Dooley, the chairman, his lip curled proudly, and Irish lightning flashed from his eyes. "Seize that man," said he, pointing to the faltering American; "seize him, for he is a Know-Nothing." The imprudent native slept in the station-house that night, and next morning was fined for disturbing a meeting of law-abiding citizens. There was nothing of resentment in his manner. He sighed deeply, and a tear glistened in his eye. He spoke of the decadence of everything American, and asked, in a mournful tone of voice, the question—

OH! WHY NOT SING THOSE OLD SONGS?

Oh! why not sing those old songs?

Those simple, touching lays,
I would not have them leave us,
Like the joys of other days.

Then tell again the story
Of poor gentle "Rosalie,"
Whose grave, all strewn with flowers,
Is down in Tennessee.

And sing that touching ditty
Of "May," "My dearest May,"

How like a flower she faded,
And how she passed away.
Such notes would waft me back again
To old Virginia's shore,
Where "Susie Brown of Lynchburg town,"
Came "Knocking at the Door."

Sing of the "Swance River,"
And "My Old Kentucky Home;"
Down South among the orange groves
In fancy I would roam.
Tell me again of "Nellie Dear,"
"My dark Virginia Bride,"
How "Death came Knocking at her Door,"
And how, alas! she died.

Yes, sing again those old songs;
Who said, "Oh, don't you tell,"
Was it the dusky youth who wooed
"The Louisiana Belle?"
Ah, yes! and I remember
The pretty "Nellie Bly,"
And a song about Susannah—
"Susannah, don't you cry."

And I can fancy now I hear
"The Darkeys mournful Sound,"
As they sing of massa sleeping,
"Sleeping in the cold, cold Ground."
And the stirring corn song chorus,
And the loud and plaintive wail,
With the perfume of magnolia,
Seem to freight the Southern gale.

Down in the canebrake once you sang,
Close by the clattering mill,
A pretty little beauty lived,
You called her "Nancy Till."
"Oh come along," the chorus ran,
"Oh come along with me,"
And we will be so happy when
We're down in Tennessee.

Oh! sing again the old songs—
For with those ancient lays,
The visions bright of childhood,
The charms of other days,
Are sure to come, and o'er our hearts
Will cast a ray as bright
As that which comes with morning
To chase away the night.

But the conundrum seemed too much for the bystanders, for they "gave it up."

The rulers of New York congratulate themselves that though the people may

in time become exasperated, and may seek to hold some one responsible for real, or imaginary wrongs, that they, at least, are secure, surrounded as they are by a solid and unbroken wall of Irish "Bricks." They seem to forget that against modern engines, and implements of war, walls are of little consequence. Thousands of Chinamen are passing over the wall which surrounds the "Celestial Empire," and are flocking to the United States; and ancient Babylon, a city which, in the character of its rulers and in the form of its government closely resembled New York, fell a prey to its enemies, though surrounded by a wall three hundred feet high, upon which twenty horsemen could easily ride abreast. The modern wall may prove insufficient.

There is no place in the world where woman is so much honored, and so tenderly cared for as in America. "Society" does not require that, delicate and gentle as she is, she shall share the grief or sorrows of her husband. The American artist who has pictured her, frail, pale, and angelic, with extended hands and tearful eyes, in the act of exclaiming "Suffer no little children to come unto me," had a just and proper conception of the fashionable wife of an American citizen; who, while protected from care and anxiety, is expected to share in all the triumphs and good fortune of her husband. So thought Mrs. Malone when she sung her

DOMESTIC DITTY.

Air—"We Met by Chance."

When natives 'round the polls shall crowd,
My husband to elect;
And vote with cheering long and loud,
Not pausing to reflect.
Ah! then with hope my bosom swells,
Yes, then with hope my bosom swells.

He will get rich the usual way,
He will get rich the usual way;
He will get rich, he will get rich,
He will get rich the usual way.

While Yankee's sell their wooden ware—

Intent on gaining pelf,

My husband shall secure his share—

"You know how 'tis yourself."

Then will I sing in joyous mood,

Then will I sing in joyous mood.

He will get rich, etc.

Be still my heart, and patient wait,

The happy hour is near,

When Pat and I shall ride in state—

Ours is a bright career.

Farewell to goats and shanty then,

Farewell to goats and shanty then

He will get rich the usual way,

He will get rich the usual way;

He will get rich, he will get rich,

He will get rich the usual way.

Mrs. Malone had a large family of children. Her youngest were twins, and to see her with one on each knee was a charming picture of motherly affection, the beauties of which were heightened when she chanted to the little darlings—

Twinkle, twinkle solitaire,
Praised by all the ladies fair;
Winking, blinking in the light,
Flashing from the linen white.

Twinkle, twinkle costly gem—
Men, what do I care for them?
Say I stole the cash that bought
You. If so, I was not caught.

Twinkle, twinkle, bauble fine,
When the rabble see you shine;
How the gaping crowd will stare
At my wondrous solitaire.

Twinkle, twinkle, wink and flash,
Thirty thousand—all in cash—
Paid I for the gem (you see),
That I might a lion be.

Twinkle, twinkle—still thy rays
Shall attract the vulgar gaze.
Lion, did I say? alas!
Something whispers no; an ass.

And thus did the affectionate mother
lull her little ones into that sweet sleep,
known only to infant innocence.

O'Byrne was an Irish poet, who possessed too much talent, and attracted too much attention, to pass unnoticed by the Britons. They dropped the E, and put

the O in the wrong place, and, with his name thus mutilated, he was claimed as English—and in this way has that fame, to which Ireland is so justly entitled, been pilfered from her, and that, too, by the natives of an insignificant island, whose shores are washed by the waters of the Irish sea. O'Byrne wrote of his wandering child, but so obscurely that we are unable to tell any thing about it except that he, if a boy, was a wanderer, and looked "*very much like his father*;" on the whole, he was a man of some force and ability. We copy some of the craziest of his verses, as most likely to please and instruct the reader who turns to the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXV.

Life too short—Great Undertakings not to be attempted—Ancient and Modern Greeks—Architecture—Painting—Eloquence—Poetry—The great O'Byrne again—He tells us of his Ancestors—Specimens of his Verses—History—Cleopatra—Her Smile—A Warning—Meddlesome Gods—He Moralizes—Wandering Thoughts—The Farce, the Tragedy, and the Transformation Scene—More Wandering—Over the Deep—The Struggle—The Victory—Universal Liberty—God's Decree—Friendship and Amnesty—Statesmanship and Statues—Dum Vivimus Vivamus—Native Composure—The Song of the Bullfrog—Dripping—Rocks and Ruins.

It is a misfortune that man cannot live, as in the olden times, to the age of, say, one thousand years—then the work important enough to be undertaken at all, he might devote some time to, and reasonably hope to finish; furthermore, a man with the experience of nine hundred and fifty years at his back would, perhaps, be able to display more or less prudence and wisdom during the last half century of his existence on earth; but, alas, we are limited to an insignificant century, and that anything but a certainty.

As it is with man, so is it with nations; they have their infancy, their maturity, and their old age. And though they do, as a rule, live longer than men, they have no time to waste on fruitless and dangerous experiments, such, for instance, as allowing a man, or combination of men, unlimited power over the people and their money, for the purpose simply of deciding whether or not they will abuse that power; and of learning precisely the extent of his ambition, his avarice, and his pride. The knowledge thus sought, if finally obtained, is not worth the risk, and experiments like the one in question (if history furnishes anything to judge by), will invariably be followed by the overthrow of liberty and the enslavement of the people. Such an experiment is now in progress in New York. A few citizens, taken from the humbler walks of life, were selected for the test, and it was fondly hoped that they would be found able to restrain their passions, and keep their desires within due bounds; but, alas, they have already absorbed and taken to themselves city lands and country lands, palaces in town, villas in the country, equipages of royal magnificence, lakes, water-courses, and millions in money. And yet do these men, once so humble, seek to add still more to their already vast possessions. It is now predicted that they will not stop until they have swallowed up all and everything, and that, at last, they will be found entering Symm's Hole, howling, "More! more! more!" It seems doubtful if even the citizens of New York, though intent upon putting the matter to a fair and complete test, have either the forbearance or the patience to allow it to go much farther.

The ancestors of the Irish, who were Greeks, and many of them women, are noted for many things. They excelled

in architecture, as do the rulers of New York to-day, for even their stables are palaces, which will excite the wonder of coming generations, if they do not stir the wrath of the people of the present. At painting the human face they excel the ancient masters. Some are happy in the delineation of one feature, some another; but none fail in their efforts to impart to the nose a color vivid, striking, and conspicuous. Their eloquence is always received with the deafening applause of those paid to render that kind of service, and who are selected with a view to the strength of their lungs, their lawlessness, and their aversion to honest labor.

It is a gloomy reflection that in poetry they have somewhat declined, and they take more pleasure in the figures found in the arithmetic than those of fancy; but we can go back to the poet O'Byrne, and wander with him through the mazes of philosophy, poetry, and romance. When he sang of Greece, he felt that he was laying before the world the history of his ancestors; and hence that earnestness and soul that characterizes his verses. In a dreamy mood he tells of

The busy present and the shadowy past,
The deeds of men—vain phantoms all at last.
Swiftly along time's ever-flowing stream
We glide, and life is but a fleeting dream:
To-day we laugh with joy or weep with
sorrow,

And prate about the prospects of the morrow.

To-morrow! Do you claim it? 'Tis at most
A myth—a baseless phantom, flitting ghost;
Intangible as are the visions—vain
Creations of a weak, distempered brain.
Life is a delicate and transient flower
We have—'tis all we have—the present hour.

The centuries of the past, Time! The long
years

Filled with the deeds of man, his hopes and
fears.

Ay! more than that! His weakness and his
crime

Fill history, staining every age and time.

Even Rome, with all her majesty and power,
What was she but the creature of an hour.

Then he launches into history, and we learn how

The tyrant Tarquin sacrificed Lucrece,
And busy politicians ruined Greece.

Mark Anthony, though thought at first a true
man,

Staked all—even life and honor—for a wo-
man,

Became her slave; did everything to please
her—

This man, who talked so handsomely of
Cæsar.

In the verses of an Irishman a wo-
man is certain, sooner or later, to fig-
ure. And O'Byrne was no exception
to the rule. He tells us of Cleopatra,
and says she was

A dark-browed beauty Queen, but still a
woman,

And Anthony a Roman chief, but human;

And to be human means, alas! to yield,

When woman, armed with beauty, takes the
field.

The General was of the heroic style,

But still the man was conquered by a smile.

Of her smile, he says:

No common smile, for well she played her
part—

'Twas royal game; she understood the art,

And held her victim chained, as by a spell.

But why upon the painful subject dwell?

They died together disappointed—frantic!

A solemn end, but none the less romantic.

And then he warns his fellow-man, as
follows:

Boast not, vain man, your virtue or your
power,

As good as you have in an evil hour

As little strength as Anthony displayed.

The road to ruin has an easy grade—

Those who would visit Pluto's dread abode

Will always find a broad, convenient road.

He takes special delight in depicting
the exploits of his ancestors, as well as
the disasters heaped by the meddlesome
gods upon them:

Perhaps the facts I state should all be dated ;
Critics may say they are at random stated.
Paris, with handsome Helen, ran away—
Nor do I care to name the year or day—
And Greece at once felt it her right and duty
To go to war about the stolen beauty.

And all the gods and goddesses were present,
But still it proved a struggle most unpleasant.

I will not dwell upon the story. You know
How Mars and Venus, Jupiter and Juno,
Like mortals, showed partiality or pity,
How Hector's corpse was dragged around the
city.

Of trying scenes they had a great variety.
Old Nestor talked of wisdom and propriety ;
Achilles caused disorder and much distress,
When ordered to give up a pretty mistress ;
Jove's lightnings flashed, the atmosphere
grew thick,

And many thousands of the Greeks were
sick.

The dead by scores lay stretched upon the
field,

But still the angry chief refused to yield ;
They sacrificed whole hecatombs of cattle,
But failed in health, and failed in every bat-
tle ;

The gods and goddesses gave their assistance
To Troy, and Priam made a stout resistance.

Perhaps, dear reader, I have been digressing,
Led off by great events and scenes distressing.
Upon this fruitful subject I could dwell,
If time permitted, long enough to tell
How much the Trojan people were enraptured
Over a wooden horse which they had captured.

And how they bore it in with acclamation,
And how it proved a fatal speculation ;
How, in the night, it opened, and let out
A score of Greeks all armed, who raised a
shout,

Then fell upon the people of the city,
And slaughtered them without remorse or
pity.

And then he moralizes :

That men have always acted just like men
In days of yore or now, no matter when—
In ancient times or modern—all I claim
Is, that their conduct has been much the
same.

And here we have another fruitful topic
To vex the wise, employ the philanthropic.

And he sometimes entertains doubts—

Much that I read I really am not able
To believe, it sounds to me so much like fable.
That Romulus, for instance, and his brother,
Had a she-wolf to nurse them like a mother ;
Or that Adonis spurned bright Venus' kisses,
And all about the wanderings of Ulysses.

And many strange accounts of Greeks and
Greece,

With Jason seeking for the golden fleece.
And how one Hercules performed ; and how
Theseus destroyed a most destructive sow ;
With much about the ancient hero's wrath
When he beheld the monster in his path.

And then we have the story of Deucalion,
With games olympic, mysteries bacchanalian ;
Stoics and cynics, doctrines pythagorean,
Syrens and nymphs, and regions hyperborean ;
Phaeton, who drove, permitted by his sire,
That dangerous team, and set the world on
fire.

—but, on the whole, he finds himself in-
structed.

And modern times remind me of the past,
“ For history repeats itself, at last ; ”

And now, as then, man plays a desperate
game—

Willing to wade through blood to power and
fame.

We have our demagogues and politicians,
Wise men and fools, astrologers, magicians.

Quacks and imposters, now and then a brave
And true man, many a paltering slave ;
Sophists, fanatics, men enthusiastic,
False tongues, false weights, and consciences
elastic ;

With “ Coup d'Etat,” and stratagems of
state,

And tricks of ancient and of modern date.

And revolutions, red with human gore,
Where slaughter rages, crying still for more,
Till men, grown reckless 'midst the blood
and strife,

Despise the dead, and jest at human life.
The ancients butchered men as we do cattle—
What an improvement is a modern battle.

For while they with their spears and short-
swords trifled,

We have our howitzers and cannon rifled ;
They had instructors—very skillful tutors—
But had no minnie rifles, or six-shooters.
They did their best, and should not be de-
spised,

For they were barbarous—we are civilized.

The pomp and circumstance of glorious war,
Fine poetry ; the blood-devouring maw
Of murder and of carnage must be filled.
So man is uniformed, and armed and drilled,
And when his orders are to kill, how willing
He seems. Are not men fond of killing ?

And is it true ? Do men enjoy the flow
Of human blood ? I fain would answer no,
But I have seen the lawless crowd excited ;
Wild in their joy, and clap their hands, de-
lighted

Over a victim weltering in his gore—
One drop of blood gives appetite for more.

He will be prodigal of human life,
Grow warlike when he hears a drum and fife ;
Adorn himself with buttons, lace, and gilt,
Proud of his plumes, and sword with glitter-
ing hilt ;

Boast that he is defender of the law ;
“ Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw.”

Oh, glorious war ! the grandeur of the battle,
The clashing steel, the roar, the deafening
rattle ;

The smoke, the dust, riderless chargers flying
Over the field, the ghastly dead, the dying,
The harvest under foot, the fields all gory,
Death, agony, destruction—this is glory !

In vain the wife will linger at the gate
To watch and weep ; time will reveal his fate.
Surviving comrades, they at last will tell
How her dear idol bravely fought and fell ;
He nobly died and left a glorious name ;
Thus do they talk, but what to her is fame ?

The mind of man is not always obe-
dient and tractable, but will sometimes
wander in spite of the wishes or the will
of its possessor ; and the author of this
volume falters in his effort to put a great
people properly before a world anxious
to clap its hands and shout as soon as
the curtain rises. But the duty of tear-
ing it aside, and disclosing that perform-
ance, which should so deeply interest
every citizen, remains with the people
themselves. We can do no more than
give them a few hints, and a “ peep be-
hind the scenes,” and that which looks
like a farce to-day, and may be a trag-
edy to-morrow, will go on or not, as they
decide. But the transformation scene is

what we have to dread—the Temple
of Liberty crumbling and falling ; the
Constitution torn into ribbons ; anarchy
rampant ; the laws trampled under foot ;
devastation ; conflagration ; murder ;
ruin ; then the silence of death, followed
by despotism. But these things are not
to come yet, for the people are beginning
to look up, and soon will the enemies of
law and order, of justice and honesty, call
for the rocks and the mountains to fall
on them—for the storm which is soon
to overwhelm them already mutters in
the distance, and we may still hope, but

My soul departs, is wandering far away ;
Scenes of the past, heart-cheering visions play
Before me ; now the snowy-crowned Tejon ;
Grand mountains are around me, and alone
And undismayed amidst the gloom I stand ;
Joy fills my heart—it is my native land !

Emblem of Liberty ; an Eagle soars
Above my head ; below a torrent roars ;
And now the storm breaks round me with a
crash,
The mountains tremble, lightnings hiss and
flash ;
The black wolf hides, the panther seeks his
lair,
The storm king rides triumphant through
the air.

Huge rocks far down the mountain side are
cast,

The tall pines bend and writhe beneath the
blast ;

Cloud-piercing peaks on every side I see.

Which seem to laugh in wild tempestuous
glee ;

The storm descends, the tempest and the gale
Sweep down and break resistless on the vale.

Oh, pride ! thou gilded fascinating crime,
Tyrant of every age, of every clime ;
The wisest dare not spurn thee, while the fools
Become thy slaves, thy victims, or thy tools.
Fickle, inconstant, whimsical and vain,
We hate, despise thee, yet permit thy reign.

A deadly venom lingers in thy breath,
Want, poverty and sorrow, murder, death,
Are all thy children ; suffering and grief
Implore thee, and all vainly, for relief ;
Content in folly's glittering robes to shine,
Love, pity, are no attributes of thine.

The passions pure that virtuous hearts reveal,
The love that innocence alone may feel,
Affections neither to be sold or bought,
Incapable of mercenary thought ;
The noblest qualities of age and youth,
Charity, honor, bravery, and truth.

How are they valued? As a scornful jest ;
I pity thy mean votaries, the test
Which you apply to men, the good disdain,
And scorn to follow in thy tinsel'd train ;
Mammon had servile worshippers of old,
To-day the God of half the world is gold.

Vain is the struggle ; and, in the
meantime, the Irishman is neglected.

Over the deep—the wild temptuous deep—
Onward our good ship dashes ; with a leap
She springs from wave to wave, her scanty
sail

Trimmed for the storm, she flies before the
gale.

On every side the seething, raging waves,
Above, around the howling tempest raves.

A waste of wild confusion—now the night
Brings gloom, and gives new grandeur to the
sight.

The sea a black, impenetrable lake ;
Above my head the lurid lightnings brake.
Blow on ! I cry, I love the tempest roar,
And winds that waft me to my native shore.

My native land ! her mountains and her
vales ;

Her lakes transparent—swept by western
gales—

Her streams that wander, laughing, to the sea ;
And you, my countrymen, proud, daring, free.
My heart turns to you, wander where I will,
“ In spite of all your faults, I love you still.”

I thank the great Creator who did give
Blessings, all undeserved—still do I live,
And truth is still triumphant in the fight ;
’Tis past, and smiling, victory crowns the
right.

No slave, nor clanking chain, nor Bondman’s
wail,

But songs of freedom freight the balmy gale.

Grand contest midst the ringing clash of arms
Wars, desolation, and the dread alarms
Of battles bravely fought ; their fetters fell
Shattered. The Southron war-cry was the
knell

Of slavery ; and a bleeding, suffering race,
Among the sons of men demand a place.

Would you deny them ? puny man beware !
Look to the past—the hand of God is there ;
The prophet’s word is verified. The rod
Is broken ; “ Ethiopia looks to God.”
The oppressor’s chain shall break—such his
decree,
And lo ! the toiling millions now are free.

Americans stand frowning at each
other, while demagogues deceive and im-
pose upon the people, trample the Con-
stitution under foot, and prey upon the
treasury. In that struggle which result-
ed in Independence, South Carolina and
Massachusetts stood side by side, and
the blood of the Northerner and South-
erner mingled in one crimson stream.
That they stand scowling at each other
to-day, is a crime condemned by good
men and abhorred of the gods—

Life at best is a transient state,
With not a moment to spare for hate.

And nothing is more unprofitable than
a hatred, which eats into the soul like
a canker.

Let us have peace and

AMNESTY.

Come, bury the hatchet, be friendly again,
Let by-gones be by-gones forever ;
Shall we scowl at each other like ill-natured
curs ?

And resolve to be friends again—never !
Shall we ponder and mourn over deeds that
are past,

To anger the fleeting years giving ?
Shall we wrangle and fight ’mongst the
graves of the dead,
Forgetting the rights of the living ?

No ; men of the North greet the
men of the South—

Take hands ; in delay there is
danger ;

For a rabble will rule, and your
own native land

Will pass into the hands of
the stranger.

Have you wrongs in the South, then they
shall be redressed,
And your rights they shall not be denied
you ;

Impulsive and brave, so they say in the North,

You are, and they know, for they tried you.
Once the Huguenot fought by the Puritan's side,

Gaining victories shoulder to shoulder ;
Our fathers were friends—let us learn to be wise,
As the swift flying years make us older.

Come men of the South greet
the men of the North—

See Columbia weeps, melancholy ;

Insulted, controlled by a vile
vulgar crowd,

Who profit, alas, by your folly.

Come fill up a bumper, and fill to the brim,

Let us issue the grand proclamation ;
The past and its errors shall vex us no more,
Then drink one and all to the nation.

And then let us honestly work to secure
The blessings of peace for each other ;

Let the men of the North greet the men of
the South,

And each find in the other, a brother.

Take hands, and then speak to
the ravenous crowd,

In a voice like the rattling
thunder—

Yes ; and banish the knaves
who misgovern us now,

And who fatten on falsehood
and plunder.

The mismanagement of which we complain, though local now, may not remain so. Men whose souls are as black as crime can make them, are looking with longing eyes to the Capital of the nation ; an honest administration is to them a standing reproof. They hate it, for it only makes them look the blacker by contrast. To overthrow it is their hope ; to seize the national government is their ambition ; but if the wisdom of man shall fail us, we trust that the God who led our armies through years of battle, bloodshed and death, to victory, will not permit it.

The statesman who can and will subdue the anger of his countrymen, and

persuade them to meet as the heroes of both North and South met in the first great struggle—shoulder to shoulder, and under one flag—will secure for himself the love and gratitude of a great nation. The people will sing songs to his praise, and *when he dies* will raise statues to his memory—a distinction which they grant with caution, for they refused, in at least one instance, to allow a man, who had been taught by low flatterers and sycophants that he was great, such an honor. They reasoned thus on the subject of—

THE STATUE.

Go to the quarry, marble bring,

And fashion it with skill and care,
Then on a lofty pedestal

Raise it conspicuous in the air ;
There let the statesman's godlike form
Through countless ages brave the storm.

What were his virtues ? Has he been

A light to our aspiring youth ?
From his example have they learned
To shun disgrace and cling to truth ?
Full many a youth has gone astray—
Did this, our Cæsar, lead the way ?

What were his virtues ? Has he been,
Though tempted often, honest still ?
The oaths he took, were they all kept ?
Did he his promises fulfil ?
Did he in power display his might
Upon the side of truth and right ?

What were his virtues ? Was to him
The public treasure lawful spoil ?
Say ! did he hoard ill-gotten wealth,
While honest men were doomed to toil ?
A statue he shall have, but we
Will dictate what its form shall be.

If he was just, and brave and true,
A lion in the cause of right,
True to his flag and fellow-man—
Raise a fair statue in our sight ;
On history's page his virtues write
In golden letters clear and bright.

But was he cunning, treacherous, false ?
Then let him hide himself, to rotten
Like a foul worm beneath the sod,
His name scorned, hated, or forgotten.
Let infamy his statue raise—
No honest man will sing his praise.

To attend promptly and industriously to business, and the serious affairs of life, is an imperative duty ; but those sacred obligations which every citizen is under to the State must not be neglected, for liberty can only be preserved by untiring watchfulness. Neither our public nor private duties should be neglected, nor need they be ; for we have time to attend to both, and still have leisure to be happy with our friends, quaff our wine, and sing

“DUM VIVIMUS VIVAMUS.”

Why yield to complaining and sorrow ?

Give to joy and to pleasure full sway ;

What to us are the pains of to-morrow,

If Dame Fortune is smiling to-day ?

Still above us the bright sun is
shining,

While we live let us live, is
the rule ;

He who gives up his time to
reining

And tearful regrets is a fool.

If the past had its sorrows forget them,

View the future with hope and a smile ;

Have friends left us, then cease to regret
them,

Let the present our spirits beguile.

For swiftly the moments are
flying,

And life is a dream at the
most,

Too short to be wasted in sigh-
ing—

While we live let us live, be
the toast.

We cannot all be the favored ones of fortune, nor all live and move within the limits of that magic circle “the Ring.” If we could we should all be rich, though we might not be happy ; looked up to, feared and applauded, though we might be vulgar and corrupt. In short, we cannot all be rulers, above the law, beyond the reach of justice, holding the people by the throat, and with the public treasury in our pockets ; nor are we sure that it is desirable, though there

are those who imagine that to be favored as we have indicated, is to be blest. We often meet near the City Hall, in New York, a square-built but not a graceful man, with a dyed mustache, a white hat, patent-leather boots, yellow kids, a cane, a solitaire pin, diamond studs, diamond sleeve-buttons, diamond rings, a repulsive face, and more diamonds—and he pretends to be happy, and passes from one office to another, singing as though a total stranger to sorrow,

A DREAM OF NEW YORK.

AIR—“*I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls.*”

I dreamt I dwelt at O. K. Hall’s,

In a mansion rich and grand,

And oft assembled within those walls

The leaders of the band.

I dreamt that I held an office too,

And had pay and many a fee ;

And I dreamt of riches, and thought I was

The pet of Tammany.

The pet, the pet of Tammany,

The pet, the pet of Tammany.

I dreamt that suitors seeking place

Were daily at the door,

And I thought as soon as some were
served

The house was filled with more ;

And I dreamt that one of the anxious crowd

Came down with his cash to me,

And he got the place he sought, for I

Was the pet of Tammany.

The pet, the pet of Tammany

The pet, the pet of Tammany.

Demoralization follows fraud in high places—one crime begets many more—until whole communities become tainted or depraved. But the most mournful of all is to behold the youth of the land dazzled, corrupted, and led astray by a pernicious example. To have the millions paid into the treasury by the people stolen and squandered is a misfortune, but the country can spare those millions better than the earnest, honest, and patriotic support of the coming men of America. What can

the State expect in the way of support
from

A FAST YOUNG MAN.

He reads "the sporting news" each day,
Affects new words to coin,
And looking languid, drawling says,
"Aw fellar! Y-e-s. Dem join!"

His father is "The Governor,"
And this young man so nice,
Is ready to suggest to him,
Or give him good advice.

Before the bar he firmly stands,
And calls for "whiskey sour,"
And shows his pluck by pouring down
A dozen in an hour.

He talks of virtue, which he deems
A very foolish whim,
And sermons on morality
Are "such a bore" to him.

He loves a woman whom he calls
The comfort of his life,
She sports her silks and diamond set,
But she is not his wife.

The friends who flutter round him are
Too numerous to tally,
And favorites he has among
The beauties of the ballet.

He twirls the end of his mustache
Into a graceful twist,
And wonders how the ladies can
Such stunning charms resist.

His coat is cut with greatest care,
His pants the latest style,
And when he walks the street he wears
A most bewitching smile.

And nightly at the opera
This charming youth you meet,
Where he is sure to occupy
An L-E-G-ble seat.

Between the acts, the curtain down,
The time that intervenes
He uses to investigate
Affairs behind the scenes.

He rides and revels, drinks and plays,
And calls it recreation;
Then tells his anxious mamma, how
He hates all dissipation.

Demure and quiet through the day,
But active after dark,
Strange antics he is said to cut
When "out upon a lark."

Years swiftly pass, devoted all
To "Gay and festive" scenes.
At last the youth is threatened with
A failure of his means.

And should his cash at last give out,
Why then he plays the shirk,
For pride and indolence forbid
That he should ever work.

Ambition lures him to become
A speculator bold,
A friend suggests that he invest
In fancy stocks and gold.

Dame Fortune frowns, his money lost,
He grumbles at his luck;
While knowing ones are heard to say,
"There goes a crippled duck."

And when his friends begin to look
With cold, suspicious glances,
He understands the cause full well,
And freely "takes the chances."

A good man's name he has been known
To use without permission,
For want of money puts him in
A desperate condition.

In seedy clothes, while blossoms red
Now decorate his nose;
Accused of crime, his race at last
Is drawing to a close.

Friends, money, honor, all are are lost;
He now bemoans his fate.
Year after year, in prison garb,
He labors for the State.

But the Irishman, what are we to do
about him? He, by his own conduct,
makes the question a difficult one to
answer—in spite of emigration and nat-
uralization, he continues to be an Irish-
man; he loves the land of his birth;
he sings the songs of his youth, which is
right. We are glad to know that the
blood dances through his veins at the
music of Langan's Wake, and Donny-
brook Fair; but there is one thing he
should remember, America is not yet
Ireland. Free and equal her people must
remain—no special privileges to any

creed or nationality—no squandering of the public money on any sect. The public treasures must be used only for the benefit of the general public. Those who hate the public schools, must not control them—and *the purity of the ballot-box must be maintained at the cost of blood*, if bad men will have it so. New York belongs to the nation—every encroachment upon the right of suffrage there is a dangerous crime, and as much a wrong upon the citizen of California or Oregon, as it is upon the man who lives in New York. The people of the city perplex us by their indifference to great questions, their patience under great wrongs, and sometimes we feel half inclined to go back to the country, where we may hoe our corn all day, and at night sit quietly out on the old porch, and listen, as it comes floating to us from the distant pond, to

THE SONG OF THE BULL-FROG.

Down where the water-lilies bloom,
And the long green rushes grow,
When the old brown mill is hushed and still,
And the fire-flies flit and glow.
I watch for the gathering shades of night,
When the owl is heard, and the stars are bright.

Then do I murmur,
Come out, come out,
Joy of my heart, let us roam
about,
And echo answers from far and
near,
Come, let us roam about.

Out on a floating log I sit,
When the night is bright and still,
But I listen not to the watch-dog's bark,
Nor the murmur of the rill.
For I'm thinking then of my mate so fair,
And my song I give to the evening air.

And I gently murmur,
Come out, come out,
Pride of the pond, let us roam
about,
And echo answers from far and
near,
Come, let us roam about.

Echo answers, but where is she?

For the farm-house windows shine
With a cheerful light, yet I miss her song,
And she answers not to mine.
And I hear the night winds moan and sigh,
And I murmur still as they whisper by.

Yes; sadly murmur,
Come out, come out,
Beautiful frog, let us roam
about,
And echo answers from far and
near,
Come, let us roam about.

Dead where the lilies bloom she lies;

But the school boys, where are they?
Sleeping, they dream of the pelted frogs,
Or the sports of the coming day
But out on the log I am all alone,
My mate is dead, and I sadly moan.

And vainly murmur,
Come out, come out,
No more with me will she roam
about,
And echo sends me the sad re-
ply,
No more will she roam about.

So does the American console himself, but the Irishman remains intent on acquiring wealth and power. An ambitious and unprincipled few take advantage of the indifference of the one and the hopes of the other, to accomplish purposes wicked and dangerous to liberty. In the meantime, we find ourselves drifting with a current fast growing into rapids, wild, uncontrollable, and destructive of the public prosperity—a wild torrent which must, unless checked in time, carry the ship of state upon the rocks of corruption, anarchy and

RUIN.

Lo the tempest gathers power—
Now the threatening storm clouds lower,
And the muttering thunders warn us
Of the dark and dangerous hour.
See Columbia sad and weeping,
Sorrowing that her sons are sleeping,
Darkness o'er the nation creeping.

Still they slumber,
Though untiring
Foes are plotting
And conspiring.

“Public credit”—dissipated
 Crimes achieved or contemplated
 By a “Ring” of desperadoes,
 Purse-proud, pompous and elated,
 Why should *men* kneel down before them?
 Why should *freemen* beg, implore them?
 Why not rise and scorch and score them?

Still we wait, while,
 With dirision,
 Brave men view
 Our indecision.

“Public morals”—sins depraving
 Are the heart of youth enslaving—
 Men who spurn all honest labor;
 Still the fruits of toil are craving
 On our very vitals, feeding
 While the public heart is bleeding;

Freemen, there is no receding.

Blast the traitors!
 Who unblushing,
 Honor under foot
 Are crushing.

Rise, once more—truth, duty call you;
 Shall their threats, their frowns appall you?
 They are guilty; guilt will falter.
 What! shall cowards then enthrall you
 In their tracks! we see them shaking;
 Even now behold them quaking!
 Easy is the undertaking.

Even now the
 Cowards tremble,
 Beg, equivocate,
 Dissemble.

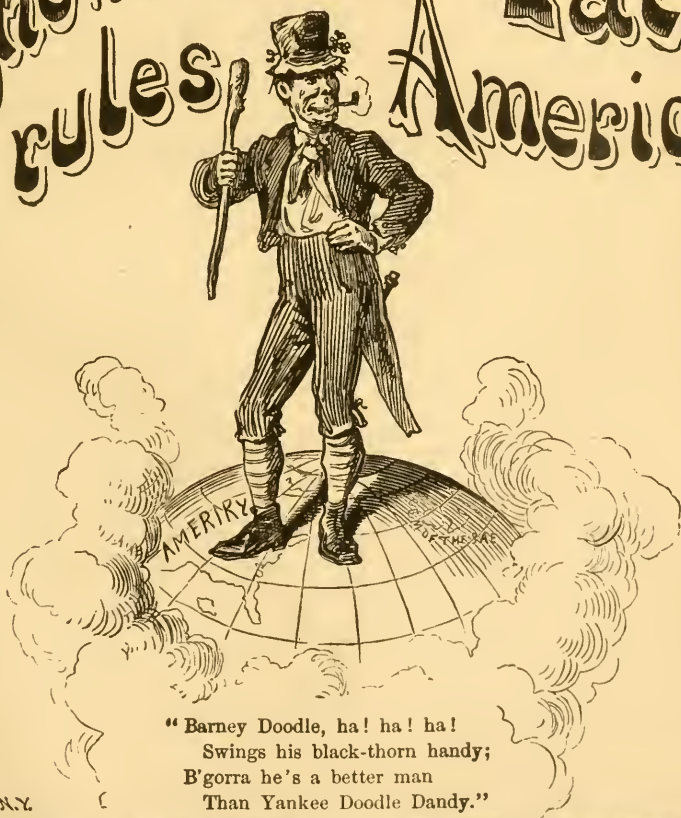
And we await further developments.

THE END.

HIBERNIA

OR
IRELAND THE WORLD OVER

Showing how Pat
rules America



"Barney Doodle, ha! ha! ha!
Swings his black-thorn handy;
B'gorra he's a better man
Than Yankee Doodle Dandy."

E. SEARS N.Y.

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